February 17, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Beginning

Rough Air — a stunt flier's love story — By Erne

MRS R L THOMPSON
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FEB. 17, 1934

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smart people drink Schlitz

• Its marvelous flavor has won astonishing acclaim, particularly from the younger set. American youth is alert to the newest mode, discriminating in taste, positive in opinion. The verdict of youth is for SCHLITZ. As youth goes, so goes the world. • The brilliance, the clarity, the full flavor, the mellow smoothness of SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles support its fame. The pleasant after effect from drinking SCHLITZ is a tribute to its purity. • Completed fermentation at the brewery is the result of precise, scientific control in the brewing processes. SCHLITZ is a distinguished beer, easily assimilated, healthful, nerve soothing and what a flavor! • Smart people drink SCHLITZ and smart places serve it.

Schlitz

In Brown Bottles

21 years ago SCHLITZ discarded the white bottle and adopted the Brown Bottle to protect the purity of its beer from the brewery to your glass. Sunlight ruins the taste of beer. The white bottle is insufficient protection. SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles has gained the pinnacle of leadership.

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Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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*LIVING PROTECTION . . . . *is your need too*

It won't be necessary to argue the point with John, upstanding, foresighted young father that he is. He has a family! He is not going to leave their futures to chance—or to speculation either. He has seen too much of that.

And so have *you* in these last few years. You've seen protection that *didn't protect.* Invested dollars shrinking to pennies. Assets turned to liabilities. Who hasn't seen the need for *Living Protection*—a sure reserve of ready cash built up in anticipation of the time of need?

You may have no children whose college education must be planned for. Your need may be to build a fund to protect your business. Or to provide for the years when your earning power slips off—the loss of your job at that time. But it's the same kind of need—for Living Protection.

It is the sole purpose of Investors Syndicate to make it easy for you to build up such a reserve. There is nothing complicated about it—you set your goal and keep it always in sight, getting nearer every day. As you build you can extend your goal at your own option.

Thousands of families are now on the road to their goal, with Investors Syndicate. They feel sure of their way, for they know that, since its founding in 1894, Investors Syndicate has met every obligation promptly—that in the last four *depression years* this strong institution has paid over *thirty million dollars* to its Certificate holders.

Living Protection Will Help You

No matter what your objective, Investors Syndicate meets it with one simple Certificate. This is not life insurance though equally important. You may be twenty-five or fifty-five—Investors Syndicate can help *you* to accomplish the particular aim you have in view. Let the Investors Syndicate representative explain. It will only take a few minutes—of time that you will call well spent. Just mail the coupon.

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LIVING PROTECTION

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Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C42, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in Living Protection.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THERE'S an island in the Hawaiian group named Wailua and on that island a cove where a whirlpool circles in a slow curve under the rocks. A girl once dived into it and was turned into a fish—so the native legend has it. She still lives there in a blue and green world of her own, and if you throw a yellow banana leaf into the water at just the right moment she'll come out and walk for you on the beach, slim and brown, clothed only in the luxuriance of her hair.

Bob Holmes knew all this when he tossed his banana-leaf fan into the whirlpool. It was an evening of late spring, and in the dusk he half expected the legend to come true. Just the same he was startled when there appeared, not a slim brown girl, but a slim white one, wearing the prescribed costume. Alan LeMay describes his adventure with this nymph that came "Out of the Whirlpool."

PERHAPS you recall that in the now distant days when Repeal first seemed an assured fact the price of liquor stocks on the market suddenly fell. There were many people who felt that that would have been an opportune time for them to rise, but those people didn't know the market or the vagaries of liquor stocks. These stocks have been going their eccentric way ever since, responding to stimuli that are by no means apparent to the untrained eye. Mr. Flynn, who has been ferreting into these matters, reports upon the business (or serious) aspects of drinking.

UNCLE ARCH was quite candid with his nephew's bride. "You've married a nice boy," he told her, "but if you want to be the sort of wife he needs, you've got to get him into debt." It was some years before she took his advice, but when she did she made a thorough job of it with "A Butler and Everything." Elmer Davis records the result.

AS AN instance of very serious indiscretion we point to Syd. He began by stealing grub—and on the Yukon the penalty for that is death—he stole it from Dawson Annie, the girl he had betrayed, and then for a climax he got caught. Annie, the "Iron Woman," was there to see him hang, and Robert Ormond Case tells you about it.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER writes the Short Short. Quentin Reynolds, from Florida, reports upon summer sports in wintertime. Grover Jones, Ray Tucker, Ernest Haycox, George Agnew Chamberlain and others provide just what the doctor ordered. Have a good time!

This Week

February 17, 1934

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

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EDITORIAL
Battle Lines of '36. Page 54

Any Week

AFTER a spell of solemn thinking we've decided to throw modesty and taste to what is commonly known as the winds. We start out with a loud blast of self-approbation. We hope you join in, but have it your own way. It's this way: Just before the recent city elections in New York we came out with a lusty editorial blast against Tammany Hall. We could go into the results at some length if we cared to, but we will content ourselves with reminding you that Tammany got a memorable pasting. Now we discover that the outs in the determined town of Hibbing, Minnesota, flooded that community with dodgers reproducing our anti-Tammany editorial and the grinding cartoon which went with it. These dodgers called upon the voters to elect Messrs. Timmerman, Teske and Johnson. And the people read, shuddered and voted and the three gentlemen were elected. We hope it was all for the best. And now we'll let someone else take the floor.

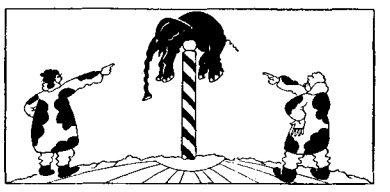
WE'RE pretty sure that if it were left to us, the federal budget would never get balanced. We're a bit weak at that sort of thing, never having been able to do much about our own. But we draw a little cheer from Mr. Will Stauffler of Miami, Florida, who has gone into the subject with some enthusiasm. He says that "all this talk about balancing the federal budget is nonsense. It can't be done," says he, "and is not necessary to any but profit-making concerns. When this government spent $100,000,000 a year efforts were made to balance the budget. By the time it might have been balanced the budget had grown to $500,000,000. They were still howling about budget balancing when it had grown to $10,000,000,000. And we've never balanced it yet and won't. So stop worrying about it."

"DURING the extra session last year," announces Mrs. George T. Kirkpatrick of Washington, D. C., "Congress was so scared by the outlook that it gladly turned over all its powers to President Roosevelt, thinking it was passing the buck. Now that it appears that the country is on the upgrade and recovery is approaching, Congress wants to take it all back but is afraid to because the folks back home won't stand for it. In short, it's pretty awful."

SPEAKING of revolution, which for some reason Mr. Bob Benz of Houston, Texas, does, he would like to bet somebody several dollars that there won't be any. "For every man and woman I see reading the foreign news and the warning editorials in the newspapers, I find ten who throw away everything except the sports page, and most of us don't believe half of that. This is no way to get up a revolution, and while you may want to do something about it don't look to me for any assistance because all my time is taken up these days trying to relearn how to ride a tandem bicycle with the missus."

THE editorial statement preceding George Creel's article, "Get Out of the Ditches," in our issue of January 6th attributed the public expenditures related to the development of the Missouri River to the Inland Waterways Corporation. This was a mistake: the taxpayers paid for that one through other channels. It was also stated that the Federal Barge Lines carry stone, sand, gravel and lumber; they do not. The Secretary of War, moreover, has officially reported that the Inland Waterways Corporation is self-supporting and will require no appropriation either for 1934 or 1935.

ANYWAY it's nice to have a budget to balance although how it's done leaves us as mystified as Mr. Albert G. Naughton of Mobile, Alabama, confesses himself to be. "If," he writes, "you find out what that fellow Byrd is doing chasing around the south pole, will you print something in your column about it? Personally I think they ought to let that south pole alone. If they just can't help snooping let them come home and find out what's become of the Republican party."



MISS LEONA N. MUSSER of Los Angeles, California, is going to write an article denouncing serums of all sorts but in particular anti-tetanus serum. Says she: "I have been bitten more than fifty times by various cats of which I have owned more than thirty in the past ten years. I have never had a minute's discomfort from such bites and never felt better in my life. I could also tell other remarkable stories."

THAT'S enough, Miss Musser.

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BUT IT'S FAIR AND WARM BY TELEPHONE!

Outside, hurrying feet plod on against the winds and swirling snow of winter. On such a day, it is good to be indoors where all is snug and warm.

• • •

ALL outdoors may be frowning, the thermometer close to zero, street travel an exhausting task. Yet to your telephone it is as clear and fair as a June day.

Without moving from your chair at home or in your office, you can send your voice across the snow-swept miles. Wind and weather need not delay the necessary tasks of business or break the ties between friends and relatives. Through all the days of the year, the telephone is your contact with the world beyond your door. It knows no season — no letting up when the going gets hard. Through storm and flood, an army of trained employees works ceaselessly along the highways of speech.

This very day, as you talk so easily from the warmth and comfort of your home, a lineman may be scaling a pole far out on a frozen mountainside — so that the service may go on. So that you may talk to almost anyone, anywhere, at any time.

Make someone happy these winter days through a voice visit by telephone. A boy or girl at school, a mother or father in another city, or a good friend away on a visit. To most places 175 miles away, for example, the rate for a station-to-station call is 95c in the daytime, 85c after 7 P.M., and 55c after 8:30 P.M.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The public wants Airwheels★

—HERE'S WHY!

THERE'S a new kind of tire rushing into favor like wildfire.

You've seen it on smart new cars — that big, buoyant, super-soft doughnut-type tire called Airwheel.★

Imagine riding in a deep soft easy chair— that's the story.

But there's a catch in it. It's so new most tire-makers lack experience with it, haven't yet learned how to build it.

That's why the big majority of fine motor cars equipping with this new type tire in 1934 are going overwhelmingly Goodyear.

They've made tests, strength and mileage comparisons, and know the answer.

They know Goodyear pioneered, developed, perfected this new type of tire years ahead of the rest.

They know that today Goodyear is manufacturing more than four times as many tires of this type as all other tire-makers combined.

If men who make motor cars take no chances, why should you?

Remember, the very word AIRWHEEL★ is Goodyear's exclusive trade-mark, registered in the U. S. A. and throughout the world!

YOU'RE going to ride on Airwheels★ in future if you want the most comfort you can get out of your car.

It's the coming tire—the period of experiment and hesitation is past.

The principle is proved. The public wants the easy-riding comfort of big air volume and low pressure.

Alert motor car makers are flocking to the opportunity and the big parade of 1934 models will have Airwheels★ as standard equipment.

When to Insist

But every reason for wanting this new type of tire is a reason for insisting on Goodyears.

The tire is new to most makers; Goodyear pioneered it years in advance of the industry.

That means that Goodyear alone has had years of experience in its manufacture and successful use.

The measure of that margin is that *far more people ride on Goodyear Airwheel Tires than on all other makes of low pressure "super-soft" tires combined!*

Big Benefits You Want

You get all-day comfort for the driver when you get Goodyears—easy steering—easy parking!

You get stability at all speeds — complete freedom from tramp and quiver and shimmy.

The tire is built to a natural permanent shape—not an impermanent artificial shape — and that natural shape is retained throughout its life.

There's no loss of motor power in Goodyears.

There's exceptionally steady road-holding performance on turns.

No side-sway—no roll—no vibration—no strain—no driver exhaustion.

Just complete confidence, maximum ease, and that's real comfort.

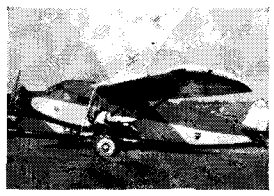
Important Improvements Now

We first built the Airwheel★ to give airplanes soft safe landings on rough fields and treacherous ground.

We went on developing it for buses, trucks and motor cars, bettering it every step in the process.

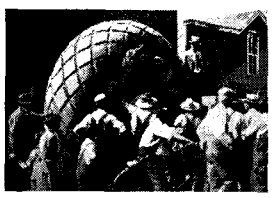
We designed the right contour, the right tread, the right rim, even the right brakes especially for airplane use.

THE GENUINE AIRWHEEL★



FIRST introduced by Goodyear to aviation in February 1929

FIRST introduced for changeovers on new cars in summer of 1931



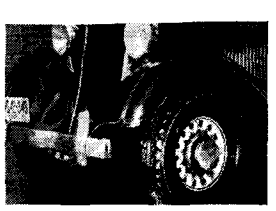
FIRST introduced to America on Goodyear Exhibition Buses in 1929

FIRST advertised to the trade and public in fall of 1931

FIRST introduced to highways on test cars in 1930

FIRST to be accepted as optional equipment at the factory by automobile manufacturers

FIRST introduced to farming on tractors in 1931



FIRST and only low pressure design adopted as 100% original equipment by car manufacturers

★ AIRWHEEL *is Goodyear's trade-mark, registered in the U.S.A. and throughout the world, and is used to denote that Goodyear is the exclusive maker of AIRWHEEL Tires.*

That's why the Goodyear Airwheel★ we offer you now can present these important improvements:

1 — Greater air capacity — larger cross section — easier riding

2 — *More rubber in tread and sides* — longer wear

3 — Balanced design — safety proportions in tread, sidewall and bead

4 — Natural shape — unchanging throughout the life of the tire — producing even wear

5 — Dependable stability — freedom from tramp and shimmy

6 — Powerful breaker strip — better tread and body union

7 — Flatter, wider tread — more tread design mileage — more total tread wear— more non-skid

PLUS

Supertwist body and hard-grip All-Weather Tread as before — with all they mean in matchless durability, safety and appearance.

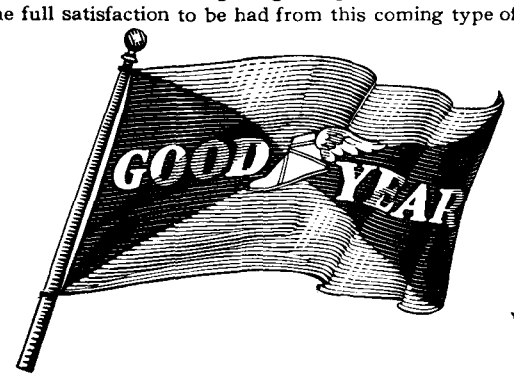
Be Right the First Time

You'll probably be enjoying buoyant super-soft tires soon.

But don't buy blindly; get the right tire the first time.

Follow the lead of the car makers and of the informed motorists whose search and final judgment lead them to Goodyears.

Then you'll be sure of getting the genuine Airwheel★ and the full satisfaction to be had from this coming type of tire!



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio

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"Never get mixed up with a flier, Anne. He'd break your heart"

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

Beginning an exciting novel of our times—the story of a fearless man, a reckless beauty, and Anne Carson

THE battering ache of his head grew more violent and weakness flowed along his fibers, and when he pushed open the cockpit cover the exaggerated weight of his arm was really a last warning. He went off the six-thousand-foot level then, driving the ship toward the hard glare of an oil company's tin warehouse roof. A river made silver loops around the desert town below, and to the left of the town a flat field with vague boundary marks showed itself.

All the way from six to one thousand feet he checked his fading perceptions as methodically as he might have checked the instrument panel in front of him. His reactions were breaking up, that much was certain; his vision was going. The yellow glints of the day began to fade into a uniform gray, and an overwhelming anxiety slowly poisoned his flying instincts. The thing was to get down before the lights went out utterly; and at five hundred feet he banked and leveled in and knew it would be very sloppy.

An intense layer of heat lay along the earth, dust ruffled up from a near-by road. He cut the motor and felt the ship settle fast through the cushioning air, whereupon he held himself rigidly aloof from the controls. This ship was designed to answer to as small an impulse as a prayer, and one heavy-handed touch would drive a silver wing instantly into the blurred earth below. Ground and undercarriage smacked together and he was pitched violently around his seat. A white post whipped by, the tail skid went dragging along a baked soil; and then the shocks ceased squealing and forward motion ceased and apparently there was some kind of a building directly in front, though he could not identify it.

He reached for his safety belt, pain spasms torturing him. Out of a world rapidly dimming he heard a voice say, in some concern: "Trouble up there, Captain Breed?"

HE FLOATED from a dream-like oblivion with speech in his ears, very near.

"His respiration is deepening," someone said, and Captain Breed opened his eyes and found a white ceiling above. A rubber mouthpiece was between his teeth, the sweet taste of oxygen lay on his tongue. Immediately beside him stood an obvious doctor and a nurse who held the valve of a tall tank. Gently turning his head, he found another man, quite tall and young, standing against a far wall.

"Can you hear me?" asked the doctor.

Breed nodded.

"So we're about through with you," said the doctor. The nurse smiled and there was a glint of something unprofessional in hazel eyes. The doctor pinched Breed's neck flesh and he twisted a little. The doctor said: "That's enough of it, Helen."

The nurse cut off the oxygen flow and removed the mouthpiece, and gently swabbed Breed's lips with a wet sponge. Breed said "Thank you," and raised his arms experimentally. There was a little silence then while he turned himself and pushed his body up. Vertigo came and passed.

"You came out of it fast. I presume you have a certain tolerance for carbon monoxide. People working around gas engines must have. Keeler here—" the doctor pointed at the young man near the wall—"is our local flier. He was on the field when you landed and knew what the trouble was. He brought you in."

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Breed raised his head to Keeler. "Did I crack the ship any?"

Keeler's ruddy cheeks straightened into a grin. "A ship like that can land itself. It did. The flight's off, Captain?"

Breed said: "How do you know me?"

"Why wouldn't I? Anything I can do?"

"I'd like to have the job checked, Keeler. And I need my kit."

"Sure," said Keeler. "Sure." His grin was very boyish, very pleased. He said, "It's a sweet ship, Captain," and went out. The doctor stood silent and curious near the bed.

"Half an hour's rest, Captain. I'd keep you under observation tonight, but it wouldn't do any good. When you go, don't eat too much dinner and turn in early—which you probably won't obey."

Breed relaxed again, watching the nurse's white hands fold a blanket around him. It was all very impersonal but her eyes touched him once, speculatively. "Why?" Breed asked.

"You're hard as nails and you feel physically very sure of yourself," judged the doctor. "When a man has squeezed out of a dozen tight spots, he ceases to have the normal factors of caution."

"How would you know?"

"I read the papers," said the doctor. He got up. "Half an hour, then. You'll want to stay at the hotel straight down this street." He went as far as the door before turning. "Are these movie women as pretty as they look on the screen?"

"Seldom."

"Another illusion shattered," said the doctor, and departed.

The nurse held the door open a moment; her voice was small and slow. "Ring, if you want me. There's been a man from the Bulletin outside."

"All right."

THE Bulletin man was inside as soon as the nurse had gone. He said: "Captain Breed, is the border-to-border flight off?"

"I've lost an hour here, so it's off. Have you got a cigarette?"

The newspaper man obliged. "My name is Bowman," he said, and held a match for Breed. He studied the flier a moment. "What went wrong?"

"Exhaust fumes. You get that sometimes in these closed cockpits."

"You knew what was coming and tried to tough it out and didn't quit until you were all washed up. That's right, isn't it?"

"No," said Breed gently. "Don't build me up."

"Listen. I'm not being kidded. Your reputation is that you can land on a dime with five cents to spare. But Keeler said you made a rotten landing. You came down unconscious."

"Hero stuff. I've been on a lot of front pages and I'm not modest. But don't write it like that."

"It goes on the wire that you were out like a light when you landed, which is true."

"Want the story, don't you?" observed Breed ironically.

"I've got one. How do you like our city?"

"Which city?"

"Bend. Bend, Oregon. Ever eat a Deschutes potato?"

"Write your own ticket." Breed turned his head on the pillow and the solid, thoughtful face picked up a little light from the window and seemed then faintly bitter.

"Look. I'm supposed to be a headliner and the world I travel in is considered pretty swell. Bright lights and fame and fast company. It's a gag, old boy. Don't play it up."

"Is it true," said Bowman, "you will do the flying stuff for the new picture Barry Trent is to star in? Wings Over Hell, I believe."

"If it sounds romantic to you, don't be a sucker."

A shine of interest appeared on the newspaper man's face. "A great flier soured on flying. Could I say that?"

"Not on flying," answered Breed, and was silent for a moment. "No, not on flying," he repeated gently. "Do me a favor. I want to send a wire."

"Go ahead."

"Take it: Sam Wein, Graphic Building, Hollywood. Washout."

The Bulletin man stood up. "We've got a good picture sent us at the time of your hop to Hawaii. Thanks a lot." He walked out.

BREED looked at his watch and threw the blanket back and got up. He paced slowly around the room, feeling nothing but a small tremor behind his knees. His perceptions were back again; the last of daylight was a clear stream of color in the room, the antiseptic smell registered keenly in his nostrils. Carbon monoxide was like that. It dragged you under suddenly without much warning, but the oxygen tank pulled you back and there was not usually any after-effect. He smoked the cigarette through, and ground it under his heel; and then took his flying helmet from a chair and went into the lobby. The nurse with the hazel eyes happened to be there.

"I'm walking out on you," he said.

"It isn't anything new for you, is it?" she said, in half a voice.

"Tell the doctor to phone me the charge at the hotel, will you?"

"Goodby, Captain."

He had turned away; he turned again and stood momentarily there. He was tall and solid enough, but the flying suit made him seem even more so. Black hair stood short and crisp off a wide forehead; and beneath that were features long and straight of line, darkened by the weather. His glance slowly and inscrutably absorbed the details of the world around him. Weather wrinkles traced fine lines between eyes and temples. All his bones were big. "What was that?"

"The walking out? Oh—here today and gone tomorrow."

He smiled then and the touch of isolation about him was momentarily gone; light flashed across his face, gave it a quick restlessness. "So long," he said very gently, and passed into the street. Unmindful of the attention he drew, he crossed to the hotel. Keeler, he found, had signed up for him; and his kit waited for him in the room. He peeled off all his clothes and put out his shaving outfit and stood nakedly testing his muscles; he stretched both hands outward and looked at them. There was no tremor.

"So that's all right," he said, relieved.

The phone rang. Keeler was on the wire. "I've found the leak."

"Come up."

"No-o, if you don't mind. I can fix that in an hour."

"Go ahead."

ONCE in a while this happened: somebody wanted to help you and asked nothing in return. Keeler was the sort of a kid who'd sleep and eat underneath the silver wings of the ship out there. It was a love of flying; you had it or you didn't have it. He shaved, watching the unmoved face appear from the lather with a sort of friendless inquiry. It was at times like this that he thought he must be getting old. There was no sign of strain, yet; no drawn lines about the mouth. He felt solid on his feet, life in him burned evenly, all the tangible sensations of life had edges to them, as should be. But a passiveness held that face in the mirror; hun-

"See you again," said Anne; and then found Jim Breed there with them, coat and hat in his hands. Carol Castaine saw it as soon. The moment's silence was cold

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Illustrated by George Howe

ger and light didn't show. Seventeen years of flying, he thought, covered everything. Nothing much remained. He looked behind him too often, to an era that was gone, to the great and hearty companions that were gone.

"A relic," he said, and stepped into a cold shower and felt the fine recoil of his nerves. Scrubbed dry, he dressed in light flannels and lighted a cigarette and stood indecisively in the middle of the room, pulling in long breaths of smoke. "Another hotel room in another town. How long has this been going on?" He went down then and waited at the dining-room door till the hostess took him in tow.

IT WAS fairly crowded and a party of young people sat at a very big table in the center of the room and seemed to be having a good time. In passing, he looked more curiously down and two cool eyes struck him in a manner both impersonal and interested. All this he got in that one casual glance. She wore a bright print dress and a great deal of smooth, yellow hair was pulled back from brow and ears. He went on, faintly stirred, and sat where the dining-room hostess indicated. It was a single table beside an enormous window commanding the river and a butte beyond; and idleness trickled through his big muscles as he watched the blue shadows roll down the creases of the butte like water. Dusk came quickly; light ran thin blades of saffron across the silvered river surface. A boy came up and laid a telegram before him. It said, "You mug, you. Sam."

Captain Breed faintly grinned at the taunt and said to the waiting boy, "No answer." Nothing, he knew, would outrage Sam Wein more than silence, for to Sam all territory lying beyond the limits of Los Angeles was dark and uncivilized and full of danger. The boy went away, but a giant youth rose from the large table and came over and stood with two enormous paws clasped, personably grinning.

"I'm Jack Stewart," he said. "What's a solitary dinner good for? Join us. We won't ask a lot of fool questions. Really we won't."

Jim Breed liked that white grin across the burned-in tan. He rose and accepted the offered hand. "Four of you'd make a crowd," he suggested.

"Pilin' lumber does it," said Stewart. "A strong back is necessary—and an education. If this depression continues I'll have to go back for a master's degree to keep my job. We got a doctor of philosophy filin' saws."

THE party at the table was politely watching this. It was, he thought, a heads-up bunch that could be transferred to the Coconut Grove without change. There were no hick towns in America any more; just small editions of the big cities. But everybody was restless and wanted to get away from where they started. The girl with the cool eyes turned and looked once at him and a faint breath of interest brushed his nerves. "That's nice of you," he said.

He followed young Stewart over, and faced the half-dozen couples. They were post-college, Jim Breed decided; all around twenty-five or so. The men stood up, and Stewart said: "I brought back big game. Captain Breed." Breed acknowledged the introductions gravely, and then his attention centered fully on the yellow-headed girl who watched him with so odd and still a manner. Stewart said: "This is Anne Carson, who—"

Her eyes touched Stewart; her voice was, Breed thought, like the rest of her—contained and quiet. "No, Jack. Not now." The seat beside her was empty and Breed sat down there. Stewart found another chair for himself.

"Thank you for the lift," said Breed. "Do I dance or sing or recite?"

"You doubt our charitable instincts?" asked Anne Carson. She turned, and her inspection was alert, suddenly searching. A topaz gleamed on her right hand; her shoulders were supple and rather proud. Sureness seemed to be a part of her and Jim Breed was imperceptibly warned of something here, under the surface, that she knew and he did not.

"People," he said, "like to carve their initials on landmarks."

"You're a landmark, Captain Breed?"

The smallest tone of malice ran with her talk; but it was soft, it was pleasantly without sting. The others were politely listening.

"I am thirty-four years old, which is a venerable age to a flier, and my bark is pretty well scarred with knife tracks." He grinned then and the slight somberness was instantly gone. "I am merely setting up my defenses."

"That's much better," said Anne Carson. "I should not like you conceited. I heard that you were not."

"How would you know?" he asked, and gave his order to the hovering waitress.

"A fierce glow of light surrounds our public characters. Nothing they do or say is secret."

"But you are curious, and I'm your laboratory specimen for the evening?"

Her laugh was instant and gay—and pleased. "We'll get along, won't we?"

"I'll do my part, Anne."

She was no young child of the woods, he suddenly knew. The glance that whipped across him was very sharp. It changed the quality of her face. "I have heard that you usually do your part."

THE food came and for a while the conversation was general, desultory. They included him, but they did not transgress. He could, he saw, come in or stay out. He ate his sole and drank his iced tea in chosen silence, until the boy was at his side again with another telegram. He read it:

SIT THERE AND LAUGH AT ME WILL YOU I CANT FIND BEND ON MAP BUT WHEREVER IT IS I BET YOU ALREADY GOT THE BEST-LOOKER IN TOWN YOU BIG BUILD-UP YOU YANH EXCLAMATION POINT SAM
P S I PUT THE EXCLAMATION POINT IN SAM

His chuckle was audible, amused, and the people at the table looked at him with a faint curiosity. He handed the telegram to Anne Carson. She read it and her slim fingers folded the yellow slip and returned it, amusement in the pooled gray of her eyes—a little-girl-gleeful expression. She said, softly: "Let me be the mysterious woman tonight. I have never played the part before. Not to a great man dropping out of the sky." They were all through eating and she turned to the big youth. "Is it your party, Jack?"

"At my house."

They all rose and trailed through dining-room and lobby. They had wonderful manners, for, though nothing was said, Breed felt himself included and pulled along. Anne Carson dropped back and took his arm and they strolled along a street gray with dusk. Desert and town gave up their heat; a thread of chill ran off the white peaks of the Cascades westward. The crowd crossed a bridge and climbed a hill's slope gayly, but Anne Carson went along without a word. Her head was at his shoulder and faint perfume rose from her hair. He had not, he decided, been wrong about her physical grace, for she walked with a slow and supple swing. The crowd reached and entered a house,

(Continued on page 44)

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His Brother's Keeper

By Dashiell Hammett

Explaining Kid Bolan, his brother —and a woman: The story of two battles, one of which was fought in the ring

I KNEW what a lot of people said about Loney but he was always swell to me. Ever since I remember he was swell to me and I guess I would have liked him just as much even if he had been just somebody else instead of my brother; but I was glad he was not just somebody else.

He was not like me. He was slim and would have looked swell in any kind of clothes you put on him, only he always dressed classy and looked like he had stepped right out of the bandbox even when he was just loafing around the house, and he had slick hair and the whitest teeth you ever saw and long, thin, clean-looking fingers. He looked like the way I remembered my father, only better-looking. I took more after Ma's folks, the Malones, which was funny because Loney was the one that was named after them, Malone Bolan. He was smart as they make them, too. It was no use trying to put anything over on him and maybe that was what some people had against him, only that was kind of hard to fit in with Pete Gonzalez.

Pete Gonzalez not liking Loney used to bother me sometimes because he was a swell guy, too, and he was never trying to put anything over on anybody. He had two fighters and a wrestler named Kilchak and he always sent them in to do the best they could, just like Loney sent me in. He was the top-notch manager in our part of the country and a lot of people said there was no better anywhere, so I felt pretty good about him wanting to handle me, even if I did say no.

It was in the hall leaving Tubby White's gym that I ran into him that afternoon and he said, "Hello, Kid, how's it?" moving his cigar further over in a corner of his mouth so he could talk.

"Hello. All right."

He looked me up and down, squinting on account of the smoke from his cigar. "Going to take this guy Saturday?"

"I guess so."

HE LOOKED me up and down again like he was weighing me in. His eyes were little enough anyhow and when he squinted like that you could hardly see them at all. "How old are you, Kid?"

"Going on nineteen."

"And you'll weigh about a hundred and sixty," he said.

"Sixty-seven and a half. I'm growing pretty fast."

"Ever see this guy you're fighting Saturday?"

"No."

"He's plenty tough."

I grinned and said, "I guess he is."

"And plenty smart."

I said, "I guess he is," again.

He took his cigar out of his mouth and scowled at me and said like he was sore at me, "You know you got no business in the ring with him, don't you?" Before I could think up anything to say he stuck the cigar back in his mouth and his face and his voice changed. "Why don't you let me handle you, Kid? You got the stuff. I'll handle you right, build you up, not use you up, and you'll be good for a long trip."

"I couldn't do that," I said. "Loney taught me all I know and—"

"Taught you what?" Pete snarled. He looked mad again. "If you think you been taught anything at all you just take a look at your mug in the next looking-glass you come across." He took the cigar out of his mouth and spit out a piece of tobacco that had come loose. "Only eighteen years old and ain't been fighting a year and look at the mug on him!"

I felt myself blushing. I guess I was never any beauty but, like Pete said, I had been hit in the face a lot and I guess my face showed it. I said, "Well, of course, I'm not a boxer."

"AND that's the God's truth," Pete said. "And why ain't you?"

"I don't know. I guess it's just not my way of fighting."

"You could learn. You're fast and you ain't dumb. What's this stuff getting you? Every week Loney sends you in against some guy you're not ready for yet and you soak up a lot of fists and—"

"I win, don't I?" I said.

"Sure you win—so far—because you're young and tough and got the moxie and can hit, but I wouldn't want to pay for winning what you're paying, and I wouldn't want any of my boys to. I seen kids—maybe some of them as promising as you—go along the way you're going, and I seen what was left of them a couple years later. Take my word for it, Kid, you'll do better than that with me."

"Maybe you're right," I said, "and I'm grateful to you and all that, but I couldn't leave Loney. He—"

"I'll give Loney a piece of change for your contract, even if you ain't got one with him."

"No, I'm sorry, I—I couldn't."

Pete started to say something and stopped and his face began to get red. The door of Tubby's office had opened and Loney was coming out. Loney's face was white and you could hardly see his lips because they were so tight together, so I knew he had heard us talking.

He walked up close to Pete, not even looking at me once, and said, "You chiseling dago rat."

Pete said, "I only told him what I told you when I made you the offer last week."

Loney said, "Swell. So now you've told everybody. So now you can tell 'em about this." He smacked Pete across the mouth with the back of his hand.

I moved over a little because Pete was a lot bigger than Loney, but Pete just said, "O. K., pal, maybe you won't live forever. Maybe you won't live forever even if Big Jake don't never get hep to the missus."

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

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Loney swung at him with a fist this time but Pete was backing away down the hall and Loney missed him by about a foot and a half, and when Loney started after him Pete turned and ran toward the gym.

Loney came back to me grinning and not looking mad any more. He could change that way quicker than anybody you ever saw. He put an arm around my shoulders and said, "The chiseling dago rat. Let's blow." Outside he turned me around to look at the sign advertising the fights. "There you are, Kid. I don't blame him for wanting you. There'll be a lot of 'em wanting you before you're through."

It did look swell, *Kid Bolan vs. Sailor Perelman*, in red letters that were bigger than any of the other names and up at the top of the card. That was the first time I ever had had my name at the top. I thought, I'm going to have it there like that all the time now and maybe in New York sometime, but I just grinned at Loney without saying anything and we went on home.

MA WAS away visiting my married sister in Pittsburgh and we had a nigger woman named Susan taking care of the house for us and after she washed up the supper dishes and went home Loney went to the telephone and I could hear him talking low. I wanted to say something to him when he came back but I was afraid I would say the wrong thing because Loney might think I was trying to butt into his business, and before I could find a safe way to start the doorbell rang.

Loney went to the door. It was Mrs. Schiff, like I had a hunch it would be, because she had come over the first night Ma was away.

She came in laughing, with Loney's arm around her waist, and said, "Hello, Champ," to me.

I said, "Hello," and shook hands with her.

I liked her, I guess, but I guess I was kind of afraid of her. I mean not only afraid of her on Loney's account but in a different way. You know, like sometimes when you were a kid and you found yourself all alone in a strange neighborhood on the other side of town. There was nothing you could see to be downright afraid of but you kept halfway expecting something. It was something like that. She was awful pretty but there was something kind of wild-looking about her. I don't mean wild-looking like some floozies you see; I mean almost like an animal, like she was always on the watch for something. It was like she was hungry. I mean just her eyes and maybe her mouth because you could not call her skinny or anything or fat either.

Loney got out a bottle of whisky and glasses and they had a drink. I stalled around for a few minutes just being polite and then said I guessed I was tired and I said good night to them and took my magazine upstairs to my room. Loney was beginning to tell her about his run-in with Pete Gonzalez when I went upstairs.

After I got undressed I tried to read but I kept worrying about Loney. It was this Mrs. Schiff that Pete made the crack about in the afternoon. She was the wife of Big Jake Schiff, the boss of our ward, and a lot of people must have known about her running around with Loney on the side. Anyhow Pete knew about it and he and Big Jake were pretty good friends besides him now having something to pay Loney back for. I wished Loney would cut it out. He could have had a lot of other girls and Big Jake was nobody to have trouble with, even leaving aside the pull he had down at the City Hall. Every time I tried to read I would get to thinking things like that so finally I gave it up and went to sleep pretty early even for me.

THAT was a Monday. Tuesday night when I got home from the movies she was waiting in the vestibule. She had on a long coat but no hat, and she looked pretty excited.

"Where's Loney?" she asked, not saying hello or anything.

"I don't know. He didn't say where he was going."

"I've got to see him," she said. "Haven't you any idea where he'd be?"

"No, I don't know where he is."

"Do you think he'll be late?"

I said, "I guess he usually is."

She frowned at me and then she said, "I've got to see him. I'll wait a little while anyhow." So we went back to the dining-room.

She kept her coat on and began to walk around the room looking at things but without paying much attention to them. I asked her if she wanted a drink and she said, "Yes," sort of absent-minded, but when I started to get it for her she took hold of the lapel of my coat and said, "Listen, Eddie, will you tell me something? Honest to God?"

I said, "Sure," feeling kind of embarrassed looking in her face like that, "if I can."

"Is Loney really in love with me?"

That was a tough one. I could feel my face getting redder and redder. I wished the door would open and Loney would come in. I wished a fire would break out or something.

She jerked my lapel. "Is he?"

I said, "I guess so. I guess he is, all right."

"Don't you know?"

I said, "Sure, I know, but Loney don't ever talk to me about things like that. Honest, he don't."

She bit her lip and turned her back on me. I was sweating. I spent as long a time as I could in the kitchen getting the whisky and things. When I went back in the dining-room she had sat down and was putting lip-stick on her mouth. I set the whisky down on the table beside her.

She smiled at me and said, "You're a nice boy, Eddie. I hope you win a million fights. When do you fight again?"

I had to laugh at that. I guess I had been going around thinking that everybody in the world knew I was going to fight Sailor Perelman that Saturday just because it was my first main event. I guess that is the way you get a swelled head. I said, "This Saturday."

"That's fine," she said, and looked at her wrist-watch. "Oh, why doesn't he come? I've got to be home before Jake gets there." She jumped up. "Well, I can't wait any longer. I shouldn't have stayed this long. Will you tell Loney something for me?"

"Sure."

"And not another soul?"

"Sure."

SHE came around the table and took hold of my lapel again. "Well, listen. You tell him that somebody's been talking to Jake about—about us. You tell him we've got to be careful, Jake'd kill both of us. You tell him I don't think Jake knows for sure yet, but we've got to be careful. Tell Loney not to phone me and to wait here till I phone him tomorrow afternoon. Will you tell him that?"

"Sure."

"And don't let him do anything crazy."

I said, "I won't." I would have said anything to get it over with.

She said, "You're a nice boy, Eddie," and kissed me on the mouth and went out of the house.

I did not go to the door with her. I looked at the whisky on the table and thought maybe I ought to take the first drink of my life, but instead I sat down and thought about Loney. Maybe I dozed off a little but I was awake when he came home and that was nearly two o'clock.

He was pretty tight. "What the hell are you doing up?" he said.

I told him about Mrs. Schiff and what she told me to tell him.

He stood there in his hat and overcoat until I had told it all, then he said, "That chiseling dago rat," kind of half under his breath and his face began to get like it got when he was mad.

"And she said you mustn't do anything crazy."

"Crazy?" He looked at me and kind of laughed. "No, I won't do anything crazy. How about you scramming off to bed?"

I said, "All right," and went upstairs.

THE next morning he was still in bed when I left for the gym and he had gone out before I got home. I waited supper for him until nearly seven o'clock and then ate it by myself. Susan was getting sore because it was going to be late before she got through. Maybe he stayed out all night but he looked all right when he came in Tubby's the next afternoon to watch me work out, and he was making jokes and kidding along with the fellows hanging around there just like he had nothing at all on his mind.

He waited for me to dress and we walked over home together. The only thing that was kind of funny, he asked me, "How do you feel, Kid?" That was kind of funny because he knew I always felt all right. I guess I never even had a cold all my life.

I said, "All right."

"You're working good," he said. "Take it easy tomorrow. You want to be rested up for this baby from Providence. Like that chiseling dago rat said, he's plenty tough and plenty smart."

I said, "I guess he is. Loney, do you think Pete really tipped Big Jake off about—"

"Forget it," he said. "Hell with 'em." He poked my arm. "You got nothing to worry about but how you're going to be in there Saturday night."

"I'll be all right."

"Don't be too sure," he said. "Maybe you'll be lucky to get a draw."

(Continued on page 42)

When I got home from the movies she was waiting in the vestibule. She had on a long coat and she looked excited

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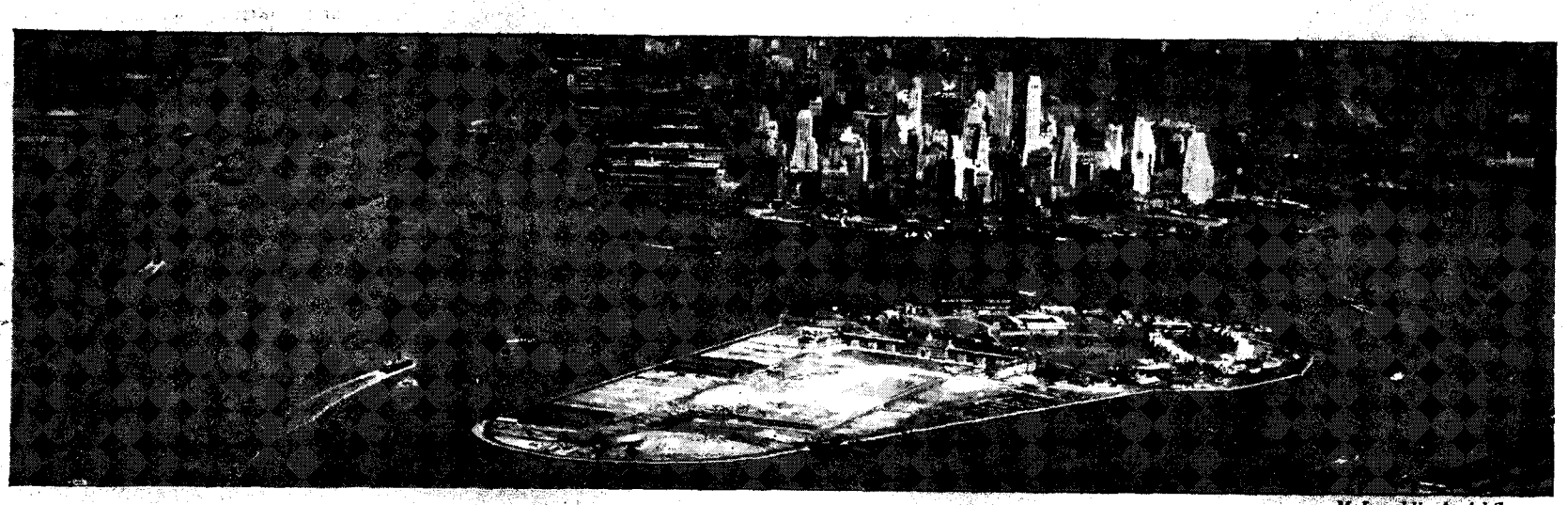

McLaughlin Aerial Surveys

Governors Island, in New York Harbor, is inevitably the site for our greatest city's air terminal

Wings of the New Deal

By W. B. Courtney

That new airplane you were thinking of buying—well, it's now on the way toward delivery. There'll be some 10,000 or more of them in our skies before the year is out—light, low-priced planes, made under government supervision. That means that the forgotten man of aviation has been found and taken care of. Very likely it's you

55,000 PWA workers are building our 600 new airports

Eugene L. Vidal

THE lad was erupting gee and ginger in the passionate manner characteristic of the young soldiers of the New Deal. He had licked through the office door like a flame and stood now being consumed in the fire of his idea before the desk of his chief.

"Mr. Martin," he cried, "the world must be told what we are doing here. We must shout our plans and achievements, our hopes and our dreams, from every housetop until the humblest citizen in the land is aware of the merest detail of our work and—"

"You mean we ought to get some publicity?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Reams of it!" boiled the young man. "Tons! Far and wide. We must flood the entire nation with news of the aeronautical development we are fostering. Then and not until then will every man and woman and child in the United States become air-minded—when we have told them all about our wonderful Federal Airways, our inspectors and beacon lights and radio devices; when we have thrilled them with the faith that at last aviation's security and destiny are in stimulating hands!"

"Nuts!" said Mr. Martin—as mildly as that; for Rex Martin, one of the present crop of *chefs de bureau* of the Department of Commerce's Aeronautics Branch, is a gentle soul and a merry one in spite of outward resemblance to a movie Desperate Desmond. He went on: "Before you congratulate the public that it now has us, you ought to make sure that we are better than our predecessors. Under the dear, departed incumbents the Federal Airways System had 19,500 miles. Under us it has 18,000. Under them it had 1,000-watt bulbs in its beacons and they burned all night; it had eighty-five inspectors and 350 intermediate landing fields and radio ranges that never stopped buzzing. Under us the lights are dimmer, with 500-watt bulbs, and even those are switched off part of the time to save pennies. And we have only seventy-five inspectors and 250 fields and the radio beacons now function only when the weather is bad. Do you still want to shout from the housetops about us?"

No, the young man did not. A great many people not connected with the Department wanted to, however, and did so with salty emphasis. The Republicans imparted a smug melody to the lay chorus; but the yelps from those who had sincere interest in aviation were fraught with honest discords of nonpolitical alarm. Airline operators woke up each morning last summer bathed in cold perspiration after night-long bad dreams through which they were chased by a bald-headed ogre from the Post Office Department who snipped with pruning shears at the air mail contracts which they hugged to their lean stomachs.

A Setback to Aviation

Veteran pilots in their "hangar flying" gloomily told one another that the federal pocket-pinching would send the midnight suns of the airway into total eclipse and snap off the radio ranges and leave the world just as it was in the old days—dark and silent and to be conquered only by skillful piloting. Amateur pilots gave up their licenses by thousands, oppressed by restrictive new regulations and discouraged by static costs which kept pleasure flying, in time and in financial outlay, a rich man's game. Everyone feared that the impetus given by the Morrow Board had been throttled, and that flying, so far as the government was concerned, was in a flat glide.

In 1926 the Morrow Board—the late Dwight W. Morrow and a group of lay and official associates—formulated a program of military aviation and of federal aid to and supervision over commercial aeronautics. Soon after March 4th last it became apparent that a major premise of the Morrow Plan—an assistant secretary for aeronautics in each of the three government departments most concerned—War, Navy, and Commerce—was to be tossed into the Potomac. The old fogies and the tackwits of the general staffs, with economy for a magic buckler, ambushed their modern colleagues. Today the United States, alone of great world powers, has no qualified civilian authority at the head of its air defenses; and the rudderless military aviation policy of our country is being led backwards to nursery days by a lot of old Indian fighters.

The issue in the Commerce Department was not so patly drawn.

In less than seven years the fruits of government aid and supervision of commercial aviation had ripened to such fullness under William P. MacCracken, Jr., the first Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics and under Colonel Clarence M. Young, the second, that American scheduled air service had flown a dozen laps ahead of its mightiest rivals in the race for world commercial air supremacy. It remains a race, however, in which the leader cannot skip three deep breaths without being overtaken; aeronautical experts, therefore, saddened by the victory of reactionism within the military establishments, feared that we were threatened by a loss of first place in the commercial fight.

Subsidizing with a Purpose

In Europe each year the respective governments hand out vast subsidies to their commercial airmen—direct lump payments, which compensate for operating losses and assure personnel of tidy salaries without overwork. Competition is nonexistent, except as between nations. These outright gifts are only for operating purposes; therefore each company scrapes along with a minimum of ground facilities. That is why Europe has no airways in the sense of publicly maintained sky highways and related aids, constantly available, to safe aerial navigation.

In the United States the subsidy—our sensitive fellows have not called it that, although a subsidy by any other name is just as succulent—has taken a less crutch-like form. It has been twofold. Generous air mail contract prices saw the pioneer airlines through their experimental years; and the less bountiful current agreements at least guard them from sheriffs. The government always nurtured considerations of passenger service in the background of

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those contracts; a policy which has fetched wonderful travel benefits to you and to me. The result of the second phase of our commercial aviation subsidy may be seen in the airway network that covers the United States like a cobweb on an old picture in the attic. These airways, consisting of intermediate fields between municipal airports, of beacons and other markers, and of radio pathways and weather reports, are the property of the people and not of a private company spoon-fed by the people's money; they are equally available to all—private flyer with a pint of gas and a toothbrush and fifty cents in cash, or to great transport outfits with seventeen vice presidents.

If federal development and improvement of the national airways were to be discontinued the growth of commercial flying would be summarily halted. The reputable air companies have found their own feet and can endure without impairment of services or morale the pay cuts in their air mail contract renewals. But it would be a long time before any of them could put by enough to build new airways and extensions to match those originally laid down by the government, which the public justifiably has come to recognize as a standard groundwork for safe and reliable flying. Expansion, therefore, would for years to come have to be within the present network—a thickening of lines rather than a lengthening.

Many portents had led the aeronautical industry to expect the incoming Administration to present it with new monkey glands that would assure healthy fattening through happy days in the skyways. Aviation was modern; it represented scientific progress. It stood to older and more commonplace transportation somewhat as the brain trust stood to politics and government. There should be a feeling of fellowship. Moreover, important members of the official family were veteran air travelers, and the airways leading into Washington were black with secretaries and briefcases.

The President himself was a charter member of the group of those who have contributed "firsts" to aviation history. His spectacularly conceived, casually undertaken flight from Albany to Chicago to say thank you, my friends, to the Democratic Convention was the first ever made by a presidential nominee. Ha, said the aeronautical world, shaking hands with itself, we are going to have a flying President. From inauguration, through the summer, air passenger travel bubbled up extraordinarily. You had to send around a week ahead if you wanted to be sure of a seat. Flights were running in multiple sections; and the factories could not turn out enough transports to go around.

Some credit for this situation was traced by expert air traffic analysts directly to the President's flight; but they attribute a profounder influence to Mrs. Roosevelt's frequent and matter-of-fact use of the air lines. A busy woman of many interests, her only chance to fulfill her crowded program was through the time gained by flying—she let the explanation stand like that, and banned heraldings and heroics. This, say the airmen, especially lessened the resistance of stay-at-home wives to the use of planes by their husbands on business trips. Too, education and sophistication were marching at the head of a quickened increase in public acceptance of air travel.

Evil Days for Airmen

Suddenly disillusionment stemmed the great expectations of the airmen. Uncertainty fogged the office that had nursed commercial flying through its diaper age. Colonel Clarence M. Young had carried on as Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, while friends on both sides of the Capitol Hill fence shot off rockets in his behalf. On June 15th, heart taken out of him by the backing and filling of the patronage quicksands, he resigned; along with him went Colonel Harry Blee and Director Gilbert M. Budwig. Three names you must remember to mention with reverence to your great-grandchildren when they ask you how airways were born. The aeronautics secretaryship was definitely erased from Commerce as it had been from War and Navy: The Budget Director ordered the Aeronautics Branch to fork back more than two million dollars of its allotment. Little-used sections of the Federal Airways—created against future growth—were discontinued. The Inspection Service was reshuffled and pruned; employees at the ankle ends of efficiency ratings were fired. Beacon lights throughout the airways were switched off after the last scheduled mail or passenger ship had gone over.

This was the slap that brought the biggest wail. Several fatal accidents occurred to itinerant night flyers, and blame was promptly laid at the feet of the penny-wringers; but not fairly so, in my opinion. For the curtailments were carried out by technical experts who made sure no safeguard was pinched and that everyone was adequately warned. Pilots knew the hours when the lights went out, and if they wanted to fly out of hours the risks were their own.

Now about this time it happened that Ewing Y. Mitchell, to whom the Democratic party was mortgaged for the Missouri votes, came on from Springfield to collect his strawberries and cream. He wanted to be ambassador to Belgium or to Spain, but the nice men said to Ewing, "Make yourself t'home in that purty office," and then they played anagrams and out came the words "Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Transportation." And that is how our great country got a community tepee and one bewildered sachem for its Shipping Board, its Aeronautics Branch, and its Roller Skating Craze. Candid fellow, though, Mitchell—admitted to everyone who came within oratorical range that he knew nothing of aviation and wished that the Aeronautics Branch might soon get a responsible technical head.

Candidates were not lacking. There were a hundred and one for each representative and a thousand and one for each senator; and when the Army and Navy decided not to have aeronautics secretaries their candidates about-faced and charged upon the Commerce job. Each had sixteen-cylindered backing, too; in fact, each told you it was in the bag for him. They jammed the office every day and in their minds' eyes rearranged the furniture and the pictures; some even ordered new flower vases. There were four whose persistence outlasted all the rest.

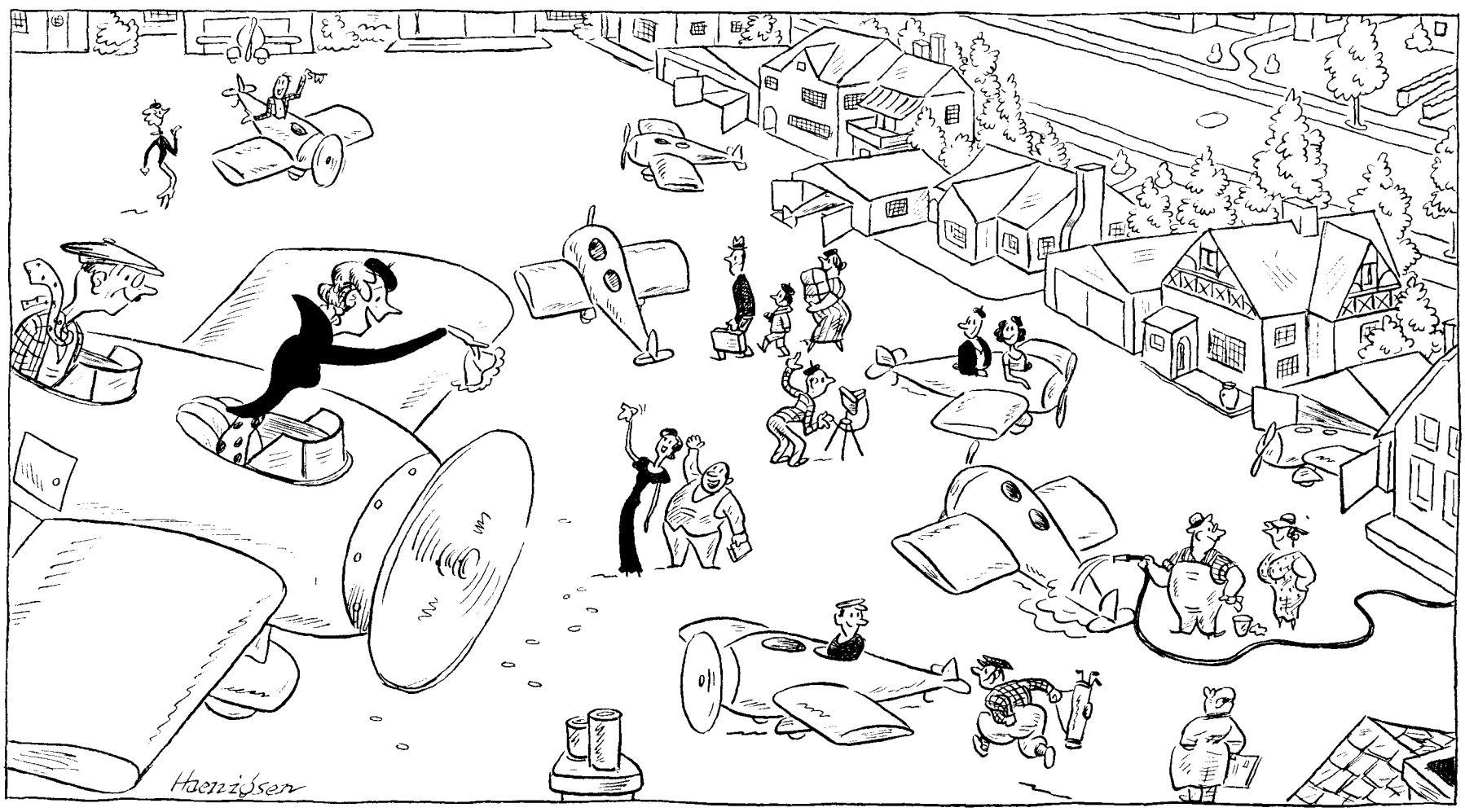
Each of these had such gosh-powerful backing that he was eased into the Branch in a bide-your-time-and-leave-the-rest-to-me capacity. There was James C. Edgerton, old-time flyer, pushed by Senator McAdoo. His pals advised him to seek additional support because McAdoo had already seized more than his share of plums. There was Major J. Carroll Cone, war pilot and plane manufacturer, who rode forward on the smiles of Senator Joe Robinson. There was Rex Martin, another war flyer and a Peoria, Illinois, boy who could depend upon Speaker Rainey and a Mid-West congressional bloc.

The Man for the Job

And there was Eugene L. Vidal of South Dakota and West Point and Kelly Field, but none of his rivals gave him more than four thoughts because his plays were screened. Funny oversight, too, because Vidal had, perhaps, the most pertinent experience. Five years in the Air Corps—enough army service to make him a topnotch flyer but not enough to make him a regimented thinker. A scorching in Florida real estate, where he lost his shirt; and a job as coach at Oregon, which helped him to buy another shirt. An invaluable year with the Transcontinental Air Transport, and then a hand in the organization of and three years' service with the Ludington Line between New York and Washington—a plane every hour on the hour and what do we care if we don't have mail contracts; we can make profits out of passengers.

Vidal as a football star at West Point

(Continued on page 48)



Harry Haenigsen

The man or woman who can pass the private pilot's physical test can safely fly the flivver plane

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Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

"Be careful what you eat," Mrs. King warned her. "Make no movements that are not strictly necessary—no traveling"

You can't Fool the Stars

By Phyllis Duganne

"Do you," she asked, "believe in astrology?" "Do I," he said, "look simple?"

SARAH LEE VALENTINE had a smudge of charcoal on the end of her nose. When she put up her left hand to rub her left eye, which happened to have a tear in it, she made a second smudge across her cheek bone. In the kitchenette, Caroline, her mother, wearing a ten-cent-store bungalow apron and a string of perfectly matched pearls, was singing softly, "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" while she waited for the grocery boy who might or might not bring something to cook for supper.

Sarah Lee Valentine was afraid of the big bad wolf. He had been crouching against their door entirely too long. She sniffed and drew a long breath and bent again over the drawing-board where two identical fat ladies in their undershirts awaited clothing. Bessie, the one on the left, was fated for misfortune; her dress, according to the pencil sketch thumb-tacked on the wall in front of Sarah Lee, was entirely wrong, bunchy in the worst possible places, destined to make her look shapeless and unalluring. Jessie, not a hair's-breadth slighter, was to appear both chic and attractive, in lines cleverly designed to make the best of her figure. Poor Bessie! thought Sarah Lee, and then smudged her right cheek, fiercely. At least Bessie had enough to eat. . . .

The doorbell rang, and Caroline opened the door; Sarah Lee listened tensely to the ascending footsteps, heard her mother's gay voice. "Evenin', sonny—put 'em down theah on the table."

Then the grocery boy's voice, ill at ease, apologetic: "I'm sorry, Mis' Valentine, but Mr. Burke says can you pay something on the bill tonight?"

CAROLINE'S laugh, clear and frank as a child's, drifted back to Sarah Lee. "I declare to the Lawd, sonny, we haven't got one cent in this house!" she proclaimed. "You tell Mr. Burke I'm right sorry, and as soon as we get some money—"

"He says he can't let you have anything more until you pay something," said the boy.

Sarah Lee winced; from the kitchenette her mother's voice answered, rich and warm: "My land, don't look so upset about it, boy! It isn't yo' fault. You cain't even blame Mr. Burke."

You couldn't blame anyone, thought Sarah Lee, but that didn't help. She drew a small neat hat upon Jessie's head. If she worked all night, she could finish the page of drawings, and if they were satisfactory, Miss Stevenson would rush her check through tomorrow.

The doorbell rang again, sharply. "It's probably the sheriff," said Sarah Lee.

"Who's theah?" Caroline called down the stair-well. "Why, Peggy West, if this isn't nice! I tho't maybe you were a bill collector an' I was goin' to say I was takin' a bath!"

Sarah Lee groaned. She could not stop working; that was all there was to it! In the hall, her mother was inviting Peggy to supper. "Of co'se you'll stay, honey—we're goin' to have spoonbread an' real N'Orleans coffee an' spiced peaches—Sarah Lee, tell Peggy she's got to stay an' take supper with us!"

The damp coolness of Peggy's orchids brushed Sarah Lee's hot cheek as the girls kissed. You could buy pounds of steak and a dozen eggs for what those flowers had cost, thought Sarah Lee indignantly, Sarah Lee Valentine who had worn such orchids carelessly, herself, not so long ago.

"I can't stay—I have an engagement," said Peggy, sitting down and looking at Sarah Lee with her round blue eyes. "I've just come from having my horoscope read—Claudia King, you know—she's the most marvelous person! She tells you about your past and future—how your planets are arranged and all. She's wonderful!"

"How much," asked Caroline, does she charge, Peggy?"

"Only twenty-five dollars for a full reading. She really is marvelous, Mrs. Valentine. I think Sarah Lee owes it to herself—"

"Don't use that word!" snapped Sarah Lee. "I'm sensitive about it." She was smiling, but it was a strained smile; she broke the point of a piece of charcoal and her lower lip trembled.

Caroline looked at her tenderly. "Come on, Peggy, let's you an' me go in the othah room—Sarah Lee's got to get those pictures finished and she's sort of nervous."

Their voices came faintly back through the closed door, the staccato of Peggy's eternal excitement, the soft murmur of Caroline's answers. Sarah Lee finished her work.

BESSIE and Jessie were entirely satisfactory; Miss Stevenson promised that the next work she had. . . . She recognized the panic in Sarah Lee's face. "Look here," she suggested, "Yvonne Miller is looking for someone to do her ads. Why don't you go in and see her?"

"Oh, I couldn't—" Sarah Lee was conscious of the older woman's sharp eyes. It took confidence to succeed in New York, and Sarah Lee did not have it. Yvonne Miller's was one of the smartest shops in New York—and she, Sarah Lee Valentine, was just another girl from the South, with a talent which in another generation would have found ample outlet in hand-painting china.

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Miss Stevenson appeared to have weighed Sarah Lee and found her wanting. "I'll call you, when I have something you can do."

"I—I'll go in and see Miss Miller this afternoon," said Sarah Lee.

Not that there was any use in her going; as she walked back to the apartment, her bag with the check inside it clutched tightly under her arm, she knew that it was hopeless.

Caroline received the check as though it had been for a million dollars. "Honey, you're so smart! When I think of a little splintah of a girl like you takin' care of the two of us—!" Her dark eyes were luminous. "I've got somethin' for you, too, lamb."

Sarah Lee wanted to crawl into a closet and sob, when she saw what her mother had done. She stared at the typewritten pages.

"I TOLD Peggy we'd pay her back after you'd made a lot of money—it's really a kind of investment, anyway. Claudia King was real nice to do it so quickly for you." Caroline's pride was like a child's; her voice was husky with excitement. "Look heah, honey—March third is a special day for you! Anything you touch will succeed an' any love affair—mm-mm!" Her eyes softened. Sarah Lee hadn't had much chance at love affairs, since she had left school.

Sarah Lee kept her lips steady. "Why—that's fine, Mothah. It'll be interesting to see how much of it works out." She straightened her shoulders. "I'm going uptown again, honey. Yvonne Miller needs someone to do some work, and—"

The typewritten pages fluttered in Caroline's hands. "Not today, Sarah Lee! Look at this." She read, conviction mounting in her voice, "—singularly unpropitious arrangement of governing influences. Nothing should be undertaken on this day, especially in business affairs. The planet—"

"Oh, Mothah!" Sarah Lee's voice was anguished. "Stop it! Darling, don't you really know that this is all nonsense? Twenty-five dollars' worth of nonsense—and when we're so poor!"

Caroline shook her head. "Maybe it isn't nonsense, Sarah Lee." She shook her head again, as her daughter stubbornly departed.

Yvonne Miller looked at Sarah Lee, at her last year's clothes and her hopelessly woe-begone little oval face, with the big, frightened eyes. "You've had experience in this sort of thing, of course?"

Sarah Lee fought down an inclination to blurt out that she had neither experience nor ability, but she managed to convey the idea, regardless. Miss Miller was sorry. . . .

There was nothing of the I-told-you-so quality in Caroline's make-up. She was frying chicken cheerfully, and a potted hyacinth in the center of the table filled the room with its fragrance.

"I got it instead of bread, like in the poem," she murmured, and added, with a grin, "I tho't we'd have hot biscuits, anyway!"

In spite of herself, Sarah Lee smiled; Caroline was so swell! After dinner, she looked at her daughter severely.

"You listen to me, Sarah Lee, I've got an *i*-dea. There isn't any sense in your gettin' up tomorrow—you just stay in bed an' loaf—but the next day, the third of March—" She handed Sarah Lee a newspaper. "See what cute pictures Tracy's have in their ads? Why don't you go up theah—day after tomorrow, mind you!—an' tell 'em you'd work for 'em, if they treated you real nice?"

Sarah Lee laughed helplessly. "Mothah, was there much insanity in your family?"

IT WAS all so completely crazy that, on the morning of March third, Sarah Lee laughed to herself as she rode uptown in the taxi which Caroline had insisted that she take. "It gives you a *look*, Sarah Lee," she said, earnestly. "That taxi-ridin' look!"

No, she had no appointment, she was explaining to the secretary of the head of the advertising department—"Why, I don't even know the man's name!" she admitted cheerfully—when the secretary looked up, and Sarah Lee followed her gaze and took a chance.

"I bet you're him!" she addressed the tall man who had just come in. Caroline's charm was in the tilt of her chin, the slant of her laughing brown eyes. "Aren't you the man who wants to see me about a job?"

"Am I?" he asked, smiling at her.

She nodded her head. "I just bet you are!"

Her gayety was infectious; Amos Benton, chief of Tracy's advertising department, laughed aloud. "Suppose you come into my office and find out if I think so, too, then," he suggested.

He looked at her drawings carefully. "Send him right in, will you, Miss Pratt?" he answered the telephone. The door opened again. "Hello, Bill—got those layouts? Miss Valentine—Mr. Fuller."

Mr. Fuller looked at Sarah Lee, and Sarah Lee looked at Mr. Fuller. Crazily—but it was a crazy morning—she heard Caroline's lilting voice. "An' any love affair—mm-mm!"

Mr. Fuller looked like a faun, even in the early morning light of an office on the eleventh floor of a department store. His gray-green eyes were unusually wide apart; his reddish hair curled like the hair on an ancient Greek statue, in highly improbable ringlets.

"Look here, Miss Valentine," Amos Benton said abruptly. "I may be able to use you. We've been planning—you've had experience with newspaper ads, of course?"

SARAH LEE looked Mr. Benton unflinchingly in the eye. "I have nevah," she responded, with dignity and literal truth, "had the slightest difficulty with newspaper ads."

Amos Benton nodded absently, but Mr. Fuller's almond-shaped eyes widened and then narrowed; his mouth gave a sudden twist, and Sarah Lee elevated her chin a full three inches as she returned his stare. Mr. Benton shoved her drawings across the desk to Mr. Fuller.

"Humor," he stated. "Make 'em smile before they buy. These amusing little sweaters. These cuckoo riding-habits. You know." Apparently Mr. Fuller knew; in any case, he nodded. "You take Miss Valentine down to your office and see what you can work out together for the sports-department Sunday ad. The light touch—" He picked up the telephone. "Bring in my mail, will you, Miss Pratt?"

(Continued on page 26)

She stumbled and fell. "Why don't you look where you're going?" roared the driver, stalled within a foot of Sarah Lee

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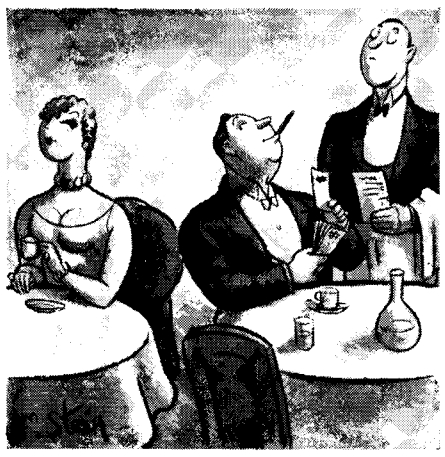


People who flash rolls like the new smaller currency

What it takes

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Salted peanuts are death to one-cent pieces; Salmon P. Chase's portrait adorns all $10,000 bills (look and see); we have no pennies in this country—in short, here's the story of money

Worn-out money is destroyed in a most unfeeling manner

TO CUSTOMERS, Congress and counterfeiters, money nowadays presents new problems. Paper currency has been changed in size, standardized in design, and put to new uses that affect its flow and life-expectation during the same period when it shifted in value with respect to goods and gold. New sources are sending a stream of silver and gold into government mints as evidence of a keener urge and understanding for money among a new class of home-made miners.

Although Western mines are the great sources of metal money, the increased need and interest have stimulated its production in such strange places as musty attics, dark cellars and back yards. If you wandered into the office of the Assistant Director of the Mint at Washington, you would see potential money in its lowest and rawest form. You would see Miss Mary O'Reilly, the Assistant Director, staring at a heap of small packages on her desk. Here is prospective money which talks in a peculiarly appealing way.

Snipping the string on one poorly tied box, Miss O'Reilly pulled out a tiny bottle often bought at a drug store on a bad morning-after. It came from a backwoods county in Idaho, and it contained shining particles of gold clouded with shifting streaks of black dirt. It was gold gleaned by placer mining from dry river bottoms, and it may have represented weeks of hard panning.

Weighing it, she estimated that after it had been assayed at one of the three assay offices at New York, Seattle or New Orleans—where it should have been shipped in the first place—it would amount to four ounces. At $34 an ounce, it would bring about $135 to the grubbing miner in Idaho, as a $1 assay charge is made for small amounts. "Probably enough to keep him in food for many months," said Miss O'Reilly, with a gruffness she uses to hide the fact that she is still sentimental after thirty-two years of dealing with hard money.

There were other packages with even more pathetic stories behind them, containing gold earrings and finger rings, cuff buttons and shirt studs, gold-filled teeth, yellow-backed hair brushes and other toilet articles, mirrors, personal jewelry and scrap of all kinds. The government buys gold in this form if it amounts to more than $100 worth.

A Nation of Gold-Seekers

The country is on a quiet hunt for gold. People resort to ingenious methods to assemble enough to sell to Uncle Sam. The junk dealer who once bought rags and worn iron now purchases gold, hoping to buy scraps for less than the government's price, or, better still, to pick up a rare antique of great historic value. Churches, fraternal organizations, charitable societies and friends on the same street in mutual need pool their supplies so as to make up the purchasable minimum.

It's only a little way your collar buttons have to travel before they become money. From Miss O'Reilly's office in the basement of the treasury building they go to one of the three assay offices for testing, then to the smelter for refining and, lastly, to one of the three mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco or Denver for manufacture into money.

When coined, it is shipped to the treasury or to one of the mints, kept in huge vaults, and doled out to banks whenever they ask and pay for a new supply. For the present, in view of the ban on payments in gold, your discarded adornments rest in a dark vault.

Coins have a high velocity of movement and a long life. Actually they comprise only a small part of the $5,700,000,000 of money now going the rounds of trade, and of the total supply of approximately $10,090,000,000. Somehow or other we struggle along with about $311,000,000 of gold coins that are still on the loose, $29,000,000 worth of silver dollars and $269,000,000 worth of "subsidiary silver," which is the legal term for fifty-cent pieces, quarters and dimes. The "minor coins," of nickels and one-cent pieces, amount to only $116,523,909 in circulation, although all these figures fluctuate slightly from month to month, even from day to day. And don't say "penny" in Miss O'Reilly's hearing. "There is no such thing as an American penny," she will inform you gravely. "That is a British coin. Ours is a one-cent piece."

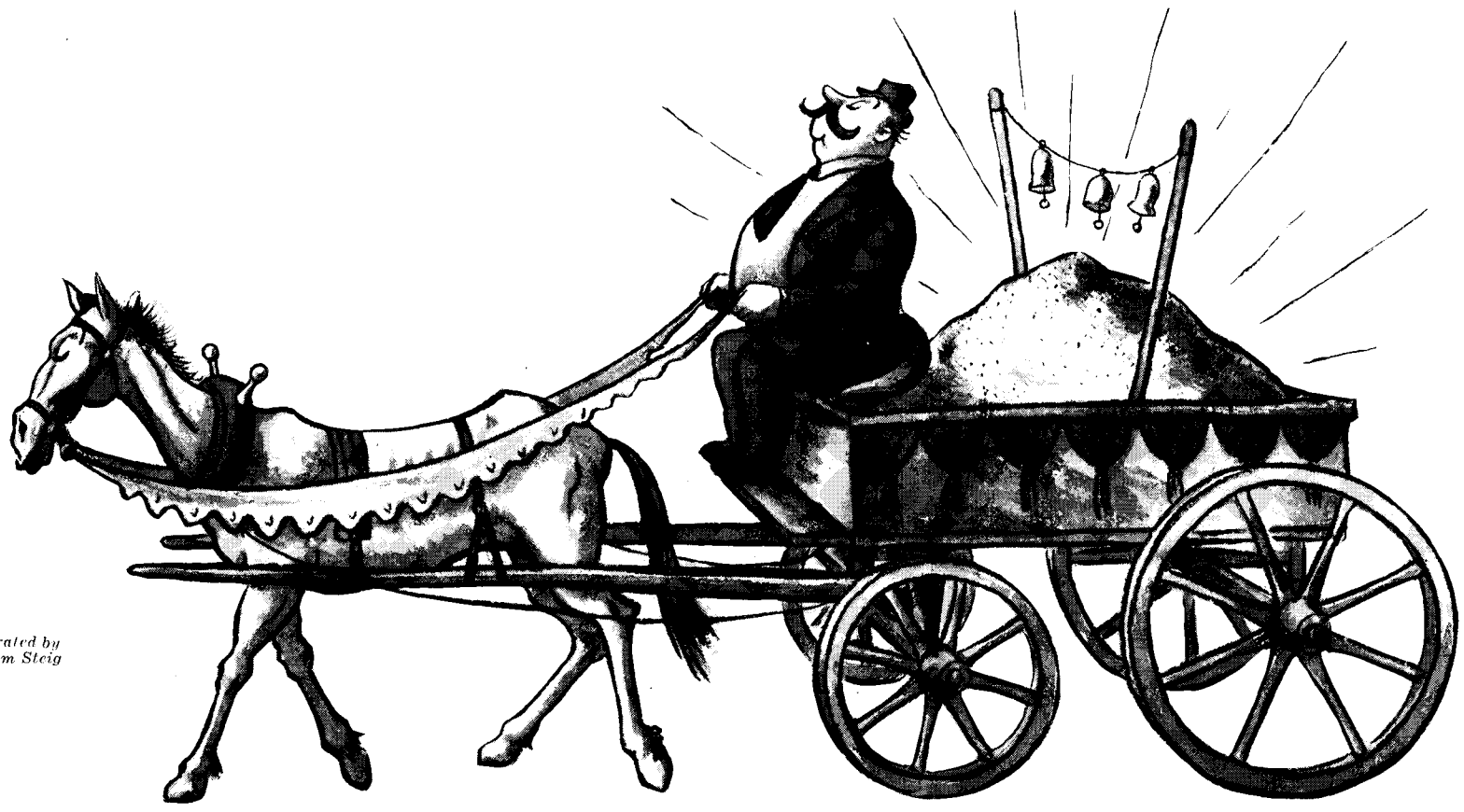
These smaller coins have a hard time of it, for children's careless, sticky hands and slot machines cause frequent casualties. They suffer most from salted peanut and similar vending machines, and thousands of dollars return to the mint for remelting every autumn after summering at shore resorts where the salt of the peanuts and the atmosphere weaken their vitality.

Paper Money and Repeal

Another thing you may not know about small change. You don't have to accept more than $10 in "subsidiary silver" if their jingle and weight annoy you; they are legal tender for no larger amount than that in one payment. As for "minor coins," you can refuse to accept any more than twenty-five cents.

It is the paper currency, especially the dollar bills, which take it on the chin—or the shin. Although the depression and smaller size seem to have lengthened their life on this earth a barely perceptible bit, theirs is a hit-or-miss existence. It is possible, according to Director Alvin W. Hall of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to go from his office to a filling station across the street, present a new, clean,

(Continued on page 41)



Illustrated by William Steig

The junkman is keeping a sharp lookout for old gold nowadays

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The Dog that could Talk

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

FANCHETTE was as pretty as a nineteen-year-old girl should be and rather more naïve and confiding. She lived in a tiny apartment over in Montmartre; she'd had seven other little apartments, and about nineteen jobs, none of them very good. People would hire Fanchette because she was nice, and when they found out how stupid she was they'd let her go, with a shrug or a sigh or a shake of the head. It was the same way with landladies. They'd wait for the rent as long as they could, and she'd pay it, if she had it.

At this particular moment, Fanchette was doing rather well. She was checkroom girl in a nice restaurant; she had three rather nice dresses, and a nice little dog, and a nice boy friend. The dog's name was Moco, and he looked it. He wasn't exactly beautiful, but he was affectionate, and foolish, and full of high spirits. The boy friend wasn't exactly beautiful, either. His name was Leon. He was affectionate, too, and always talking about getting married as soon as they'd raise his salary. However, he was thirty-two, and to be a bachelor at such an age is rather a bad sign. Also, he was somewhat solemn, and serious, and all for getting on in the world, and he'd lecture Fanchette about her frivolity and her flirtatiousness and her forgetfulness and her egregious extravagance, which were precisely the qualities that endeared her to him or to anyone.

LEON liked Moco pretty well, although Moco, given a chance, would put his paws all over his collar and cuffs. And Fanchette had taught Moco a trick. As soon as Leon's step was to be heard, Fanchette would say, "Moco! Go see Leon! Go see Leon!" and Moco would come out like the Light Brigade, yipping, and frantic with delight, and hurling his small body forward to welcome him. "Go lie down!" Leon would say, but he liked it just the same.

One evening Leon called to take Fanchette to dinner, and to the moving-pictures that she loved better. Unfortunately, however, Fanchette had forgotten something, as usual—a box of face powder, or gloves, or stockings, so she had had to rush out to buy them.

Being a serious young man, Leon was jealous, and, being jealous, he was suspicious. All the men who get on in the world seem to be like that. So, having nothing worse to do, he took it into his head to make an experiment.

"Moco!" he said. "Go see Albert!"

Moco put a dusty paw on Leon's knee and looked up at him. It was plain that Moco had never heard of any Albert whatsoever.

"Go see Charles! Go see Charles!" Moco did but wag his tail.

"Go see Georges! Go see Georges!"

Still not a move out of Moco.

Never a man to do things by halves, Leon took a little notebook out of his pocket. The notebook had a calendar, which gave the saints' days.

"Go see Felix! Go see Marcel! Go see Robert!"

Nothing, nothing from Moco but polite and eager attention. Sweet contentment began to bathe Leon's heart.

"Go see Sebastien! Go see Theodore! Go see Victor!"

Ah! Horror! Out went Moco on the double, yipping and barking, to the door and hurled himself against it. He came back, and looked inquiringly at Leon. But Leon's head was in his hands.

He'd try it again, to be sure.

"Moco! Listen! Go see Alfred! . . . Go see Bertie! . . . Go see Julien! . . . Go see Paul!"

A long breath he took. A man must be brave.

"Go see Victor— Agh!"

What a man that Victor must have been, how good to little dogs! Again Moco went rushing to the door, to return, crestfallen, and his tail dragging.

Presently, in came Fanchette, breathless and radiant, but only momentarily.

"Who is Victor?" Leon said, and Gary Cooper couldn't have said it better.

"V . . . Vic . . . What do you mean?"

"Hagh!" said Leon, striking his forehead. "So it's true, then."

"Somebody's been telling you a lot of lies," said Fanchette. "Victor is . . . Victor . . ."

"Nobody has told me any lies," said Leon, with a haughtiness equal to his grief. "You have a remarkable dog there, Madame. A remarkable dog."

"Leon— Don't—don't call me madame, Leon— I—ah, listen, Leon. Who's been talking to you? I—I hardly know Victor. . . . If it's that concierge. . . ."

"It isn't the concierge. Your dog told me. Your dog. I'm sorry for your little dog. Your little dog, living with a faithless woman. . . . My hat, please. My hat and my stick. . . . No, no. Don't try to explain. I don't care to hear it."

After no more than three or four farewell speeches, all very fine, though not too coherent, Leon made his exit, leaving Fanchette sobbing as if her heart would break.

FOR several weeks afterward, Leon enjoyed great desolation and bitterness of spirit; then it began to pall upon him. After all, he told himself, Fanchette's flirtations didn't mean much. Hadn't she flirted with him? He'd picked her up and bought her a flower, and it had been a long time before he even knew where she lived. And wasn't she a good, hard-working kid, and trying to do the best she could? And if he wanted to be engaged to her, why hadn't he bought her a ring? The cheapest little ring would have done. Well! Well, he'd drop around, and be pretty nasty, but forgiving.

But it seemed Fanchette had moved away. She was behind with her rent again, the concierge said.

So he went to the restaurant, but there was a new girl working there.

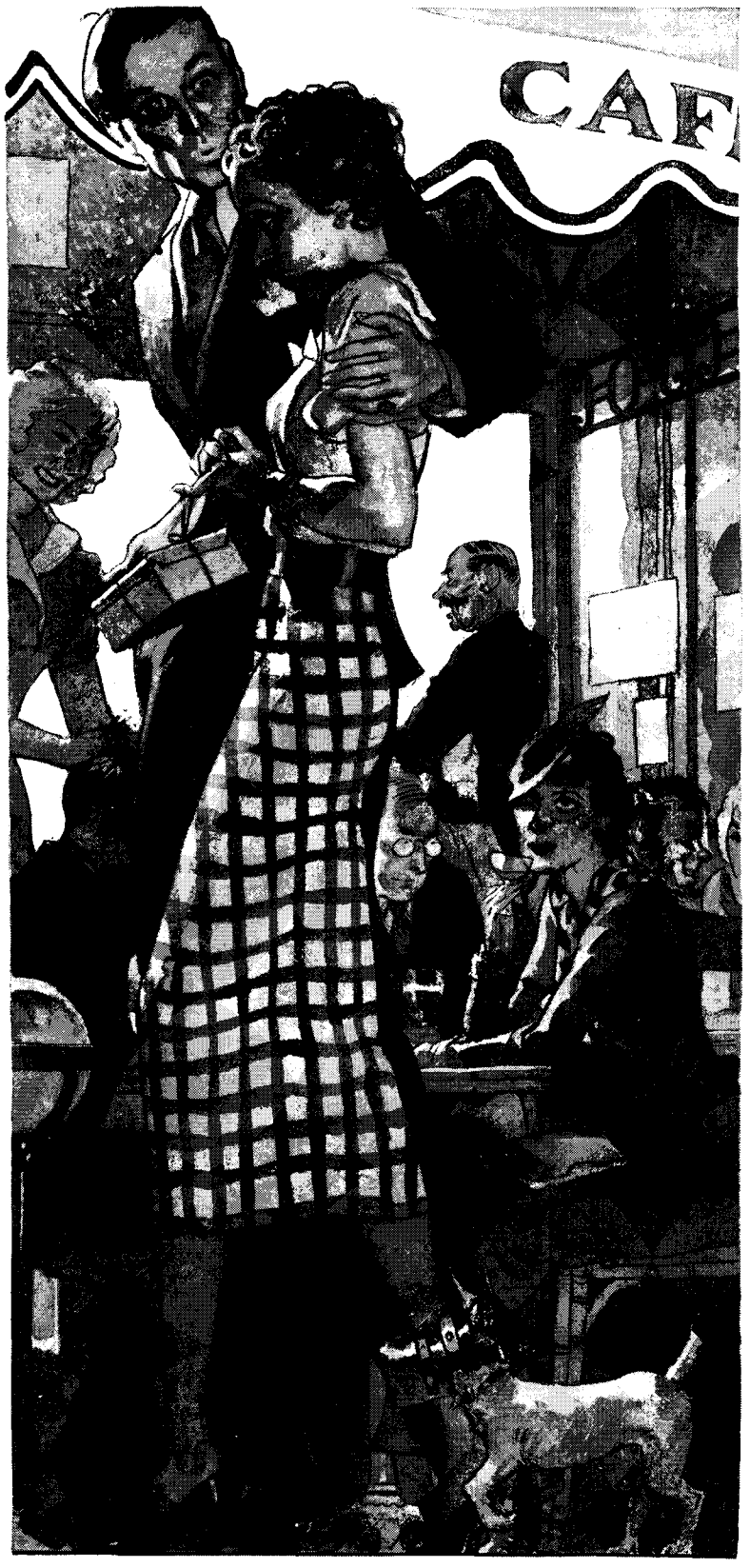
Then Leon's heart was broken indeed. He realized how fond he was of her and her foolish ways. Night after night, he'd start at the Boulevard Clichy, and roam Montmartre looking for her.

One evening he spied her. It was dusk; she was hurrying along, her mind somewhere else, as usual. She was carrying a little box of cakes. That was the sort of supper she liked best.

Behind her trotted Moco.

He was wearing the biggest muzzle Leon had ever seen on so small a dog, a muzzle that wouldn't let a bark escape, let alone a bite.

Leon hurried after her and grabbed her by the arm. "Leon!" she said. "Ooh! Leon!" and in her usual stupid way, she began to bawl.



"Stop that!" said Leon, patting her. "You got a date tonight?"

"Come on! Stop that!" said Leon, patting her. "You got a date tonight? All right, then— Come on, we'll take Moco home and take that muzzle off—I'll talk to him. I'll explain to him that I—uh—that I don't want to know—uh—anything that has happened in the past. Moco! You understand? But from now on, my girl—be careful!"

"Y—yes, Leon! Oh, Leon!"

"And throw those silly cakes away. We're going out to dinner."

"Y-yes, Leon." The little box of cakes went rolling out into the gutter. "You're—you're so good to me, Leon."

"Hanhrr!" said Leon, and held her arm close to him.

They went along, absorbed, happy. And behind them pattered Moco in his great muzzle—Moco, the dog that could talk.

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As curious a story as ever came out of San Francisco's Chinatown, where love, as we know it, means nothing—so they say

The Woman who Won

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

He bowed. "Thanks to you, sir, I had a very pleasant evening"

ONE is always hearing about how hard it is for a white man to understand a man with yellow skin. One of the greatest differences alleged is in the matter of romantic love. Because Asiatics have a common-sense approach to marriage, it is assumed that they feel neither passion nor sentiment. And yet, if you have lived all your life in San Francisco, as I have, you will know that all Chinese gangster warfare has at its root two things—women and opium—with the emphasis very decidedly on the first commodity.

Take our old cook Fook Gow, for instance. He had a wife and family very traditionally and respectably in a little river town near Canton. About once every five years he took a twelvemonth off to go and prosaically visit them. But all this did not prevent him from dying before he was fifty over a bird of bright plumage whom he had seen and coveted. She was such an expensive baggage that he lacked her market price; granting, of course, that her owner had been willing to yield her. So he took her forcibly one night at the point of a pistol.

A week later he was found lying face downward in a pool of blood upon the slimy cobblestones of Spofford Alley. I was a youth then, and not given to analysis. But I have thought a hundred times since about Fook Gow and his last romantic flight which had ended in death. Especially does it come to my mind whenever I hear one of my countrymen comment on the dark, mysterious, inscrutable ways of his yellow brethren. Dark, mysterious, inscrutable they may be, but so are the ways of all men when they concern a maid.

DOUBTLESS, it was this frequent pondering on a much debated and misunderstood question that made me the more ready to get at the root of the malady which suddenly descended on my serving man, Chung Bong. Bong was in his very early twenties, an American-born Chinese with a traditional upbringing that had retained for him a few qualities which make Oriental servants of the old order the best in the world. He was still under the thumb of parental authority, for one thing. Every month his venerable father, a worthy merchant who owned and operated a chemist shop in Chinatown, paid me a ceremonial visit. He inquired first into my health and my state of content and then would proceed to cross-examine me as to the merits and shortcomings of his son. It was only upon extreme provocation that I ever admitted any of Bong's delinquencies. But whenever I did, the fault was immediately rectified.

I am a bachelor and frequently dine alone. In this way, I acquire a habit of talking to the men who serve me. I used to talk to Bong. He was extremely interesting—a transitional type reaching out toward a wider horizon even though his feet were still planted more or less firmly upon familiar ground. We talked of many things: About religious beliefs, whether or not he was interested in sport, about his taste in women. I discovered that he still maintained a reverence for ancestor worship and that he was a member of the basketball team at the Chinese "Y." But his taste in women was nebulous. He was shy and scornful on that subject all in one breath. His father had arranged a marriage for him with the youngest daughter of a craftsman who wrought settings in soft gold for jade and crude pearls. She was fourteen and still going to public school. He had seen her several times. He thought that she might make a very suitable wife.

Beyond that I could not get him to talk on the subject of women. Whether his disinclination arose from reserve or indifference I could not have said. He was old enough, certainly, and handsome enough to have been caught in the toils of sex. He was taller than his father's generation, more lithe and muscular. There was no hint that he would ever be the sleek, rice-bellied man of affairs his father was.

At the end of a year with me, he had become a priceless servant. He was always cheerful and busy. Not being of the generation that smoked opium, he never had moments of torpid moroseness. He cooked, swept, tended the garden and seemed the most contented youth in the whole world.

THEN, suddenly, all at once, he went to pieces. He burned my morning toast, let the ash trays go a week without emptying, allowed my pet dahlias—and his, too, for that matter—to die for want of watering. I remonstrated, cajoled, threatened. I told his venerable father, as a last resort. But to no purpose.

I was on the point of dismissing him when I discovered something that hitherto had escaped me. Chung Bong was undoubtedly ill. I questioned him. He admitted that he felt bad. "Where?" I inquired. "I cannot say," he answered. "I feel indisposed"—he made a sweeping gesture with his slender hands—"everywhere—all over!"

I sent him to my physician. He was questioned, thumped, tested. Finally my doctor called me up. "There is only one thing the matter with that precious Chung Bong of yours. He is lovesick! . . . Now don't tell me, I know all the symptoms. I've seen hundreds of cases. The best thing for him to do is to marry the girl."

Of course the doctor was right. Once my eyes were opened to Chung Bong's malady, I wondered that the truth had escaped me. There was nothing the matter with my serving-man except love, which means that everything was the matter with him. I worked for two weeks to wring a confession from him. Finally I wore him down.

He had seen her at a banquet—an elaborate affair given by one of the richest members of the Six Companies. It had been a banquet for males, with female companionship as a matter of course in its later and less decorous hours—the first such, I gathered, that Chung Bong had ever attended. The lady of his fancy was a gaudy little painted doll who had brushed past him once or twice, on her way to serve her lord and master of the moment with champagne. Her name was Woo Dip, which means Butterfly, and it was apparent that she had fluttered as close to Chung Bong as she dared without giving offense to the heavy-jowled gentleman whom she had been hired to beguile.

It was a story as old as the world—a callow youth dazzled by splendor and consumed with desire for the jeweled fruit which hung too high above the enchanted garden wall. That, reduced to a single sentence, was his story.

MARRIAGE, as my doctor had suggested, was one way to cure a grand passion—perhaps the most effective way. But there are halfway measures. And, knowing something of the life to which Woo Dip was committed, I fancied that a halfway measure might not be a too-remote possibility. I made a discreet and heavily veiled suggestion to Chung Bong to this effect. The dignity of his reply made me blush.

"I wish Woo Dip for my wife or not at all," he said quietly.

I covered my chagrin by replying: "But I thought you were already betrothed. Has the matter arranged by your father for the daughter of that worker in gold been called off?"

"Do you think that I can marry her now?" He hesitated for my reply and since I had none ready he finished: "Would you?"

"I am not a Chinese," I said.

"Neither am I," he answered coolly. "I was born in San Francisco—as you were. I am an American."

By this time I had recovered myself. I was not going to be put out of countenance by a callow youth bent on swaggering. "Very well, then. According to American standards you will know how impossible it would be for you to take this Woo Dip out of the sort of life she has been leading and be happy with her. . . . Oh, for a time, perhaps, but I am thinking of her as a successful wife—as a mother for your children."

"I do not follow you there," returned Bong blandly. "Several of San Francisco's most prominent Chinese have married similar women and founded most respectable families."

"If you feel that way about it," I said, "what is to prevent you from buying Woo Dip in the open market? She must have her price."

He shook his head. "It is hopeless. She is the property of a woman named Yick Foon."

"And what is there hopeless about that? . . . At least, she is not owned by a man too infatuated to give her up."

"Yick Foon's price would be staggering. . . . She deals only in girls of the highest excellence. I could never hope to save enough to put down even a first payment."

"I know a number of officials whose duties take them into Chinatown. This Yick Foon might yield to pressure."

"I am afraid not. . . . You do not know Yick Foon's power. She is said to have city officials on her pay roll."

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I did not know whether to be amused or angry. But the woe in Bong's eyes made me suddenly sorry. "I shall see my friends, just the same," I promised.

Chung Bong withdrew, bowing. I could see that he placed not the slightest faith in my ability to aid him.

BY NEXT morning I thoroughly repented of my promise to Chung Bong. A pretty spectacle I would make of myself, running around town, trying to arrange for the purchase of a Chinese slave girl! Or, to put it more truthfully, trying to obtain possession of a slave girl by polite blackmail.

I decided to begin by making some discreet inquiries regarding the invincible Yick Foon. I went first to a judge, who referred me to the Chief of Police, who referred me to a captain on the Chinatown squad.

Did he know a woman named Yick Foon, who dealt in human chattels? He certainly did. A clever baggage if ever he saw one. For five years officials had been trying, unsuccessfully, to get the goods on her. Remembering Chung Bong's intimations of graft in connection with Yick Foon's activities, I said scornfully:

"Isn't that an admission for the police department to make? I mean, to confess being outwitted by an ignorant Chinese woman?"

"Ignorant, did you say? . . . Why, Yick Foon speaks five languages. I don't know about the rest, but her English, anyway, puts mine to shame."

"How would one go about arranging an interview with her?"

The captain laughed. "The same way that a man would go about arranging an interview with a mountain quail."

I left his presence, tingling with piqued curiosity. I made other inquiries —from an immigration official, from an interpreter, from an insurance broker with a white mother, who operated in the quarter. They all said the same thing: there was not one chance in a million of a white man obtaining an interview with her.

MY PURSUIT of Yick Foon began to take on the excitement of a fox hunt. Chung Bong grew thinner, more hollow-eyed, more neglectful of the ash trays and the pet dahlias. But even without this misery to prod me I should have continued my pursuit of Yick Foon. By this time, sheer curiosity was driving me forward. I wanted to see this woman for her own sake.

Finally one day I ran into a streak of luck. I had a lawyer friend, named Minton, out to dine with me. The dinner was worse than usual. I apologized to my guest and told him Bong's story. Then I mentioned Yick Foon and my pursuit of her.

"I think I can arrange an interview for you," he said when I had finished. "You say the boy first saw his inamorata at a banquet given by a member of the Six Companies? Well, I have been doing legal business for that organization for years. They can bring pressure to bear upon this Yick Foon, if anybody can."

But even then it was not as easy to accomplish as Minton had thought. Not that the Six Companies were unobliging, but Yick Foon stood firm. She had made a rule never to have any contacts with white men. She was suspicious of them all. I must say I applauded her wisdom and resoluteness.

Finally I wrote her a letter myself, which I intrusted to Minton, which he intrusted to an agent of the Six Companies, who intrusted it in turn to Yick Foon's emissary. In it I told her very briefly Chung Bong's story, assured her that my purpose in seeing her was merely to arrive at possible terms for making my serving boy happy, and begged her to believe me to be a gentleman of honor who would scorn any betrayal of her trust.

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

I studied her. There was something extraordinarily bitter underneath the surface of her most railing remarks

At the end of a week, word came that she would see me on Monday night at eleven-thirty o'clock. I was to meet a guide a quarter of an hour earlier at the Hang Far Low, a Chinese restaurant on Grant Avenue, and he would escort me to her quarters. She hoped that I would not take it amiss if in the last stages of the journey it were deemed necessary to blindfold me.

Needless to say, I dispatched an immediate answer. It was to the effect that I had every confidence in her judgment and would submit to whatever conditions she thought advisable.

MY FIRST concern was to decide upon a suitable present to take to Yick Foon. I knew the oriental character well enough to realize that a gift was always accounted a graceful prelude to any performance, however serious. After a great deal of stewing I decided on a Watteau fan—all shepherds and shepherdesses, exquisite lace, ivory sticks. Incongruous? No more so than a sandalwood fan in the hands of one of my own countrywomen.

I made a great point of the way it should be wrapped up. The Chinese are great sticklers for this and the container in which a gift arrives is often more exquisite than the gift itself.

Promptly at eleven-thirty on Monday night I entered the lower floor of the Hang Far Low. My precious gift was under my arm. A young man came forward, a very grave young man with thick tortoise-shell spectacles astride his nose.

He asked me my name and when I told him, he said:

"I am Mr. Chang. . . . I am to have the honor of conducting you to the residence of Yick Foon."

I bowed. He struck out ahead. I followed, at a discreet distance.

We went down Grant Avenue. Then Mr. Chang turned west and we began to climb the hill. We came, finally, out of the gaudy lights to a sinister-looking lane. Mr. Chang halted. "If you will permit me," he said, and without further ado began to bind my eyes with a cherry-red silk handkerchief.

I stumbled along a cobbled surface, one hand upon the shoulder of Mr. Chang. Finally my guide said, "We shall turn in here and begin to mount stairs." I felt him swing round and his shoulder lift as he began to climb. There followed poundings upon a door, shrill cries, the lifting of a heavy latch. As the door closed upon us, I felt myself enveloped in sultry air, heavy with the smell of camphor chests and sandalwood. "You may remove the bandage," said Mr. Chang.

I put up my hand and whipped off the cherry-red handkerchief!

THE room in which I found myself was in a pleasant half-gloom, but at once Mr. Chang switched on a series of lights which revealed its tempered splendor. The walls were entirely hidden under hangings of apple-green satin embroidered in gold thread, the teakwood chairs and tables were chastely carved, the ornaments of irreproachable age and taste. In a far corner stood a carved bed with curtains, and near it a dressing-table loaded down with carved perfume bottles and unguent jars. A tabouret drawn close to the bed held a red-lacquered tray upon which stood a spirit lamp for toasting opium, and a pipe.

I was studying this last significant

(Continued on page 34)

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Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

LARRY RAGLAN and Adsit Abbott, partners on Wall Street, quarrel, part company, form firms of their own. And strange complications develop. Abbott, a tricky gambler, is having an affair with Raglan's divorced wife, Eleanor. But he has an eye on the far more fascinating Regis Mulholland, Raglan's secretary. Regis is beautiful, young. Since the death of her brother, she has worked—much to the disgust of her suave, climbing sister-in-law, Dora Mulholland. Abbott watches the girl—and waits.

Unknown to Regis, Dora meets Larry Raglan, and, to Regis' amazement, inveigles him into marrying her. Another surprise follows. Loathing Raglan's home—an antiquated structure which its owner loves—she declines to live there. And again Larry Raglan is divorced! . . . Successful for a time, in the market, Abbott loses heavily. He tells Eleanor of his reverses. Like Regis Mulholland, Eleanor has learned the man's true character. "I," she announces, "am going to Paris." And she goes—with Dora (Mrs. Raglan No. 2) as a fellow-passenger!

With Tony Allerton (a young financial "genius"), Raglan makes a fortune. Tony gambles, loses his share. Then, caught unexpectedly, Raglan, too, faces ruination. What should he buy? What should he do? Some suggestions come from a surprising source. Raglan's employees are extremely fond of him. To Kit Bilderback (whom Allerton hopes to marry) and "Happy," his office boy, he is a great man, a hero. And to Regis Mulholland he is certainly not to be classed with the common run of mortals. Hoping to help him, she has secretly analyzed certain securities which, bought now in bulk, are sure to yield millions in time. Her reports, in a small notebook, she now gives him.

Overjoyed, feeling toward the girl as he has never felt before, Raglan kisses her. Whereupon, shocked, insulted, Regis resigns, leaves the office. And, too late, Raglan knows *that he loves her.* In a frenzy of desperation, he sells out, gives his business to his employees, and, with less than thirty thousand dollars in cash, sails from New York on a rum-runner—destination unknown. Thirteen days later, he examines Regis' notebook. Then, wildly excited, he dashes to the captain. "See here," he shouts, "what's this wreck's first port of call?" The captain eyes him frigidly. "Cherbourg," he snaps out. "Now leave my bridge before I throw you off!"

X

RAGLAN was like a caged animal during the hours which were to elapse between the sharp passage of words on the bridge and landfall. To add to his distress, landing at Cherbourg even from a great liner with half a dozen tenders at its beck and call can be a nightmare, and no such service awaited the Amador King. It was morning before he succeeded in making arrangements for getting ashore, but once they were completed, a temporary calm descended upon him. After the strained relations brought about by himself he realized he had been entitled to no special consideration; nevertheless the captain had done everything in his power to aid him. He felt that something more than a formal goodby was in order.

"Skipper, I want to thank you for all you've done for me. You may think I've chosen a strange way to show my appreciation, but it wasn't exactly I. The passenger who came on board wasn't in a hurry to get anywhere, then something happened that turned him inside out—and he was in a hurry!"

"I'll say you were!" muttered the captain.

"I am yet," said Raglan, holding out his hand. "Will you shake?"

The captain took the proffered hand. "I will," he said, a puzzled look in his eyes, "but you're changed, Mr. Raglan. I don't know you."

"You haven't had time," said Raglan with a quick smile, and was gone.

For a moment his mood had lightened, but Cherbourg plunged him back into despair. No boat train happened to be leaving for Paris, he had just missed the regular express and it would be hours before the next local. He felt particularly outraged that the station news stand could not supply him with a New York paper of any date. Checking his bags in the *consigne,* he roved through the town. The last he had seen of the chilly western spits of France, years ago, was Brest—the widest mudhole on earth. He had had eight months of that, but somehow Cherbourg was worse. It was drab, tasteless, flat, without a single highlight to lift the eye above the level of its own apathy. A city—a great port—without a copy of a New York paper!

HE BECAME a hound, questing for the coveted sheet through the medium of his army French instead of his nose. At last he ran it down—not a complete issue, but the section he needed, under a date line several weeks old. That didn't matter; it might help. Standing on the sidewalk outside the dingy hotel which had disgorged it, he sent his eyes careering down the columns of quotations. They clicked, stopped, stared fixedly at a tiny blank space for a long moment. Still in a daze, he crumpled the paper and let it drop in the gutter. Then a slow smile began to spread across the length and breadth of his face, transforming it from a battlefield of worry into an expanse of purposeful content. Larry Raglan was himself again. Nobody had to tell him; he felt and knew it.

"Larry," his thoughts soliloquized during the tedious run to Paris, "you've been a fool." He frowned tolerantly. "Lots of times, but the worst was yesterday when you tried to hurry with your feet tied. That's worse than being a fool; it reeks extreme deficiency of intellect due to incomplete development of the brain. Now you're yourself again and don't forget it. Stay awake. Take life slowly, roll it on your tongue for the best of all reasons—because it's the only way to get where you're going. Never hurry; hit hard when you hit, but never hurry."

Through force of habit he went to his old hangout, the Daunou in the Rue Daunou. It seemed small, as did the narrow street, as had the taxis. Owing to the off season he had no difficulty in securing his former rooms—sitting-room, bedroom and bath. They too appeared amazingly small. He frowned, puzzled, then threw back his head and laughed. Solution had come to him; the reason everything seemed so small was simply that he himself felt as big as all outdoors. He luxuriated in a hot bath, changed into fresh day clothes, debated whether he needed an overcoat, decided he didn't, and went out for a walk.

"This is Larry Raglan—my friend"

It was the first week in April. The season was advanced and the chestnut trees were already burgeoning with a threat to burst into bloom on the very next fine day. He visited his old haunts, only to find them so changed they might just as well have been gone altogether. He emerged into the Place de la Concorde, crossed it and started west toward the Etoile. Walking up the Champs Elysées, he ran into Bruce Wadding, who greeted him as casually as if the meeting had been on a corner of Fifth Avenue. Inevitably Bruce invited him for a drink and he accepted for reasons of his own.

They crossed to the Travellers' and

the club almost succeeded in depressing him again. But not quite, mainly because he could recognize what he saw without permitting his own individuality to become absorbed. Here were men bearing great names high in the roster of inherited wealth, but all they had left were the names. Here were mushroom financiers who had sprung up in a night, pushed themselves through the guarded portal from the heights, and now hung on by their eyelids. In short, here was the concentrated essence of the hopeless despondency he had left behind in New York. One item interested him—a three months' file of a New York financial sheet. He glanced only into the oldest and then the freshest issue.

BRUCE WADDING scowled but made no remark. He insisted on supplying Larry with a visitor's card and invited him to dinner, but he refused the meal and broke away, after a second highball, to resume his wanderings. He drew a long breath as if to rid his lungs of noxious fumes; what he needed was air and lots of it—air and a chance to remind himself of the difference between calculated idleness and sloth, between a temporary setback and craven despair, between life and death. Life was to be his portion; he had just made sure of it. He came finally to the gardens of the Trocadero, found an unoccupied bench and sat relaxed for an hour, watching the shadows lengthen slowly toward the towering master shadow of the Eiffel Tower. Darkness fell and with it came hunger. He climbed the hill toward the Rue de Passy but just short of it turned in at the Tournelles.

Here was a restaurant which catered soberly to its own clientele and seemed to resent the intrusion of an alien. It had no outlook, no picturesque tradition to sugar a trap for the all-pervading foreigner. It supplied good food in small portions and excellent wines at a reasonable price, not with the air of an

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establishment out to make money but almost with the exclusiveness of a well-run boarding house. Its atmosphere suited Raglan perfectly. The single grunt of welcome from the proprietor, the silent insolence of his waiter, the hostile glances of the few tardy habitués merely served to build a wall around him, insuring his solitude against disturbance. He waited patiently for the preparation of his *Chateauxbriand au fine;* it would take at least half an hour. He sat quite still, not reading, not studying the menu nor fiddling with a toothpick; this was what he wanted, quiet, isolation.

No wonder he was startled when a surprised voice addressed him in English: "Hello!"

He looked up, to meet the wondering eyes of a man somewhat younger than himself. The newcomer was slight, aquiline of feature, with luminous dark

eyes and black hair. His skin was a smooth olive, with a dusky tinge which threw into relief the circumflex of a mustache as carefully outlined as a woman's penciled eyebrow. Distantly he suggested the Oriental, but his clothes, of superlative quality, were as Gallic as the Rue de la Paix. Raglan scowled in concentration, but almost immediately his frown was banished by the radiance of a smile.

"BERTRAN!" he murmured. They clasped hands across the corner of the table. Bertran sank into the end chair, wordless. They still held hands as if each were intent on saving the other from some grotesque demonstration. "You still come here?"

"Rarely; very rarely. And you?"

"I arrived in Paris today," said Raglan. "Everything is strange—the proprietor, the people who come here—everything is different."

"Everywhere," said Bertran. Their hands, now unclasped, lay side by side on the table as though forgotten. Their eyes unlocked, but only to stare in common at the unseen. They sat without talking for a long while, but finally Bertran dragged himself back to the present. He said unsmilingly, "I never thanked you enough."

"For what? Saving you from the brig? After all, you were only a kid, guilty of a kid's idea of a joke."

Bertran shook his head. "I wouldn't have minded the brig; what mattered a lot was keeping my name out of the headlines."

"Even in those days," said Raglan, smiling reminiscently, "all Paris would have laughed."

Bertran eyed him steadily from beneath a mantle of dignity. "There would have been an exception," he stated.

Raglan frowned, puzzled, but presently his brow cleared. "I get you. But it's no credit to me; I never thought of him at the time."

Bruce Wadding, fed up with the cohorts of despair, was on Raglan's heels, riding him. He scented the trail of a lone wolf running ahead of the pack and feared lest one glimpse be his last. Never having bought a share of stock in his life, freely asserting he hadn't enough brains for that sort of thing, Bruce had suffered no capital loss. Though his income was diminished by reason of certain defaulted bonds, he still had enough to pursue his usual ways. Yet he was violently unhappy for two reasons: scarcely an acquaintance who had not touched him for a loan, scarcely a friend who did not look up at him in silence out of misery. That sort of thing got you. He had had to make it an iron-bound rule to lend no cash, but his nature was such that he could not live away from his friends. Now here was Larry Raglan, wearing a different air; he must not escape.

"That's the bunk, Larry," he shouted over the telephone connection it had taken the club porter half an hour to establish. "In the first place, I don't believe you; in the second, it wouldn't make any difference if I did. Bring along your party and I'll bring mine, but I pay the check. Do you realize what I'm saying? Those words haven't been said voluntarily by any human being in this town since the recent flood."

RAGLAN surrendered. "Oh, all right; I'll be there and I'll come alone. At the club?"

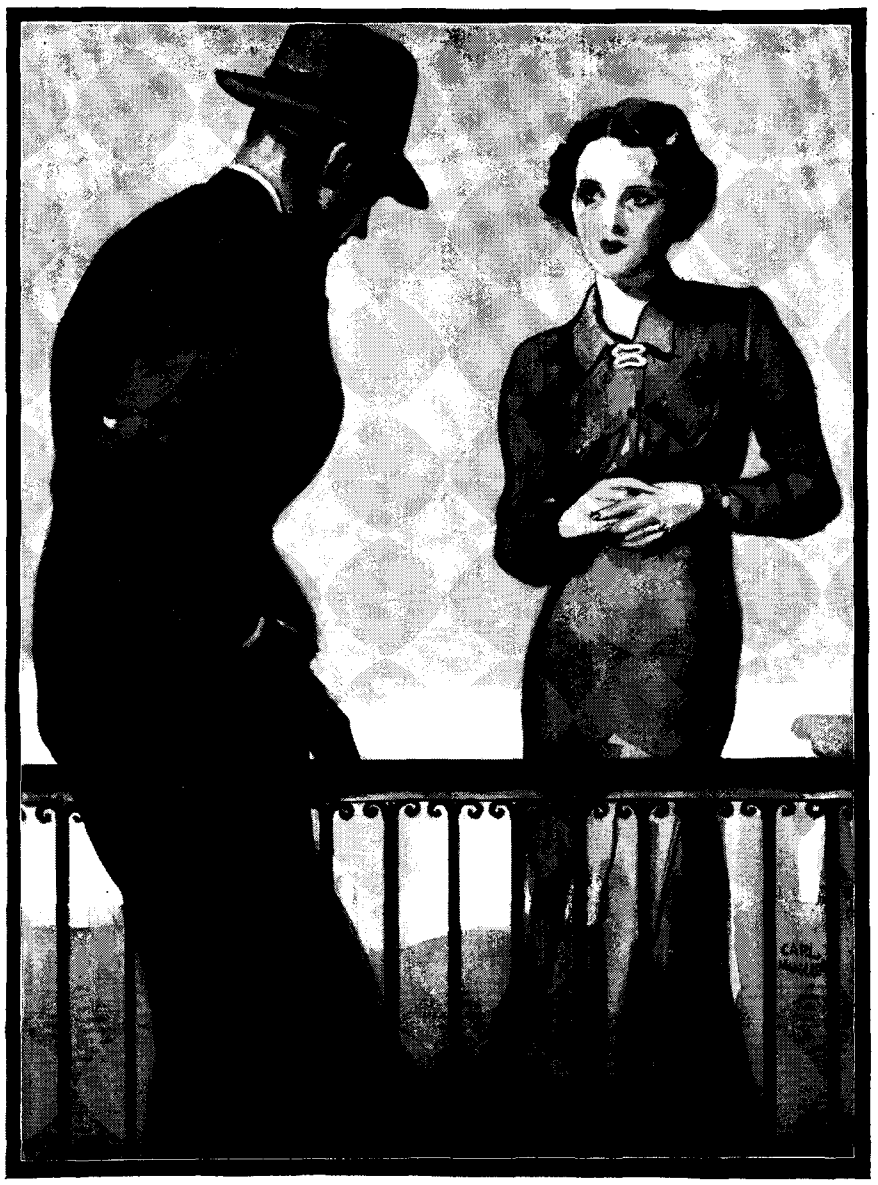
"Not on your life! I've got to breathe or die. I'll stop for you at eight."

He was half an hour late but troubled to make no excuse since he was accompanied by the obvious cause, a lady. Raglan was introduced to her in the cab, closed not against the mild spring air but to keep her hair from blowing. He caught her name, Mrs. Dreer Brown, but scarcely saw her during the short ride to the Ritz. It had to be the Ritz because it was Sunday night. Seated at a choice table for three in the coveted corridor, he could size her up for the first time. She was small, like a doll, but never before had he seen a human being more perfect as to features—beauty in miniature, expertly groomed to the last touch.

She had been, and remained, apparently inarticulate; but there was no suggestion of awkwardness in her silence. She was at ease, undoubtedly at home in her surroundings. She sat with her back to the court, with Raglan in the seat of honor at her right, facing the dining-room. Wadding, on her left, could keep tab on people as they came in from the lobby and also look sideways into the ballroom. He announced newcomers of note in an undertone which scarcely interrupted the flow of his general talk with Raglan. When he spoke to Mrs. Dreer Brown, which was seldom, he addressed her as Irene, giving the name three syllables according to the English manner.

For the most part the two men talked as if she had no ears, ate as though she were absent and danced with her in turn as impersonally as exhibitors showing off an exquisite mechanism. People stared at her and whispered as she passed, never bothering to notice which man she was with. There were present women, famous in song and fable on half her looks, whose glory illumined the escort of their momentary choice with a spotlight, but not Irene. Glances rested on her covetously; she was an object everybody would have liked to buy and take home to put on the mantel, an ornament, a Dresden figurine glorified by the breath of life. She was supremely something to look at, and knew it.

Holding her in his arms, Raglan made a single effort to talk to her. She did not repulse speech though she received it in silence. As far as he could make out, words did not rebound from her; rather were they accepted in the sense that a pool of water accepts a tossed pebble. To his astonishment he found he liked her. But no, like wasn't the word; his sensation was more subtle than that. He pursued it in his thoughts and finally seized its true value. He merely recognized her usefulness, perceived its worth to Bruce, to himself or to any other man. Here was a young woman who could adorn any mood without ever violating its privacy. That made her a paradox—a companion in solitude.



"I'll give you all the time there is—thirty seconds!"

LESS bored than he could have believed, he permitted himself to be dragged around the stereotyped orbit of the non-Parisian's Paris, starting out with Florence and issuing to the dawn out of the packed penumbra of Scheherazade. He asked to be dropped first, but Bruce insisted they take Irene home in company. In her presence he called upon Larry to note her address and also supplied him with her telephone number. It was all of a piece with the rest of the evening, Wadding holding consistently to a species of aloofness which seemed willing to share possession in a charming work of art. During the subsequent ride back to the Daunou, one might have expected a word of elucidation, but none was spoken; her portal having closed on her back, Irene was no longer with them.

Subsequent days found Raglan a busy man, but busy with a difference. A calm had descended upon him—the calm of one intent upon making a journey, of reaching a definite goal, and determined to miss out on no single item of preparation. He forced himself to go to the Travellers' and pass its reduced ranks of habitués in careful review. He studied the lists of arrivals at the more luxurious hotels with equal attention and a steadily increasing uneasiness. So much for his days, but his evenings would have been more than empty, they would have been a superfluity, had it not been for Irene. First he took her out with Bruce in simple repayment for the Sunday night's entertainment, and once she dined with him alone, but once was enough. It was only with a man on either side that her foil attained its necessary completion.

THESE excursions into the false *haut monde,* grafted like a luminous fungus on the buried heart of the queen city, often left him with a tired taste in his mouth that bore no relation to wine. This was not Paris, save in the sense that Paris is what each devotee's imagination, or lack of imagination, can make of the inexhaustible material at hand.

As for himself, he was not built for a rounder. In addition he held it against this so-called night life that it should have forced upon him a glimpse of Eleanor with Adsit Abbott, fortunately without their seeing him. On another occasion, looking with distaste at a man at a far table whom he had once permitted to get away with near-murder rather than soil his own hands, he caught a back view of a small dark head that seemed bitterly familiar. Dora? Impossible; not with Dirck Reuter!

On a subsequent evening he had called upon Bertran to serve as half the foil to Irene. Having deposited her at her door as usual in the early dawn, less discreet than Bruce, Raglan could not refrain from asking, "Well—what did you think of her?"

(Continued on page 52)

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Ziegfeld and his Follies

By Eddie Cantor
and
David Freedman

Until the closing years of his career Flo Ziegfeld didn't care much whether he was rich or broke. His only interest was in his work—money was just something to spend lavishly when he had it, and to borrow from willing backers when he hadn't. In this final installment we see him directing his last Follies—a strictly private performance—on his deathbed

Flo Ziegfeld and his daughter, Patricia, one of the last photographs of the famous showman *Wide World*

W. C. Fields

Eddie Cantor

Leon Errol

Will Rogers

Culver Photos

DURING the early years, Ziegfeld was utterly indifferent to Hollywood, but, with the advent of the talkies, he developed a keen interest in pictures. At his home, Burkely Crest, he had a projection room where he ran all of the important pictures even before they were released for Broadway. The heads of all the big companies never failed to extend this courtesy to Zieggy. After all, for many years he had been a source of supply for their beauties and stars and, besides, did you ever try to get two seats down front for a Ziegfeld opening?

The family of artists that Ziegfeld had reared had long been scattered. Will Rogers, Marilyn Miller, Mary Eton, W. C. Fields, Fannie Brice, Leon Errol and many others had drifted into pictures and it was only a matter of time before Zieggy, himself, would be won over to the new field.

When he joined me in Hollywood for the filming of Whoopee, he seemed less reluctant than ever to remain on the coast. He even allowed me to call up a friend of mine, to act as his agent and help promote a position for himself in one of the major studios. Any studio in Hollywood would readily have engaged Zieggy but there was a general fear about his expensive tastes. Think of it—extravagant Hollywood afraid of a newcomer who, they suspected, had more of the disease called "spenditis" than it had.

When Flo visited Hollywood, there was a temporary reunion of the "father" and his three "favorite sons"—Will Rogers, Bill Fields and myself.

In the early Follies, Zieggy had christened us "the three musketeers," and very often he would stand backstage of the New Amsterdam Theater, gazing with paternal pride on these three men he had helped raise to prominence. One of them was a tall, lean Westerner from Claremore, Oklahoma, whose complete theatrical make-up consisted of a rope and a wad of gum. The second was a puffy-faced fellow, of medium height, who came from Philadelphia, with a nose only next to Jimmy Durante's, to which he hooked a mustache and beard and on which he could hang on an umbrella. The third was a lean, nervous chap, smaller and younger than the other two, with big, popping eyes and hands that moved all around him. He had come up from the sidewalks of New York.

They were three entirely different types of comedians, developed from the most diverse schools of life, yet Flo had brought them together on the same boards, and such was his magic in handling men that there never was a thought of rivalry among them.

The first, Will Rogers, had come upon his stage career by accident. As a youth he went down to South America to teach the gauchos to swing a lasso. When he arrived there, he found that their ropes were too long and their motions were all twisted, but they could lasso like nobody's business. There was no one to teach, so in disgust he embarked on a cattle boat for Africa. When he landed on the dark continent he met another man of the open spaces, Texas Jack, who was running a small-time rodeo show, and Will joined the company as rope twirler. That was Rogers' first appearance on the stage—a cowboy in Africa.

The first time I met Will Rogers, I was playing with Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret. There was a cowboy on the bill who did an elaborate Western act, with three horses, which he lassoed in every conceivable manner. The cowboy grinned, chewed gum, twirled a rope, but never opened his mouth. Nobody at that time suspected that this silent Westerner would one day become America's greatest monologuist. He received $250 a week for his act and most of it went toward paying the feed bill for his horses.

He became the favorite of all the children in the Kid Kabaret Company because he bought them gloves and bats, taught us baseball and umpired our games. I struck up a warm friendship with the man, and his conversation was so amusing that I wondered why he didn't talk on the stage. I discovered

(Continued on page 38)

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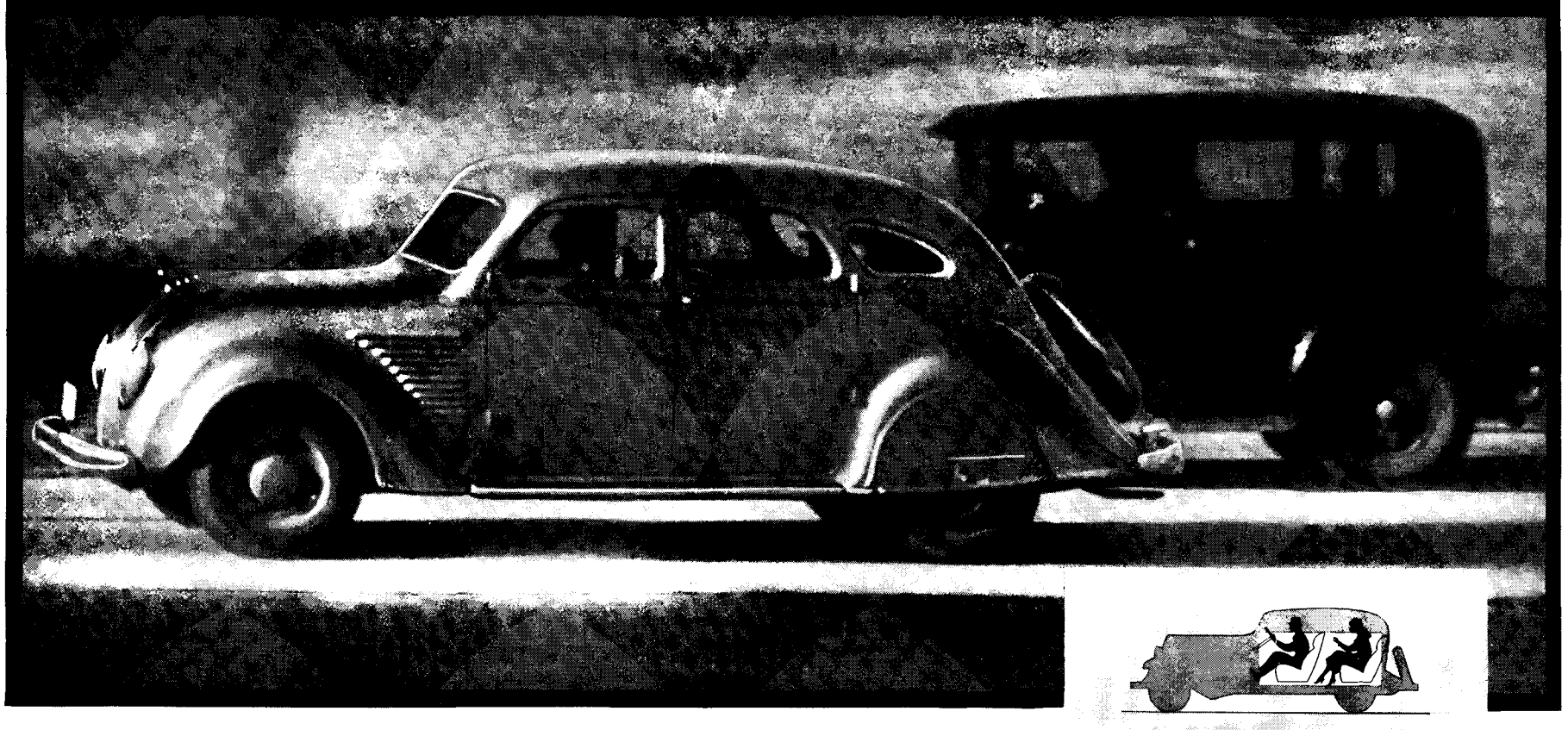
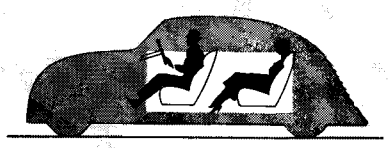
"THERE GOES MY NEXT CAR!"



This diagram (*above*) shows how you ride in a conventional car. Pity the passengers riding over the back axle!



Now see how you ride in the AIRFLOW De Soto. All the passengers sit comfortably "amidships."

Ordinary Cars look "Out of Date" when a new AIRFLOW De Soto flashes by—It's a Modern Car for Modern People

AN ASTONISHING THING is happening on American highways . . . something that has never happened before. A new kind of car has flashed across the scene. Almost overnight it has made ordinary automobiles seem a little old-fashioned and behind the times.

The first thing you notice about the AIRFLOW De Soto is its aerodynamic shape. Study it carefully. Notice that the valleys between hood and fenders have disappeared . . . that the headlights are now the "eyes" of the car . . . that the doors are wider . . . the tail more tapered . . . the whole car lower, closer to the road.

It is beautiful . . . as graceful in motion as a modern plane in flight . . . and as efficient. For this is the car that was born in a wind-tunnel and shaped so as to pass through the air with a minimum of resistance and wasted power.

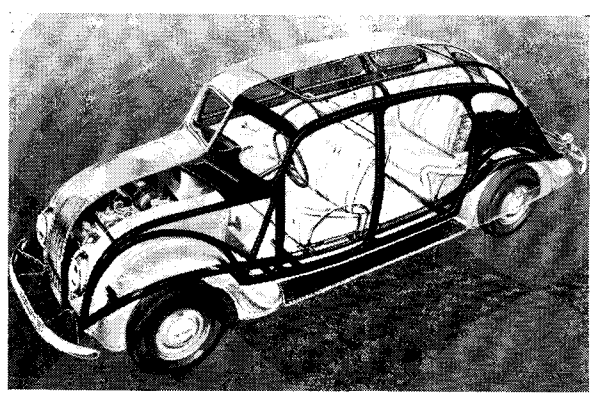
Notice, too, that the 100-H.P. Aluminum Head engine has been moved forward. This permits *all* passengers to ride *between* the axles. The result is a new distribution of weight, which does more than all the new springs in the world could possibly do alone, to increase your comfort.

No more back seat bouncing. No more "strap-hanging" *(there aren't any hand straps in* this *car)*. You can read a book or write a letter at 80 m. p. h. It's the first Floating Ride in all your life!

Don't buy a new car that will soon be out of date. Go to your local De Soto dealer today. Ask him to let you drive this sensational *new kind* of car.

Now, for the first time, you can safely lean back and relax at *any* speed . . . over any kind of road!

You'll appreciate De Soto's front seat. It holds *three* comfortably . . . in fact it's as wide as the back seat!



This is a model of De Soto's all-steel unit-frame-and-body. It is 40 times more rigid than the ordinary type. It means greater safety than ever before.

THE NEW *AIRFLOW DE SOTO

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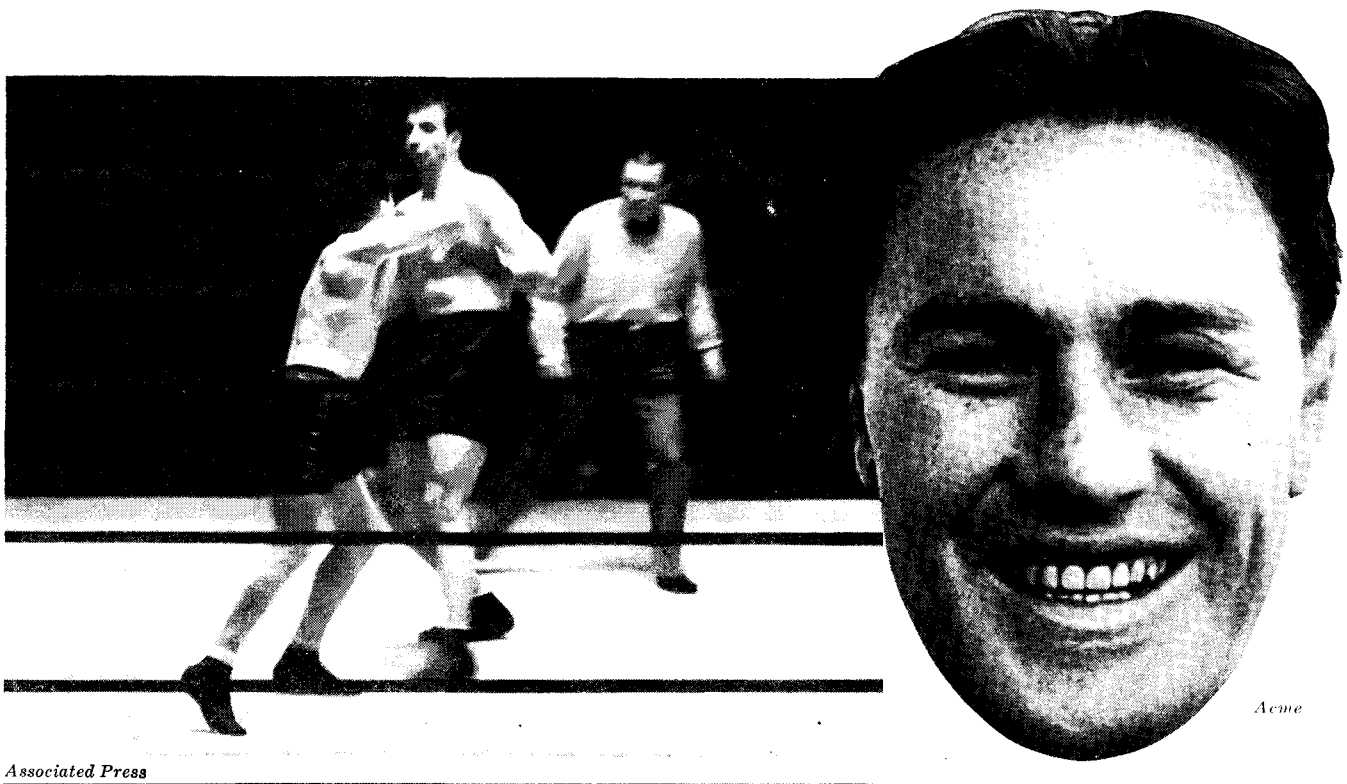

Acme

Associated Press

Acme

Tommy Loughran and Primo Carnera, who meet from opposite poles of the sports world. Above, Philadelphia's idol outpointing the giant Impellittiere. Below, Carnera and Sharkey a moment before the knockout that made the Italian champion

The Alger Boys

By Quentin Reynolds

The history of a Tall Man from Italy who is—he hardly knows how—now heavyweight champion of the world; and of Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia, whose life is an open book

IN THE near future Primo Carnera will defend his heavyweight championship against Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia, and those who like to meditate upon such events will be given a glorious chance to bet on Loughran, who by all of the traditional standards established by Horatio Alger should belt the Tall Man from Italy out of the ring in short order.

It is an inviolate axiom of American folklore that the early bird catches the worm; the office boy who works hard will end up by being President. If these standards are to apply in the ring when Primo meets Tommy it is a cinch that the Tall Man from Italy will be taken apart bit by bit and his heavyweight crown placed upon the classic brow of Mr. Loughran of Philadelphia. Tommy is the hero of the piece.

Tommy is a good boy, who goes to church regularly, helps support an orphan asylum, votes a straight ticket and always uses the proper fork. Tommy, in short, is the kind of a man, Mister, that you'd like your son to be.

And Primo? Well, Primo is the world's heavyweight champion and he is probably the best fighter in the world but he attained his present high estate by curious routes, directed by very rough characters who hovered about his corner (and sometimes in the corner of his opponent) and who were a great help. They were such a great help that Primo managed to clear the huge sum of $360 when he knocked out Jack Sharkey last summer. But let us not spoil a discussion of the manly art by introducing the sordid question of money, for everyone knows that boxing is a sport—not a commercial enterprise.

Let us consider the Tall Man from Italy for a moment.

Primo weighed twenty-two pounds when he was born and he was called Primo because he was the first. He was born in a place called Sequals in Italy, where his father was a mosaic worker. By the time he was twelve years old Primo was twice the size of his father and almost as big as the village church. He left home carrying his wardrobe on his back, hope in his heart and burlap bags on his feet.

Carnera's First Fight

He bounced around Europe learning Spanish, French and the best way to get a meal when hungry—a state in which he often found himself. Up to this point he's still the European edition of the Horatio Alger boy—a sensitive, friendless, unhappy lad whose size prevented him from enjoying anything like a normal boyhood.

He was "discovered" by a man named Paul Journee, a French boxer of parts. He was discovered sitting on a park bench without a franc in his pocket, and with hunger gnawing at every one of his then three hundred pounds. Journee interested Leon See in the Italian, and Mr. Leon See became the first of those characters with whom Primo was henceforth to associate. Mr. Leon See was a fight manager and dabbler in promotional ventures, and he immediately saw the possibilities of his new charge.

He had Journee teach Primo a little about boxing and then he let Primo fight a man named Sebilo. He flattened the man with the funny name in two rounds and then almost collapsed in his corner. This taught him the value of training and he proceeded henceforth to run many weary miles on dirt roads, punch a bag for hours at a time and do other things calculated to put steel in flabby muscles.

He became a real fighter and was brought to London to mingle with a couple of canvas kissers. They kissed the canvas on schedule and I have it on the authority of a very famous English boxing writer that Mr. Leon See was very generous with Primo. He bought Primo several lovely trinkets at a shop which has a long sign outside of it. It is a long sign in gold letters backed by red and its counterpart may be seen in every city in the United States. Trinkets can be bought at this shop up to the sum of sixpence.

A gentleman named Walter Friedman saw Primo in action and liked his work. He, so the story goes, lent See some money and said, "If this big boy ever gets real good bring him to New York and I'll handle him for you and naturally take a small cut out of the profits."

So Primo Came to Town

After some ups and downs Primo came to the big city. Mr. Friedman was waiting with two other gentlemen whose names turned out to be Ownie Madden and William Duffy, two very affable gentlemen known favorably in the trade as being very good "fixers." Not that either would stoop to "fix a fight."

But if Primo, for instance, wanted to drink a glass of ale, why, one of them would say carelessly, "Oh, I'll fix that," and the first thing that Primo knew there he was drinking a glass of ale.

Or if Primo wanted to attend a movie but didn't happen to have the necessary fifty cents in his pocket, one of them would say, again carelessly, "Oh, I'll fix that"—and lo—in no time at all Primo would be at the movie. That, of course, is what I meant when I said that Mr. Duffy and Mr. Madden were fixers. Anyhow, the Carnera board of strategy now consisted of Leon See, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Friedman, Mr. Madden, and hovering somewhere in the background there was a party named Honest Abe Attell. You'll remember his name in connection

(Continued on page 32)

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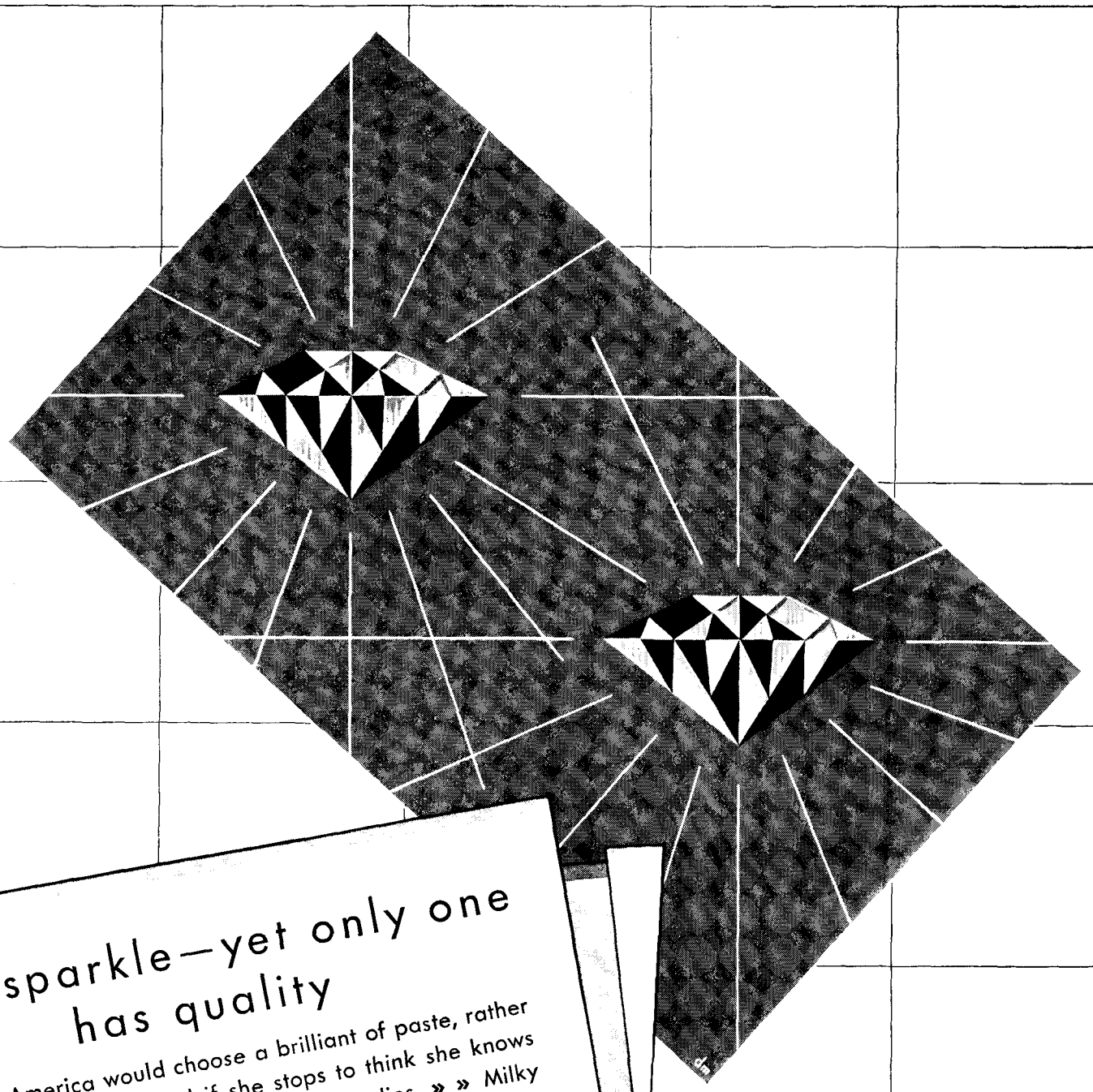

Both sparkle—yet only one has quality

No girl in America would choose a brilliant of paste, rather than a real diamond. And if she stops to think she knows that there is also a great difference in candies. » » Milky Way has become the best-selling candy bar in all the world —because of its quality. In immaculate, sun-flooded, air-conditioned kitchens, where only the finest ingredients are permitted, the happily balanced Milky Way bar acquires its wholesomeness and tantalizing taste—the taste of quality. It's the candy of aristocratic heritage. Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond Slices, Toasted Almond Slices, Caramel Slices, and Milk Chocolates.

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You can't Fool the Stars

Continued from page 15

Sarah Lee crossed her fingers. Mr. Benton appeared to have finished their interview, but she did not know whether she had a job or not. Mr. Fuller's fingers closed on her arm and steered her out of the office. In the corridor he halted and stood, looking down at her with a faun-like grin.

"Have you evah," he inquired, "had the slightest difficulty training tigers, Miss Valentine?"

Sarah Lee looked back at him defiantly, and said nothing.

"Or with translating old manuscripts from the original—er—Chinese?"

"None," answered Sarah Lee flatly.

"I thought not," said Mr. Fuller, his grin broadening. "We will now go into the silences and see how droll and jocular we can make the offerings of Tracy's sports shop. This side-splitting little tennis frock—this hilarious sun hat—"

"Wear 'em and laugh," suggested Sarah Lee.

Mr. Fuller looked at her appreciatively. "You know, we're going to like each other a lot," he stated.

"You think so?" retorted Sarah Lee. She thought so, herself. . . .

"I like to know certain facts about anyone I'm working with," Mr. Fuller told her, the next morning. "Makes business relations more efficient."

Sarah Lee looked at him inquiringly.

"Married, engaged, or in love?" he asked.

"No," said Sarah Lee.

"Good!" said Mr. Fuller, with enthusiasm. "Come to the head of the class. Same girl—second question. What flowers shall I send you to wear when you go to dinner and a show with me tonight?"

Sarah Lee waggled her head admiringly. "You do everything well, don't you?" she murmured. "Does it always work?"

"Aw, please," said Mr. Fuller.

THE stars moved in their orbits, and true to Claudia King's reading of them, each changing pattern seemed to bring additional forces to augment Sarah Lee's happiness. She repaid Peggy—twenty-five dollars did not seem quite so much, now that she was earning money regularly. For value received. . . .

Aries, the Ram, was bossing the show; it was now officially spring, a week to April, and Sarah Lee had worked at Tracy's and known Bill Fuller for nearly a month.

From a bus top, seated a little closer together than was strictly necessary, they looked up at the sky.

"'On such a night as this—'" began Bill.

"Do you believe in astrology?" Sarah Lee asked, at the same instant.

"Do I look simple?" he retorted. "No."

"I do," murmured Sarah Lee, gazing upward dreamily. She had never told him about her horoscope. Now she poured out the whole story. She had quite forgotten her own feelings, when Peggy first told her about Claudia King; she flushed hotly when Bill shouted with derisive laughter.

"Why, you little idiot!" he said. "Why, Sarah Lee, I'm surprised at you!"

She drew away from him. "A great many more important—and intelligent—people than you believe in it!" she retorted.

"Such as yourself?" he asked, still laughing.

"And my mother," she said firmly.

He grinned. "Well—that ought to settle it."

Sarah Lee rose to her feet with dignity, and then sat down ignominiously as Bill grabbed her arm. "Let me alone!"

"Why, Sarah Lee!" His face was startled. "You're not really mad?"

She put up her chin. "When people call me and my mother idiots—" she commenced, and Bill made the mistake of laughing.

"I can't help it," he apologized. "You do look so little and cross!" Anything that he said was wrong; it took him only two more blocks and an assorted dozen conversational attempts to discover that. "All right—be that way if you want to," he said finally, and they rode the rest of the route in strained silence. . . .

"MOTHER, where did you put my horoscope?" Sarah Lee demanded, as she threw her coat on one chair and her hat on another.

Caroline looked up from an engrossing game of solitaire. "Oh, that ol' thing?" she murmured vaguely. "Must be somewhere about."

Sarah Lee looked at her sternly. "Where is it?"

Caroline sighed. "You been fightin' with Bill," she stated.

Sarah Lee stuck to her issue. "Where is it?"

"Reckon it's in the desk," said her mother. "I can always tell when you've been fightin', Sarah Lee—you look just like yo' father."

Sarah Lee said nothing because she was reading, a look very like triumph overspreading her features. "There!" she said. "I bet you hid this on purpose! You—"

"Red queen on the black king," said Caroline. "What did you say, honey?"

"A time of trouble and disappointment," read Sarah Lee, accusingly. "Petty irritations may easily become magnified and—"

"I wouldn't pay a bit of attention to it," said her mother.

Petty irritations were magnified right and left—proving conclusively to Sarah Lee that a hundred million stars could not be wrong. But duly the big bad planet that was causing all the trouble moved on in its orbit, and Sarah Lee apologized to Bill, and Bill accepted her apology, with a funny look in his slanting eyes.

"I wouldn't let a star throw me like that," he told her. "Likely a very inferior star, too—without even grass or decent drinking water."

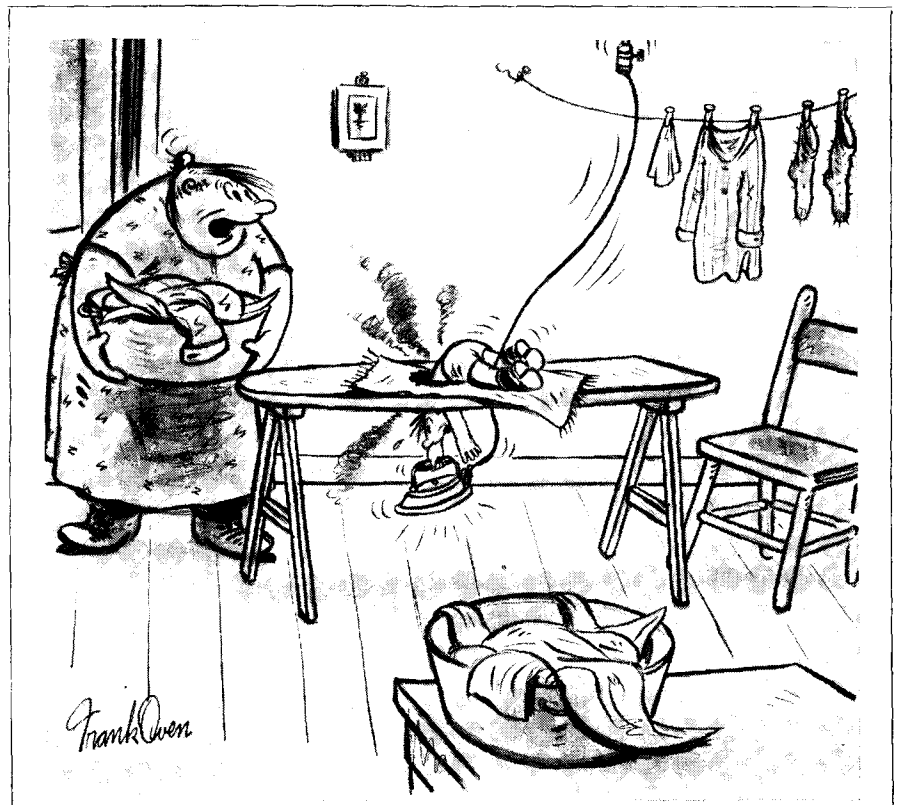
Sarah Lee smiled forgivingly. "Let's go up to Central Park and feed an' annoy the animals, after work," she changed the subject.

The stars positively went out of their orbits to make the afternoon pleasant—and the evening—and the next day—and an entire week of days and nights. Then, according to Bill's phrase—out of a clear sky—came excitement. Amos Benton called Bill into his office. He came out, bristling with excitement, nodding mysteriously at Sarah Lee.

Outside the office, he told her what was up. Benton was leaving Tracy's to start his own agency, and he wanted Bill to come along with him.

"As partner, Sarah Lee. It's a gamble, of course. But if it goes, I'll be making real money—" He grinned at her. "Enough to support even an extravagant wife."

Sarah Lee found her thoughts going back to his words—out of a clear sky. But nothing, really, came out of a clear sky. It was hours later that she inquired, innocently, "When's yo' birthday, Bill?"



"Mamma doesn't mind you helping with the ironing, but you stay in one place too long!" *Frank Owen*

SHE felt a little shy, as she entered the offices of Claudia King, offices curtained in midnight blue velvet, with a huge pale globe of the heavens on a pedestal before a silvery mirror. But Mrs. King dispelled her shyness. She remembered perfectly having made Sarah Lee's horoscope; it had been a peculiarly interesting one.

"Let's see what tomorrow has in store for you," she suggested.

"It's about a friend I wanted to ask you," Sarah Lee explained, blushing a little.

Mrs. King nodded as though that were quite customary. "But let's look at your stars, first." Sarah Lee found it fascinating to sit and watch while Claudia King probed the heavens.

It was just plain stubborn of Bill not to believe in the stars, she thought, an hour later, when she left the building.

"Your friend," Mrs. King had told her, "is at a turning-point in his life—it is a man, is it not? He is facing more decisions than he is aware of, in business, in his emotional life, in his own balance with the cosmos. He has faith in himself, but insufficient faith in things outside his own control. . . ."

It was all amazingly true. Not knowing the hour of his birth—Sarah Lee had not dared ask him that—made it difficult for Mrs. King; without that information, she could give no more than a general outline of his situation. Of Sarah Lee, she could be, and was, explicit.

She saw, for this very day, strained personal relations, quarrels, disappointments. Several days ahead held difficulties and confusion, culminating in a day when Sarah Lee must move with the utmost caution. The following Saturday . . . there was danger, physical danger, possibly a serious accident. It was a day on which to avoid any decision, any new project. "Be careful what you eat," Mrs. King warned her. "Make no movements that are not strictly necessary—no traveling, especially by water." She smiled reassuringly at Sarah Lee's wide eyes. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," she said. "Knowing what to avoid may bring you safely through this difficult time."

She would not tell Bill about it yet, reflected Sarah Lee, as the elevator dropped. Not on this day, in any event. She stepped out into the street and practically into the arms of Bill Fuller.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing way up here?"

Sarah Lee flushed guiltily. "Oh, I—I was just uptown."

Bill's eyes slanted. "So I perceive. I don't need occult vision for that!" His eyes quickened, and he glanced curiously at the building from which she had emerged. "Oh-ho!" he said, accusingly. "So you've been giving more money to that fake."

"She's not a fake!" Sarah Lee flared. "She—" Well, it was out, now! "Bill Fuller, you've got to listen to me, while I tell you what she said. I guess you'll believe in the stars then!"

BILL listened. He waited until she had told him everything, before he spoke. "And you believe that tripe!" he said then.

"You're not fair!" she accused him. "If you were, you'd have to admit that every single thing she has said so far has worked out."

"Proving," he retorted, "that you are a perfect subject for suggestion. I hate to think what a hypnotist could do with you!"

"I nevah want to see you again!" said Sarah Lee.

Of course she did not mean it, and she knew that Bill knew that she didn't mean it—but she knew, also, that there was no use in his attempt, the next day, to make up. The whole week was going to be disagreeable and horrid; Claudia King had told her so. A whole dreadful week, ending in Saturday when she might be killed. . . . Bill would not, apparently could not, recognize the crisis they were facing.

"Sarah Lee, don't you honestly think this has gone on long enough?" he demanded, on the third day, his eyes pleading.

"Will you go to see Mrs. King, yourself?" she retorted.

His face changed. "No!" he roared at her. "And will you promise me not to go near her again?"

Sarah Lee did not roar. "Of course I won't," she said, with dignity. "I shall consult her whenever I need advice."

(Continued on page 31*)*

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You can't Fool the Stars

Continued from page 26

"Then you're a little fool!" roared Bill.

"Thank you so much," said Sarah Lee.

They looked at each other coldly; it seemed to Sarah Lee that there was actual dislike in Bill's eyes. And it was only Wednesday! How would she ever get through this week?

The next day was sheer torture; when Bill said good morning to her, curtly, as though she were one of the stenographers, a lump rose in her throat that nearly choked her.

"Oh, Bill, how can you be so stubborn?" she wailed.

"Go consult the stars when you want information," he said.

She resolved, then, not to address another word to him until the week was over—but Friday was the most lovely, gentle day, and it was difficult not to be happy at being alive.

"Sarah Lee," said Bill, abruptly, "can't we call this off? Amos wants us to come out to the country with him tomorrow and stay for dinner. Let's just forget all this damn' nonsense!"

Sarah Lee caught her breath. What did the stars or anything else matter, when Bill looked at her like that? But tomorrow was Saturday! She bit her lip. "Oh—Bill—will you take awfully good care of me tomorrow? I can't help it, Bill—I'm scared!"

She could see him shake off his irritation, he grinned, comfortingly. "All right, baby—I'll sock any star in the nimbus that tries to trip you up."

She shook her head. "Please don't talk like that!" But she, too, managed a smile, and they got through the day peaceably. The day and the evening thereof. . . .

"ONE up on the solar system for us!" announced Bill, as they stood in her doorway, after the movie. He pointed to the night sky. "They don't look as if they were aiming to bite a little girl your size," he told her, and as she looked up, he kissed her, abruptly. "Now why didn't I ever do that before?" he demanded.

She was in bed when the Metropolitan chimes sounded midnight, and she burrowed her head into the pillow, with a shiver of apprehension. Saturday! To be forewarned is to be forearmed, Claudia King had said. But she did wish that Amos Benton's invitation had not been for this day.

In the morning, at breakfast, she remembered Claudia King's warning—"Be careful what you eat"—and she shivered. Then she hurried up the street. Perhaps she had better take a taxi. . . . She heard a creaking overhead, and her eyes widened in horror, as she looked up fearfully. Just above her, an immense iron safe was swinging up the side of a building, swaying precariously. If one of those ropes should break— She shuddered and began to run, her head down, and a sudden peremptory blast of a horn turned her to stone; she screamed and stumbled and fell.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" roared the driver of a truck, stalled within a foot of Sarah Lee. His face was white. "Are you hurt, miss?"

She got up shakily. "No," she whispered. One of her stockings was torn and both her knees hurt dreadfully. If only she could get to the office!

She took a taxi, and sat, gripping the seat with both hands, her temples throbbing. The ascent in the elevator at Tracy's was the final horror; midway between the eighth and ninth floors, it stopped with a jerk.

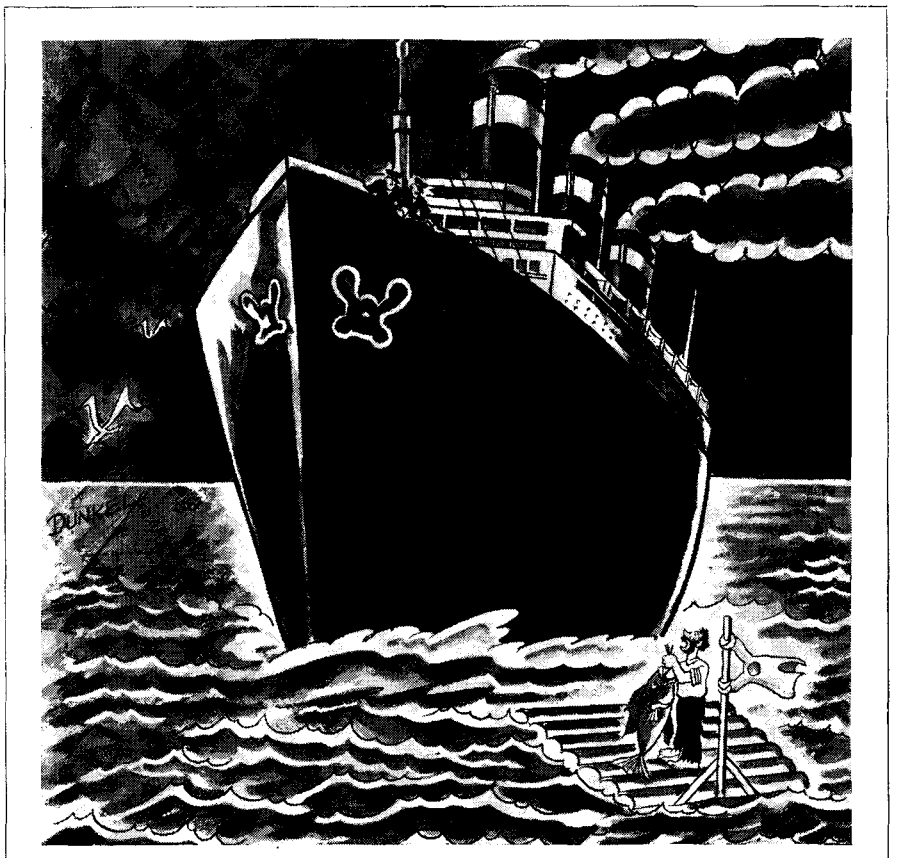
"This darn' thing is always sticking," grumbled the elevator girl . . . but Sarah Lee had crumpled quietly to the floor in a faint. Bill Fuller's face was worried when Sarah Lee became sufficiently conscious to recognize expressions. Amos Benton was in the office, holding a flask; one of the stenographers was rubbing her hands and the reception-room girl was bathing her forehead.

"There! She's okay now," said Bill.

Sarah Lee sat up fearfully, and managed a smile.

THE emergency nurses withdrew tactfully, and he put his arms about her. "You poor little kid!" His arm tightened about her. "I'd like to shoot that King woman—scaring the life out of a little pint-size girl like you!" He kissed her. "A nice ride on a ferryboat is just what you need."

If he had suggested a nice draught of cyanide, she could not have looked more horrified. "F-ferryboat!" she echoed.



"Is there a photographer on board?" *Courtney Dunkel*

"Out to the Bentons'. They're on Staten Island, you know. We'll—"

Sarah Lee shook her head hysterically. "I can't do it, Bill! I simply can't! I don't dare. She—she said especially not to travel by water. Bill, I—"

For an instant it was a toss-up whether Bill would laugh at her or shake her, but she looked so small and pathetic and frightened that he laughed.

"You funny darling! If ever a girl needed someone with sense to take care of her— Miss Valentine, there might be more romantic settings, but who cares? Will you do me the honor of becoming—"

Sarah Lee screamed and put one of her hands flatly over his mouth. "No, Bill! Don't ask me today! Whatever you do—oh, Bill, I beg of you—"

She stood before him, with tears running down her cheeks. "Bill, please don't! It'll be all *wrong*, if you do! I *know* it! I—"

"This," said Bill Fuller quietly, "is the showdown, Sarah Lee. You've got to stop this fool hysteria right now. This minute. Nothing has happened to you today except your own imagination. If you don't get hold of yourself now, you never will. Will you marry me, Sarah Lee?"

"No," said Sarah Lee, in an anguished whisper.

"This is the end!" announced Bill flatly, and strode out of the office, slamming the door.

Sarah Lee forgot all about being afraid of physical danger, as she went home to her mother. What did life matter to her anyway, now? It was an hour before Caroline, alarmed at her bruised knees and burning forehead, could get any coherent statement from her.

"Well, you'd just bettah go to bed and stay theah!" she said finally. "Bill will be around in the mornin', and—"

"No, he won't! He won't ever, ever come back—and I wish I was dead!" sobbed her daughter. "He said I had to choose between him an' the stars—"

Caroline began to laugh. "I'm sorry, honey—honest I am—but of all the reasons for a lovers' quarrel I evah did hear—" She shook her head, helplessly. "I don't blame him one bit, Sarah Lee!"

Sarah Lee didn't blame him, either. It was all her fault. What did she care what her horoscope said, if it meant losing Bill? Nothing else mattered, nothing else in the world! Just because Claudia King had said that the stars were so arranged—

SHE sat up in bed. "I don't care what the stars say!" she announced passionately. "Stars!" Her voice shook with contempt. "I guess they can just mind their own business and leave Bill an' me alone! Stars! I wish I could blow 'em all out!" She got up and rushed to her closet, pulled out her clothes.

"What are you goin' to do?" asked her mother.

Sarah Lee wheeled about. "I'm going to travel by water!" she announced. "I'm going to Staten Island just as fast as I can and ask Bill if he still wants me! I'm—" Her cheeks were fiery, her eyes blazed.

Caroline stroked her hot forehead. "Honey, I do think you'd bettah wait until tomorrow. You're feverish, lamb! You—"

"It's nothing but imagination!" cried Sarah Lee. "And don't you try to stop me!"

Caroline did not try. After Sarah Lee had gone, she moved slowly to the desk and took out the typewritten sheets of her daughter's horoscope and looked at them ruefully. Sarah Lee Valentine, born at nine P. M., December 18, 1914. . . . She started to tear them across, and then paused, staring at the papers. "I declare to the Lawd!" said Caroline, incredulously. . . .

Sarah Lee stood toward the bow of the ferry and watched the dark waters of New York harbor. The fresh air struck her full in the face, cooling her forehead; she took off her hat and let the breeze blow through her dark hair, soothing, delicious. "A nice ride on a ferryboat is just what you need," Bill had said—and then she had gone completely hysterical. How could she have been so silly! Like a clumsy old duck, the boat wabbled to the pier and bumped softly, and Sarah Lee sniffed. No traveling, especially by water!

She boarded a train, which chugged peacefully through the spring countryside to the Bentons' station. A battered taxi. . . .

Bill and Amos Benton were playing badminton on the lawn. "Why, hello, Sarah Lee!" Amos Benton said. "What a nice surprise!"

She felt so much better, Sarah Lee explained, flushing, not daring to look at Bill.

"I'll go get Norah," Amos said. "She's fixing us a cool drink."

Sarah Lee looked at her feet. "I'm through with the stars, Bill," she said, in a trembling voice. "Once and for all."

BILL'S voice was very stern. "Can I count on that, Sarah Lee?"

"Yes," she said.

"And I'm the only star in your firmament?" he persisted.

"Oh, Bill!" said Sarah Lee.

Amos Benton called from the veranda, his voice amused: "Sorry to interrupt, but your mother's on the phone, Sarah Lee."

"My mother!" Sarah Lee rushed to the telephone. "Hello?"

Caroline's rich voice was quivering. "Sarah Lee! Honey, it's the funniest thing! I was lookin' at your horoscope, and what do you think?"

"I'm not interested in it any more," said Sarah Lee stiffly.

Caroline was laughing. "Listen, honey! It's all on account of your bein' bo'n in the end of December. . . ."

For a moment, after she had hung up the receiver, Sarah Lee stood quite still, her expression inscrutable; then she went out on the veranda. Bill looked at her inquiringly, but she addressed Amos Benton.

"Did you ever hear about my horoscope?" she asked.

Bill's slanting eyes flickered; the Bentons listened while Sarah Lee recounted the long chain of events which had fallen, link by link, so neatly into their prophesied places. She paused.

"Why, I think it's extraordinary!" Norah Benton said. "It's positively uncanny! It makes you believe that there must be something in it, doesn't it?"

Sarah Lee looked straight into Bill Fuller's puzzled eyes. "It would," she answered, grinning at him, "except that Mother just telephoned— You see, on account of I'm twenty, now, you'd think I'd been born in nineteen-fourteen, but I wasn't. Mother got mixed up, too. I was born in December of nineteen-thirteen—and the whole horoscope was worked out for the wrong year, all the time!"

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T LET

LOPSIDED HEELS

RUIN THOSE

BUSY

FEET!

THE shoes which boys and girls wear today may decide whether they suffer needless pains from fallen arches later on.

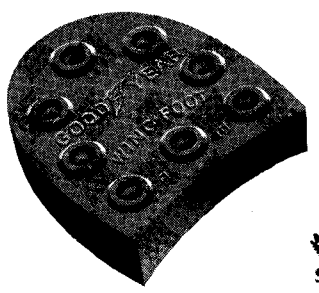
Think a minute what may happen if every step they take twists the bones in their feet, because they have lopsided heels.

You can protect them – keep their shoes and feet straight with the world – by making sure their shoes have Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

Goodyear builds these heels of rubber so tough, so resilient, so long-wearing that they keep their shape – wear off evenly – and thus prevent the whole shoe from running over.

No wonder more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. Give your children – and yourself – this comfortable, easy-stepping protection.

GOODYEAR



WINGFOOT HEELS

keep shoes and feet straight

The Alger Boys

Continued from page 24

with the baseball scandal some years ago and also in connection with one or two incidents that happened at race tracks during the course of which there was some unfavorable comment (undoubtedly inspired by jealousy) about Mr. Attell.

Now the board of strategy sent Primo on a tour of this country, not only because as good Americans they thought that he should be given an opportunity to treat himself to the delights of our landscapes, but also because they thought he would be a good attraction in the hinterland.

He met a great many good journeymen tankers during this tour (which was personally managed by Mr. Duffy), and during the course of these bouts the spectators (and quite possibly Primo himself) were often amazed to see an opponent collapse after being slapped lightly on the hip by Primo.

Sometimes they didn't even wait to get slapped lightly on the hip. After this had happened several times the spectators began to develop a cynical attitude in regard to Primo's engagements and many even went so far as to think aloud that Primo's opponents were opponents in name only and that they were actually partners of his. This cynical attitude undoubtedly distressed the affable Mr. Duffy a great deal.

The sports writers by now were openly charging that these fights were all in the well-known bag and they were very angry about it. Not that they objected very strenuously to phony fights, for sports writers have to view a great many phony fights during the course of a business year and after a while you get so that you can't get excited any more about whether or not a fight is phony. What they did object to, however, was the absence of any deftness or finesse in the manner in which the fights were produced.

A Change of Opinion

Then there was the incident involving George Godfrey, once a very good fighter but grown fat through inactivity and an overindulgence in pork chops. He fought Primo in Philadelphia and he fouled Primo in a rather inartistic manner.

Incidentally, thirty-six thousand people paid $180,000 to see this one. The scenario called for Godfrey to lose by a foul because, fat as he was, he was still too good a fighter to lose any other way, and too poor an actor to take the conventional dive. This at least is the theory generally accepted by the boxing men.

Immediately after he had fouled Primo, Godfrey walked to his dressing-room. Right behind him there stalked a very well-known and inquisitive boxing writer.

"Can the big guy hit at all, George?" he asked Godfrey.

Godfrey laughed. "Good Lord, man, that big boy couldn't hit hard enough to muss ol' George's hair."

At that moment the dressing-room door opened and several parties entered, led by James Dougherty, nominally listed as Godfrey's manager. Mr. Dougherty and the other gentlemen whispered fervently into the shell-like ear of ol' George. A few minutes later several additional sports writers came in to see the noble gladiator.

Godfrey shook his head mournfully at them and rubbed the spacious flesh under which his ribs were buried.

"What a murderous hitter that big white man is!" he moaned. "I never see the like. Mah goodness, gentlemen, but how he can hit. The greates' hitter I ever saw in mah life."

Now let's just stick in one more piece to help make up this jig-saw puzzle, which when completed will give us a picture of the Tall Man and his business associates.

It Happened in Rome

Paulino was scheduled to fight Carnera in Rome some months back. The Basque wood-chopper is not the best fighter in the world but he is far from being the worst, and he is a very hard man to hurt indeed, because he has a chin full of concrete, a heart full of courage and he likes to win. Paulino came to Rome and went to his hotel. A gentleman came in to see him and right away Paulino recognized him as being the Italian equivalent of a sinister character.

The Italian equivalent looked at Paulino and then very quietly said in Italian something which roughly translated meant:

"Listen, sweetheart, you had better lose this fight with Carnera and lose it quickly or else—"

Paulino, who speaks practically only Spanish, said coldly in his native language:

"Go along and roll your hoop in the park, you big dope. I am no tanker and I will pin that Carnera's ears back if I can and, furthermore, if you don't scram outa here I'll do the same thing to you."

So Paulino went in and did his best to beat the Tall Man, and although he didn't beat him he lasted the full distance and made the Tall Man look so bad that even Signor Mussolini, sitting at the ringside, left before it was over.

Oh, well. Why go on? The managers did a thorough (if inartistic) job on Carnera and built him up beautifully. He has engaged in more questioned fights than any man who ever lived—but the funny part of it is that he has now developed into a pretty good fighter.

There was nothing funny about his fight with Jack Sharkey, and those who have seen Sharkey in all of his fights insist that Sharkey was never better. Primo just naturally belted him into submission.

In the sixth round of that fight Primo was, for once, a dangerous, fierce, destructive human animal who probably could have beaten any living person into submission.

That round made him the heavyweight champion of the world. He's the heavyweight champion of the world today.

An Exceptional Manager

And Tommy Loughran? You can take all of the superlatives out of the language and drape them around Loughran the man, and Loughran the boxer, but Loughran, alas, cannot hit. It is true that he knocked Jack Sharkey down but one can't visualize Tommy hurting the Tall Man from Italy. Tommy is the cleverest boxer of his time and his left hand is a darting rapier that moves with delicate and beautiful precision. But a rapier wouldn't even leave a mark on Carnera. Only a bludgeon can penetrate his armor, and Tommy has everything in his boxing kit but a bludgeon.

Consider Tommy the man. He lives in Philadelphia near St. Monica's Catholic Church and his best friends are his neighbors. A few years ago the neighbors gave a dinner for Tommy. The butcher, the baker and the cop on the beat were there. Father Kelley, Father Brandon and Father Kane, of St. Monica's Church, were on hand. There, too, was Tommy's manager, Joe Smith, and Tommy's father, John Loughran. Oh, but it was a big occasion for the neighborhood.

When Tommy arose to speak there was a welcoming roar from the diners. Tommy stood there pale, bewildered and there was a rock in his throat. The love these neighbors had for him came to his ears on the wings of their roars and it entered his heart and he looked out of misty eyes.

Now they fell silent and waited for Tommy to speak. His voice was choked and he felt weak.

"When my career is finished," he blurted out, "I hope that you will say to me, 'Well done, Tommy.'"

Then he sat down. Those neighbors had seen Tommy grow up. They had known him as a clean young kid and now they knew him as a decent, law-abiding, honest man. Say, but they love that Tommy boy in St. Monica's parish.

There have never been any sinister characters associated with Loughran. Since his first bout he has been managed by a boyhood pal, Joe Smith. Fight managers as a class are a chiseling, money-mad, obnoxious crowd. There are a few exceptions—and Joe Smith is one of them.

At least three times they have dug Loughran's pugilistic grave and prepared to bury him. Why, they said that he was through five years ago when he was being slapped around by men like Leo Lomski, Pete Latzo, Joe Sekyra and Ad Stone. But always Joe Smith was there with a steadying hand and an amazing faith in Tommy's ultimate destiny.

He Won't Beat Himself

Whenever Tommy was beaten Joe would go to work and get him rematched with his conqueror. Then Tommy would turn the tables. He was knocked out by Jack Sharkey, but subsequently beat him. He was flattened by Steve Hamas, and then later gave him a trouncing. Tommy does more thinking in one fight than most fighters do in a lifetime.

And now he is to get his chance at the heavyweight title. There are few who concede him a chance against Carnera, but there are many who know that when the fight is over the customers will be able to say, "Well done, Tommy." Tommy will be in there leveling. He'll be in there thinking and darting that left hand at Primo. He may be beaten but he won't beat himself. The Tall Man will have to lick him, for Tommy won't be awed by the bulk of him and he won't be afraid of the ponderous rib-crushing punches of the Tall Man.

So there they are—the fighter whose record is spotted and marred, and the clean young man who helps support an orphan asylum.

There they are—the villain and the hero, and if the axioms of American folklore hold true the villain will be nonplussed, discomfited and laid among the daisies in the last chapter.

But after all, righteousness is at best a flimsy armor against a devastating right-hand punch and even an honest heart may be broken by the bulk and the power of the Tall Man from Mussolini land.

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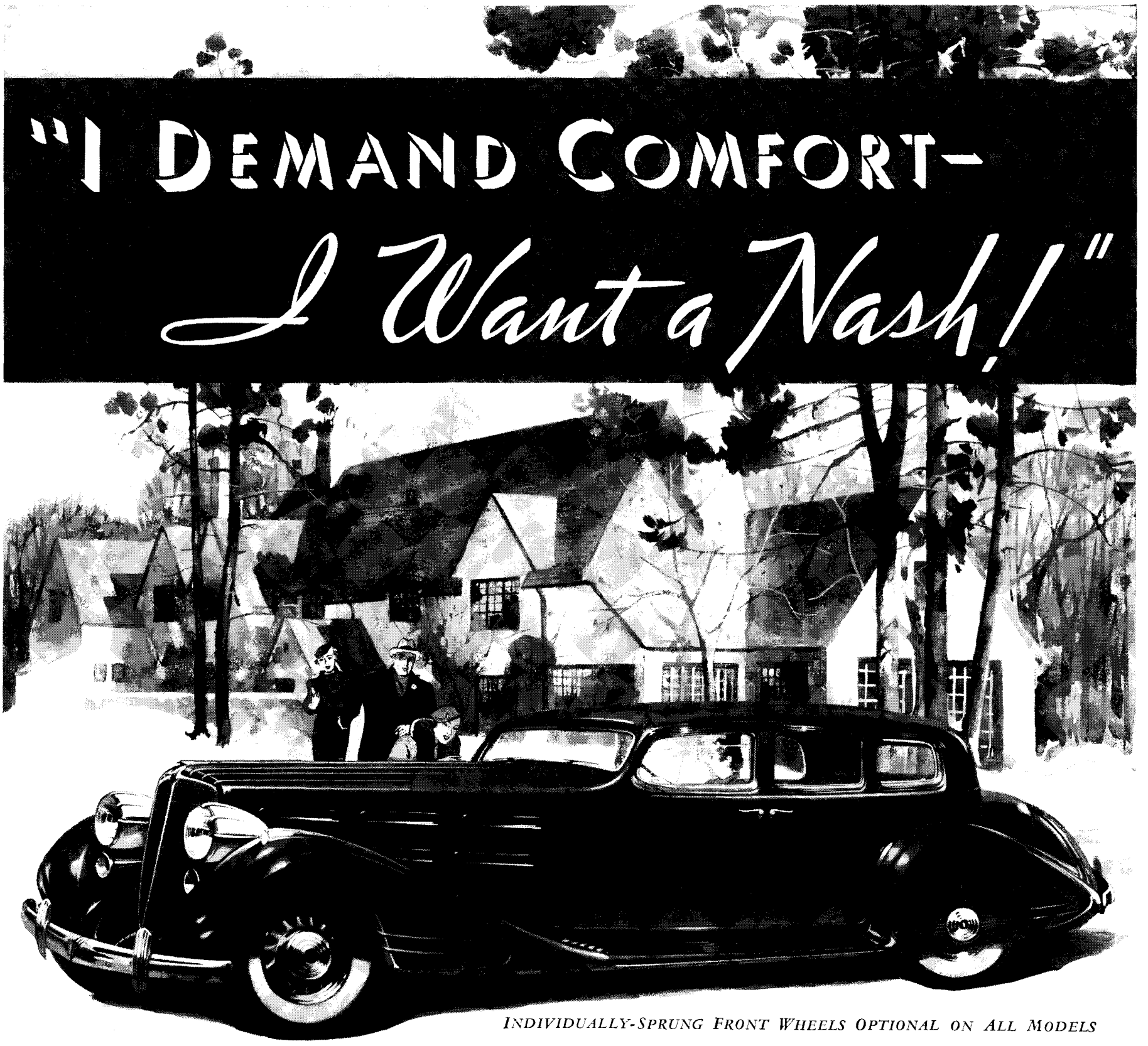
"I DEMAND COMFORT— *I Want a Nash!*"



INDIVIDUALLY-SPRUNG FRONT WHEELS OPTIONAL ON ALL MODELS

IN THE dictionary, synonyms for Comfort are . . . Contentment . . . Ease . . . Enjoyment . . . Happiness . . . Satisfaction . . . Sufficiency . . . *and they all apply to Nash!*

Just look at a 1934 Nash. Walk around it. Run your eye over the length of its marquee hood. Observe the long, low sweep of the car. Smart as smart can be, and "Speed-stream" designed to cleave the air like a knife.

Open a door. Step inside. Luxury, luxury, luxury, every way you turn. The instrument panel is not only handsome, it's positively fascinating. Sink back in the deep, soft cushions. You *know* you're going to enjoy *solid comfort* every minute of every ride!

Take the wheel. Drive. Get the thrill of that big, extra-powered Twin Ignition valve-in-head motor. See how easy it is to regulate ventilation with the Nash built-in clear-vision ventilating system. And remember: *With* or *without* individually-sprung front wheels (optional at slight extra cost) *every* Nash has a front *axle!*

Yours for absolute satisfaction . . . *a 1934 Nash!*

1934 TWIN IGNITION VALVE-IN-HEAD NASH

BIG SIX, 116" Wheelbase, 88 Horsepower . . . . . **$775 to $865**

ADVANCED EIGHT, 121" Wheelbase, 100 Horsepower . . **$1065 to $1145**

AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 133" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . **$1575 to $1625**

AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 142" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . **$1820 to $2055**

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WELL-GROOMED HAIR—
healthy Scalp—with VITALIS!

Use the 60-Second VITALIS Workout!

A 50-SECOND MASSAGE. Rub Vitalis into your tight, dry scalp! It tingles back to life—your hair has a chance!

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH. Your hair looks handsomely-groomed. No "*gumminess.*" No "patent-leather" look.

THE Vitalis workout is revolutionary because it gets after tight dryness of the scalp—and keeps your scalp and hair lubricated with pure vegetable oils necessary to their good health. Your scalp wakes up. Loose dandruff goes.

Your hair responds to the brush—stays in place, handsomely-groomed, without an objectionable "patent-leather" polish. Ask your barber about Vitalis. Get a bottle from your druggist—and *see* what the *60-second Vitalis workout* will do for your hair!

VITALIS
Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

The Woman who Won

Continued from page 19

item with more than a casual eye when I saw a portion of the apple-green hangings part. A slender hand and wrist imprisoned in rings and bracelets first made its appearance, followed by the completely dazzling personality of Yick Foon.

"How stupid!" she said, advancing with an outstretched hand. "I should have been here to welcome you. . . ." I touched her fingers. She withdrew them slowly, fixing me with a glance half-humorous, half-quizzical. "Ah, but I live a tiresome life! Arranging, arranging, always arranging for *others!*" She turned abruptly toward her dressing-table. "Do you mind?" She sat down before the mirror and began to rub off her elaborate make-up.

I must confess she left me completely speechless. I had been prepared for an intelligent woman but I had not counted on a beautiful one. Feeling that I should say something, I shot out stupidly:

"Permit me to compliment you on your English—"

She turned and faced me.

"I had an English governess for ten years." She gave a little laugh and rose. "Won't you sit down?"

I was on the point of doing so when I remembered my gift. Advancing with a low bow, I laid the box in her outstretched hands.

"Oh, how charming!"

She sat down and began to unwrap it. "They do all this very well, now," she went on, indicating the huddle of discarded tissue and ribbon at her feet. She drew out the fan silently and opened it, opened and shut it, opened it again to the point where a beribboned shepherd was serenading his lovely shepherdess. She looked up at me—her eyes full of eagerness and delight. "Watteau!" she breathed. "How did you guess that I should adore it?"

I felt myself blushing.

"And now," she said, "let's get down to business. It seems you have a young servant who would like to possess one of my girls—which one, for the moment, escapes me."

I was confident that nothing ever escaped Yick Foon, momentarily or otherwise, but I answered very promptly and amiably:

"I believe she goes by the name of Woo Dip."

"Oh, Woo Dip!" She pursed her lips together. "My very greatest treasure. She earns—"

"What is your price?" I interrupted bluntly.

"Oh, I should say that three thousand dollars would be fair."

I STUDIED my finger nails. "Well, you must realize that a young man who earns fifty dollars a month would not be likely to possess three thousand dollars."

"I have cheaper girls."

"But, my dear lady, if it were just a matter of a girl he is already provided with one by his father. They were to have been married as soon—"

"You mean that he wants Woo Dip—to *marry* her. But that is ridiculous! Woo Dip is an ornament. She is a plaything. She is not the woman that a man marries. . . . You see, to be quite frank, I had an idea that it was you, yourself, who wanted to make a purchase. I fancied that all this talk about a servant was a blind. I shouldn't for one moment have wasted your time and mine if I had thought the issue concerned a schoolboy who earned fifty dollars a month." She looked at me brightly. "Is he a very good cook?"

"He was until he saw this wretched Woo Dip. Why?"

She opened the fan demurely. "I wondered if your digestion was worth three thousand dollars to you—that is all."

I smiled. "I am a silly old sentimentalist, I suppose. Even males sometimes get caught by the match-making fever. . . . After all, no man is insensible to heartbreak. This boy of mine is in a bad way."

She ignored my picture of suffering. "Would you like to see this Woo Dip? . . . It might be a revelation to discover how slight a circumstance can throw one of your sex into a blue funk."

"No, I am not the least bit interested."

"I admit it would be a waste of time. She is just an empty doll."

I SAT back in my prim teakwood chair and studied her. There was something extraordinarily bitter underneath the surface of her most railing remarks. My scrutiny must have been touched with rudeness, for quite suddenly she lifted the Watteau fan to her face, shutting out everything but her baffling eyes.

"Well," she challenged, "where do you want me to begin?" I stammered apologies, but she cut me short. "Oh, don't protest. Naturally, you want my history. You want to know *why* I had an English governess for ten years, why I recognize a Watteau fan when I see one, whether there is any truth in the story that I speak five languages." She closed the fan again.

"I am only human," I admitted. Then quite boldly I said: "These things can be easily inferred. . . . Quite frankly, what baffles me is your choice of a trade—your profession."

She looked at me shrewdly. "You mean that as a compliment. Thank you. But a woman must live, you know. And we do what we can. . . . My mother died when I was a baby. My father was a wealthy Chinese merchant—a Harvard graduate, to be precise. He gave me every educational advantage."

She drummed upon the arm of the chair with her long painted finger nails and cleared her throat. "When I was fourteen, a war lord came stamping through the country with his foul horde. My father closed the gates of his courtyard against them. They battered the gates down and ran my father through with their swords. Then they snatched me from the arms of my English governess and dragged me screaming before their leader. Perhaps you can guess the rest."

"Yes, I think I can," I admitted.

She brought the fan into play again, this time to shade her eyes. "At fourteen, then, I was the plaything of a brute. But he soon tired of me and a year later sold me to a dealer in women from Canton. I passed from hand to hand until I at last found myself in San Francisco. How I finally won my freedom is unimportant. But I had intelligence. . . . There you have the whole story!"

"No," I said gravely, "not quite. There still remains unanswered your choice of a profession."

She gave a shrug. "It is impossible to sweeten curdled milk." She put out her hand. "Good night."

"Good night. It's been more than a pleasure—it has been a privilege to meet you. But, I'm sure, I don't know what to do about Chung Bong. I'm quite certain he will die on my hands. If he does, I'm going to send the bill for his funeral to you."

"Send *him* to me, instead. I think I can cure him."

"Are you serious?"

"Quite."

At that moment Mr. Chang mysteriously became flesh.

I took Yick Foon's hand and kissed it.

"Tomorrow night at this same time," she said, smiling, "Mr. Chang will be waiting at the Hang Far Low for Chung Bong."

I TOOK Chung Bong to the Hang Far Low in my car. And I was at the breakfast table fifteen minutes ahead of schedule next morning. Chung Bong came in with his usual grave quietness and laid the newspaper beside my plate.

"Good morning, Bong," I said hopefully.

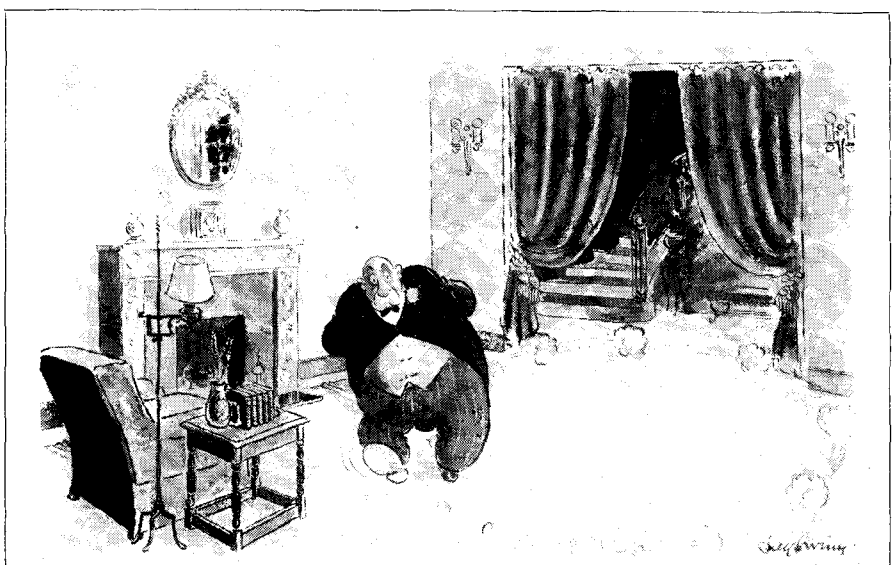
"Good morning," he repeated, and walked calmly back into the kitchen.

I rang the bell furiously. He came in, breathless, convinced, no doubt, that I was about to find fault with the eggs or the toast or the stickiness of the marmalade jar.

I folded my newspaper deliberately. "Well," I said, moving my chair back from the table, "what happened last night?"

He gave me a little bow. "Thanks to you, sir, I had a very pleasant evening."

(Continued on page 36)



"Oh, boy! I'm goin' swell now . . . wish I could think of something to be mad about!"

Jay Irving

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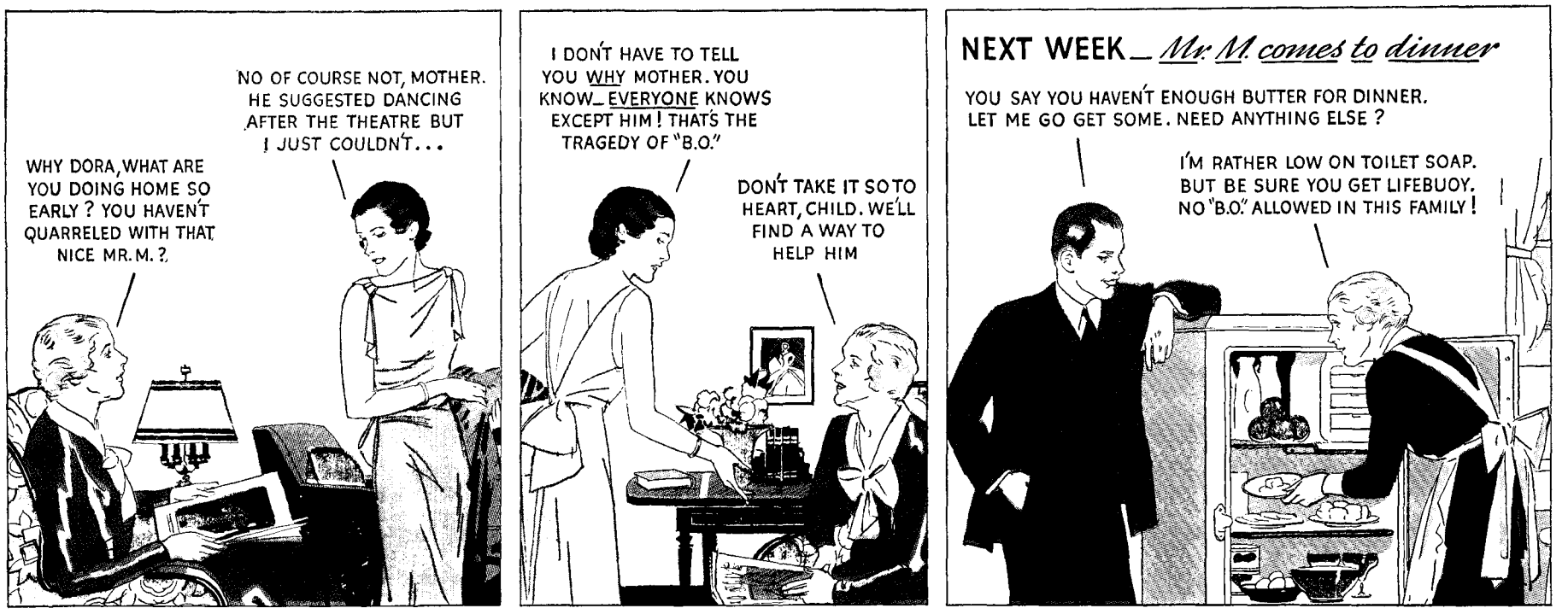
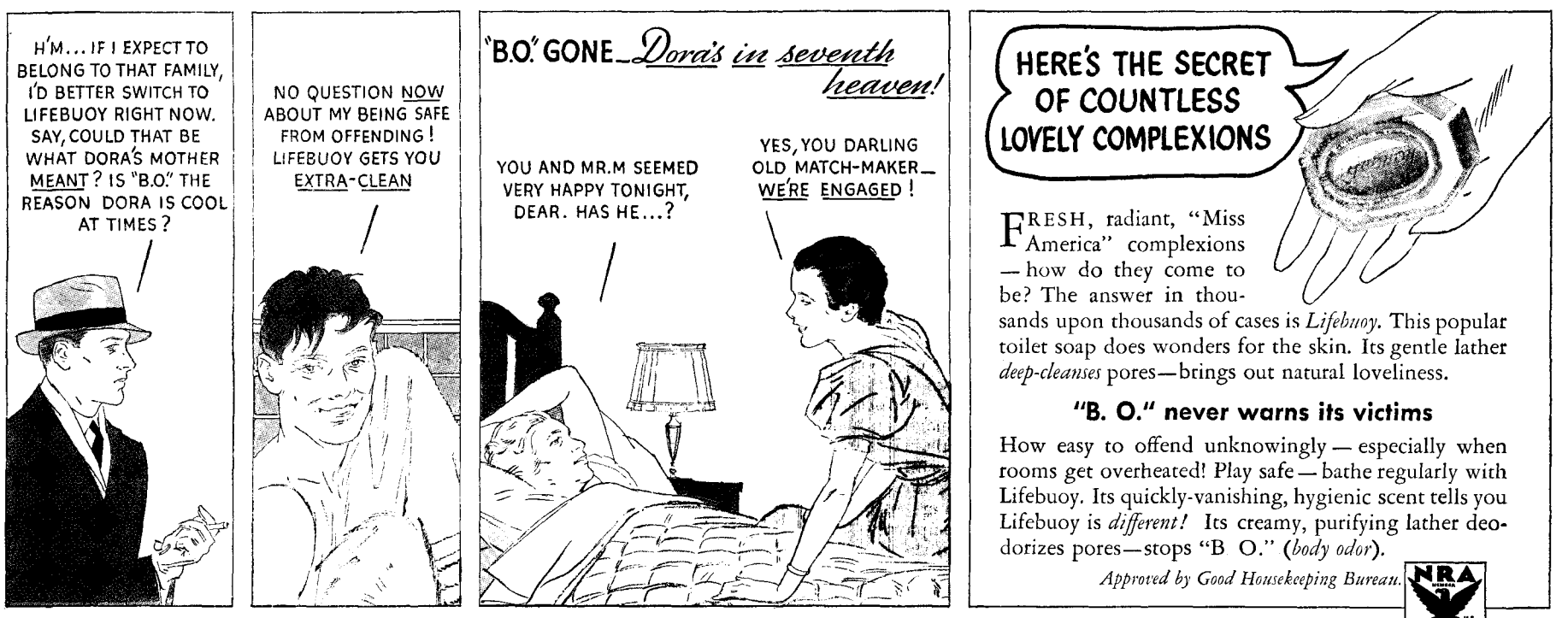
A MATCH-MAKING MOTHER


WHY DORA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME SO EARLY? YOU HAVEN'T QUARRELED WITH THAT NICE MR. M.?
NO OF COURSE NOT, MOTHER. HE SUGGESTED DANCING AFTER THE THEATRE BUT I JUST COULDN'T...
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHY MOTHER. YOU KNOW— EVERYONE KNOWS EXCEPT HIM! THAT'S THE TRAGEDY OF "B.O."
DON'T TAKE IT SO TO HEART, CHILD. WE'LL FIND A WAY TO HELP HIM
NEXT WEEK— *Mr. M. comes to dinner*
YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BUTTER FOR DINNER. LET ME GO GET SOME. NEED ANYTHING ELSE?
I'M RATHER LOW ON TOILET SOAP. BUT BE SURE YOU GET LIFEBUOY. NO "B.O." ALLOWED IN THIS FAMILY!


H'M... IF I EXPECT TO BELONG TO THAT FAMILY, I'D BETTER SWITCH TO LIFEBUOY RIGHT NOW. SAY, COULD THAT BE WHAT DORA'S MOTHER MEANT? IS "B.O." THE REASON DORA IS COOL AT TIMES?
NO QUESTION NOW ABOUT MY BEING SAFE FROM OFFENDING! LIFEBUOY GETS YOU EXTRA-CLEAN
"B.O." GONE— *Dora's in seventh heaven!*
YOU AND MR. M SEEMED VERY HAPPY TONIGHT, DEAR. HAS HE...?
YES, YOU DARLING OLD MATCH-MAKER— WE'RE ENGAGED!

HERE'S THE SECRET OF COUNTLESS LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

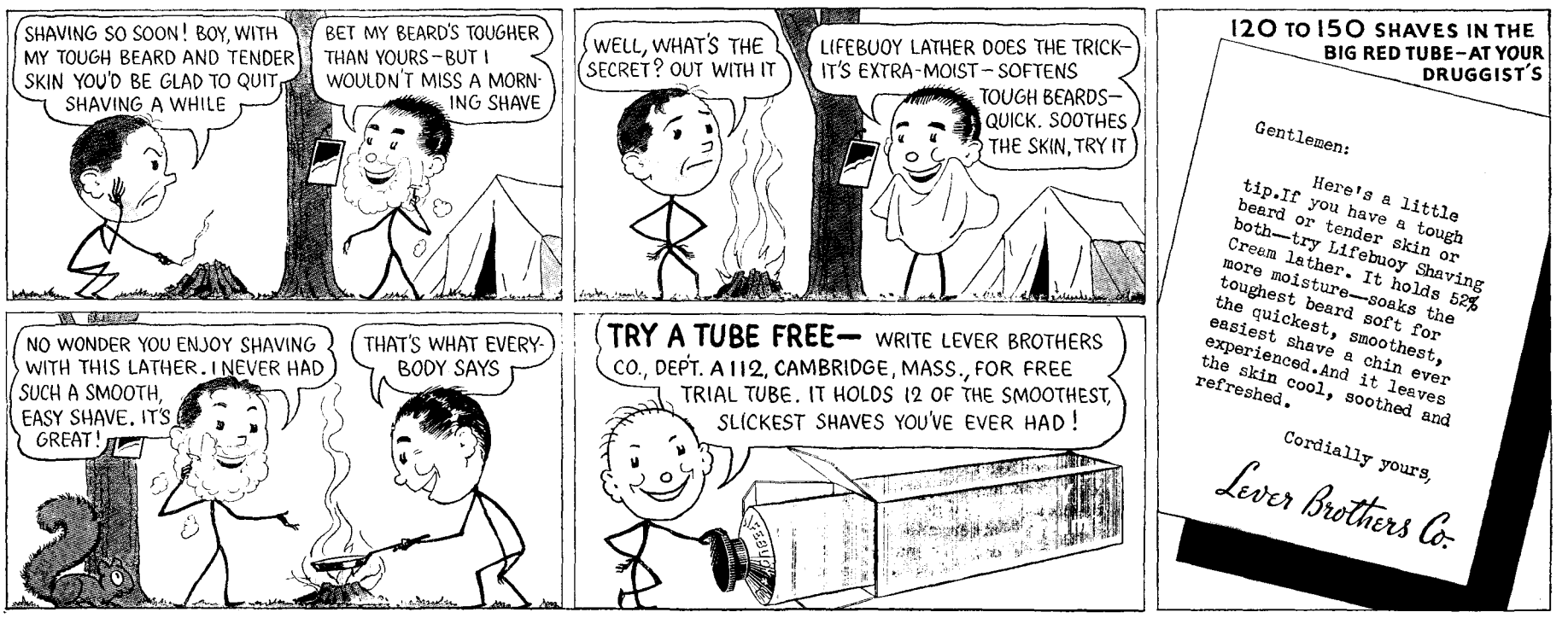
FRESH, radiant, "Miss America" complexions—how do they come to be? The answer in thousands upon thousands of cases is *Lifebuoy*. This popular toilet soap does wonders for the skin. Its gentle lather *deep-cleanses* pores—brings out natural loveliness.

"B. O." never warns its victims

How easy to offend unknowingly—especially when rooms get overheated! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different!* Its creamy, purifying lather deodorizes pores—stops "B O." (*body odor*).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART


SHAVING SO SOON! BOY, WITH MY TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN YOU'D BE GLAD TO QUIT SHAVING A WHILE
BET MY BEARD'S TOUGHER THAN YOURS—BUT I WOULDN'T MISS A MORNING SHAVE
WELL, WHAT'S THE SECRET? OUT WITH IT
LIFEBUOY LATHER DOES THE TRICK— IT'S EXTRA-MOIST—SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS— QUICK. SOOTHES THE SKIN, TRY IT
NO WONDER YOU ENJOY SHAVING WITH THIS LATHER. I NEVER HAD SUCH A SMOOTH, EASY SHAVE. IT'S GREAT!
THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
TRY A TUBE FREE— WRITE LEVER BROTHERS CO., DEPT. A 112, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE. IT HOLDS 12 OF THE SMOOTHEST, SLICKEST SHAVES YOU'VE EVER HAD!

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE—AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

Gentlemen:

Here's a little tip. If you have a tough beard or tender skin or both—try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather. It holds 52% more moisture—soaks the toughest beard soft for the quickest, smoothest, easiest shave a chin ever experienced. And it leaves the skin cool, soothed and refreshed.

Cordially yours,

Lever Brothers Co.

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EVERY CAR *NEEDS* SIMONIZ

"I had a lot of fun Simonizing my car . . . never imagined it was so easy for anyone to get such amazing results. With a few strokes, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener restored the original lustre Then I put on Simoniz. In a jiffy my car gleamed with a rich, brilliant splendor . . . that lasts!"

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Take the advice of millions of motorists . . . Simoniz your car! It's the one way to make the finish stay beautiful.

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Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are never sold under any other name. So avoid substitutes. Save yourself time and money by asking for and insisting on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. There's nothing else like them!

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

KEEPS CARS BEAUTIFUL

The Woman who Won

Continued from page 34

A very pleasant evening. He was discreet, to say the least! But I wasn't in the mood for discretion. "Are you still as passionately in love as ever? I mean, what do you think of Woo Dip at close range?"

He bowed again. "I did not see Woo Dip last night."

"You did not— Oh, I understand. You merely talked about her."

"No, I do not think her name was mentioned. We seemed to find so many other interesting things to talk about."

"You mean Yick Foon and yourself."

"Yes. . . . She asked questions, mostly. She seemed to be very much interested in me—in what I thought, in what my hopes were. . . . You know the kind of questions a woman asks."

I gave a shrug. "You talked about your hopes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And they did not include Woo Dip?"

"Well, I can't explain it, sir, but when Yick Foon asked me what my hopes were, somehow—"

I picked up the newspaper and brought it down with a bang against the table. "Well, I'll be darned!" I muttered.

A WEEK went by—two weeks. I asked Chung Bong no more questions. It really wasn't necessary. One had only to look at the alert content in his slanting eyes or to watch the speed with which he cleared away the last black coffee cup and climbed into his blue serge suit and brown fedora hat to guess the truth.

After all, I told myself, my chief concern was the prosaic matter of having a well-ordered house. How that end was achieved didn't matter. . . . But, at times I felt uneasy. For I was old enough to have known that no man is a match for an embittered woman.

On the whole, though, my twinges of conscience were fleeting. When a man turns fifty his personal comfort is apt to rout so quaint a conceit as concern over his servant's morals. But even in the matter of personal comfort I was to reap an empty harvest, for, one morning, Chung Bong, having poured me a second cup of his incomparable coffee, said: "I am leaving you the first of the month."

I laid down my coffee cup. "That is very strange—your father said nothing to me about it when he called last Friday."

I saw Chung Bong stiffen. "I am leaving on my own account. It is a personal matter. It does not concern my father."

"Indeed! May I ask what you are going to do?"

"Yes. I am taking a position in a hotel out of San Francisco." He mentioned Walnut Grove, a river town in the asparagus country. "It will pay me very well and I can save money."

I took a piece of brioche and bit into it viciously. I knew Walnut Grove well enough, filled with huddled lines of oriental gambling clubs and bagnios ministering to coolies who worked on the delta lands. It was to these gambling clubs and bagnios that opium was shipped and San Francisco slave girls were delivered when the bloom had been rubbed off their charms. I wondered what devilment Yick Foon was planning now, with my respectable serving boy, Chung Bong, as a confederate.

A generation ago the problem would have been easy: I should have sent for Chung Bong's father and that would have been the end of the matter. But I saw clearly that times had indeed changed. Chung Bong's acknowledgment of parental authority was a pleasant fiction that he maintained only when the issues involved were of no moment to him. Likewise, the old confidence between master and slave—or master and hireling, if you prefer—was a thing of the past; the economy of his explanations proved that. He was leaving me on the first of the month; what had inspired his move was none of my business. I must confess I felt hurt. Chung Bong owed me more than that. And I had grown fond of him.

I decided to attempt to see Yick Foon. Surely she must have a code, a sense of justice—a heart. It was all very well to vent her spleen on my sex, but there were plenty of masculine targets for her to shoot her poisonous dart at without destroying an innocent youth. The night that I had departed from her presence minus the silken kerchief over my eyes, I had taken care to mark attentively the approach to her lodgings. I knew that I could find them again, but would I find her?

Late morning would be the best time to make the attempt, I thought. Her afternoons and especially her nights would be too filled with the demands of her profession. I dressed very carefully and soberly. . . .

As I halted before the faded crimson door at the head of the stairs, I almost doubted that any splendors lay beyond so shabby an approach.

I beat upon the door—once, twice—a third time. I heard a pattering sound and then a woman's voice said clearly and in perfect English:

"Who is there?"

"It is I—Chung Bong's master," I answered.

I heard the latch lift. The door swung open. A drab female figure in a shiny alpaca jacket and trousers stood in the doorway. I looked at her sharply. It was Yick Foon!

I never realized until then how much artifice enters into a woman's allure. Divested of her silken trappings, her rings, her bracelets, her seed pearls, Yick Foon was a little gray wren, who might, momentarily, have stopped stirring a pot of rice for her lord and master's midday meal.

She gave me her hand without affectation and drew me to the inner passage and shut the door.

"You caught me just in time," she said. "Tomorrow I should have been gone."

BY THIS time we stood in the room that had once startled me with its magnificence. But not a trace of splendor remained. A room, I decided, as I looked at these stark walls, was like a woman—it needed adornment to give it point.

A half-dozen packing boxes stood about, corded with bamboo thongs. Into these I had no doubt were piled the apple-green satin hangings, the jars of porcelain sprouting jeweled blossoms, the teakwood divan curtained with silk. *You caught me just in time. Tomorrow I should have been gone.* Assuredly. To the river country whence they shipped fading slave girls and opium for the delectation of brown coolies and toothless old men who cooked for harvest crews. I felt a distinct repulsion.

"You knew, of course, that I was leaving."

Her voice recalled me. "I know it now," I said, waving my cane toward the packing boxes. "Chung Bong was discreet. He told nothing except what was absolutely necessary. I congratulate you on having chosen such a prudent partner in crime."

She looked at me blandly. "There is no reason why he should not have told you."

"Perhaps not. But the less one says about such a squalid business the better." I looked sharply at Yick Foon. She was laughing at me. My voice rose in irritation. "A great English statesman once said that 'vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.' I—"

"It was Edmund Burke who said that," hastily interrupted Yick Foon.

"I—I never quite believed it. But I do today. Somehow, here," I swept the room again with my cane, "you made your vicious life *seem* shot through with a kind of beauty. Perhaps it was gross, but it didn't seem so. But selling dope and damaged goods to beasts— Bah!" I stopped to recapture my self-control. "What you do with your life is of no moment. I mean, if you want to step *down* to a lower level, that is your affair. But I'd think you would be more sporting than to trap a youth who was sent to you in all innocence. I wanted to see that boy happy. I wanted to see him marry the girl of his choice."

She gave a laugh. "What a hopeless romanticist! . . . Well, isn't he?"

"Isn't he what?"

"Isn't he marrying the girl of his choice?"

"You mean that Woo Dip—"

"I don't see where you ever got the impression that Woo Dip was the girl of his choice."

A SUDDEN light began to dawn. "Don't tell me that *you* are going to marry him?"

"Why not?" Her tone was defiant.

I hesitated and then said quite brutally, "Well, for one thing, I shouldn't think a husband would fit into your scheme of things. I shouldn't think that a husband would be exactly an asset in your business."

"Suppose I gave up my business?"

I glanced skeptically at the dismantled rooms—at the packing boxes corded with bamboo thongs. "So that's it. . . . Won't you find the rôle of wife in a California river town a little boring? . . ." She did not answer and I rapped one of the chests with my cane. "Well, at least you're taking your splendor with you. That ought to help some."

She shook her head. "I'm taking nothing with me. I'm starting fresh."

I still did not believe her. "But what's to become of the girls?"

She shrugged. "Packed off respectably to the Presbyterian Mission."

"What an extraordinary woman you are!"

"Aren't we all? . . . I mean, one never knows."

A look of strange innocence had settled on her face. "Are you really very much in love with Chung Bong?" I inquired.

"Don't ask silly questions," she said.

I gave her my hand. She pressed it warmly. "I said I was leaving everything behind. That wasn't quite true." She went over to a window ledge and picked up a slender oblong box which I recognized. She took out the Watteau fan and flung it open. The beribboned shepherd was still serenading his lovely shepherdess. "This is the only thing I am taking with me."

"You're a wretched sentimentalist," I chided.

"No more than you."

"But I'm an American."

She looked at me gravely. "And I'm a woman," she answered.

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PALS

I bet I've grinned at grocers, druggists and other storekeepers more than a hundred million times. Oh, a lot more, because I smile from every Clicquot bottle.

Clicquot GOLDEN is the really truly gingery kind of ginger ale. It's been more than fifty years since the first drink of it was made, and that's a long time. One reason why it is so good is that the flavors are allowed to mix together for 6 months before they are mixed with sparkling water. They have time to get used to one another and blend with one another. It takes a long time, but it makes the flavor good enough to make people happy.

Sometimes I get chums with other trade-marks, and we tell each other what a fine business we are in.

So I'm awfully glad the man who made my picture made it with a smile. It's no trouble at all to grin at the merchant or his salesman when he picks me up. Most usually I give him two grins because he sells two of me.

Another thing I like—I'm giving storekeepers more smiles every day because more people every day like the very full gingery flavor of Clicquot GOLDEN.

Yours with a grin,

Clicquot Kid

Clicquot Club GOLDEN

FULL GINGER FLAVOR

GINGER ALE

Have you tried
CLICQUOT CLUB
SPARKLING WATER?

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY . . . MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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Try to avoid stuffy indoor living

but build up your resistance as well

Indoors, do you fuss about the house being too warm or too drafty? Outdoors, do you complain about the cold and dampness "going right through you?"

Of course, other people feel these things too! People even in the best condition can't afford to take unnecessary risks in bad weather.

But perhaps you are affected *more* by these conditions than others. What you probably need most is *good resistance.*

And now there's a way for you to help yourself *before* regular ills begin! It's possible for you to improve your physical condition *in advance.* With the help of a daily resistance-builder—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex offers to people who need building-up the factors from *three* vitamin sources—halibut- and cod-liver oils with Viosterol! They provide an abundance of resistance-building Vitamin A—1500 units with every tablet. Every tablet also contains 2450 units of sunshine Vitamin D.

Try this resistance-building tablet now. Take them regularly *every day.* They will help prepare you for the extra tax at this time of year, increase your chances of being comfortable and in good condition.

Now—at any reliable drug store—Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D! Prepared by a process which gives them unique vitamin values. Exclusive with E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 22

later that he once tried to announce his rope act to the public and they laughed so heartily at what he said that he became embarrassed and decided never to talk again. It was many years later that Will Rogers was finally persuaded to talk himself into fame and fortune.

The second of "the musketeers," W. C. Fields, had a totally different development. At the age of eleven he left his home in Philadelphia to take his first job as an actor at Plymouth Park, a little Coney Island near Morristown, Pennsylvania. His wages were five dollars a week, out of which he paid an agent's commission of a dollar and a half weekly. From there he went to play at a drinking garden in Atlantic City for ten dollars a week and "cakes," which meant food, but it was neither cakes nor very good food. There was no charge for entertainment, and the proprietors of this fancy saloon did all their profiteering on five cents a beer, pretzels and Fields thrown in.

Triple Horseplay

His first real break came in burlesque, where he got eighteen dollars a week when he got it. At one time he was willing to settle all his back pay claims for fifty cents, to ransom his laundry. "If I had fifty cents," growled the burlesque manager, "I'd start a Number Two company!" This line has since become a catch-phrase in the profession.

These were two of the comedians who stood in the wings of the New Amsterdam Theater. I was the third.

In a business where a laugh to a comedian is life itself, the three musketeers of the Follies were ready to lay down their laughs for one another. Will Rogers would watch my act from the wings, or Bill Fields' sketch, and offer constructive suggestions to improve our material, and we always tried to do the same for him. But giving a gag to Rogers was like bringing a can of oil to Rockefeller.

We each did individual acts, but once Zieggy got the notion that his three musketeers should appear in a sketch together. Fields was grotesquely made up as the director of a patent office where crazy inventors brought crazier machines. Frank Carter, who was afterward married to Marilyn Miller, acted as his secretary, while Bert Williams, Will Rogers and I were among the patentees.

Bert had a fantastic kind of mousetrap, with a doorbell and a cannon and so many complicated contraptions that only a trained mouse could enter the trap with any success. I tried to patent an electric chair without any electricity. There was a spring attached to the seat and when the victim sat down the spring released a hammer which hit him on the head and was more effective than any current.

Will Rogers had a novel umbrella with a talking doll attached to the handle. If anybody tried to steal the umbrella the doll cried "Mamma." Occasionally we changed our inventions and sprang something new on Fields, who was entirely unprepared for the surprise. He had to keep right on edge to make sure the laugh was not on him.

As neither Will Rogers nor I had to use make-up for this scene, we would rush in from the street at the last minute and patent anything we could lay our hands on. It was the first comedy scene in the show and if Rogers did not arrive on time, I ran on for him, too, and he often served me the same way. Only Fields had to be on hand every night, get into elaborate make-up and go down with fear in his heart to his worthless patent office. But Fields finally decided that he would come late too, and the sketch had to be abandoned. Besides, we often stretched the scene to twice the time allotted for it and upset the routine of the show.

In spite of all the pranks and practical jokes, the three musketeers clung together. Their fraternal feeling was shared by every member of the company. Not only cues, costumes and sketches mattered. Everybody's personal affairs met with the sympathy and attention of the people in the show. I remember playing an important backstage rôle in the romance of Marilyn Miller and Frank Carter. Marilyn's parents definitely objected to the match and, having had a similar experience with my wife's parents, I became an eager accomplice in the plot to get the lovelorn couple together.

Gallagher and Shean were the most spectacular team for the time that they lasted that was ever developed in a Follies. They received as high as $2,500 a week for singing practically the one number, Oh, Mr. Gallagher; Oh, Mr. Shean. I had been called in to replace Will Rogers, who left for the coast to make some pictures, and when I began to ad lib at rehearsals, Gallagher threatened to quit. The manager summoned Zieggy to pacify the temperamental star.

Flo went into Gallagher's dressing-room, put his arm around him, and shortly afterward not only did Gallagher promise to stay on but he went about among the rest of the troupe shouting the praises of Ziegfeld and wondering why nobody else appreciated him.

It was, therefore, not remarkable that Zieggy could hold his artists against any competition. But the larger revenue and easier work that Hollywood held out to men of talent kept diminishing Flo's ranks. Still, he didn't give up without a battle. He sent countless telegrams to get Will Rogers to return to New York, and every Christmas he shipped out hundreds of toys from New York to the Rogers children, as a suitable hint that Zieggy was still active and alive.

Came the Crash

While working on the picture of Whoopee, Zieggy invited me for a ride along the shores of Santa Monica. The sun was bright and caressing, the palm trees swayed gently in the wind, the waters shone with a transparent blue—it was an idyllic setting of peace and contentment. I said, "Flo, it's wonderful out here; isn't it? A person can really rest and relax."

But he replied, with something wistful in his voice, "That's true, Eddie, but you and I belong back on Broadway, near the subway, where there are lots of people milling in and out, going to the theater."

"But, Flo, look at this scenery," I said to him. "Doesn't it get you?"

He said, "I could have Urban do the whole thing in a week." And Urban probably could.

After Whoopee he kept negotiating with Goldwyn in the hope that he could get me back to the Ziegfeld fold. On his last trip to Hollywood, sick, exhausted and anxious just to join his wife and daughter and rest in the sun, he still hoped that if he talked to me in person I would return and do a show with him the following season. He was right. No person could face Zieggy and say "no" when Flo wanted him to say "yes." But the accumulation of many forces conspired to defeat Zieggy in his last effort.

Toward the end of 1929 Flo's foundation began to crumble under him. Several weeks before the market crash, an important banker gave me an inkling of what was coming. The first one I thought of was Ziegfeld. I called him on the phone and begged him to get out of the market. He laughed at me, but I became so insistent that he finally sold most of his holdings and when those stocks went up, in the next few days, he called me back and said, "You cost me a fortune."

"Wait, Flo; this thing is coming," I assured him. Peculiarly enough, I myself remained in the market. I did not think my stocks were of a speculative nature. I thought they were good investments. I found that I was wrong, but was happy that I had saved Zieggy a small fortune.

Broke and Broken

About eight or nine months after the first big crash, when I wasn't looking, Zieggy sneaked in again; and like a bad boy, when I caught him in California talking about various stocks to Goldwyn and said, "Don't tell me you're in the market again"—he screwed up his face into a weak smile and said, "No; I just got a couple of shares for fun." This "couple of shares" cost him the remainder of his fortune.

Zieggy never recovered from the blows of 1929. This man, who had his own island in Canada, a home in Palm Beach, and another in Hastings-on-the-Hudson, who hired an entire restaurant for a week and made the owners close it to join his retinue and cook terrapin for him—this man, from 1929 on, could barely raise enough money to run his home and office. He still retained that same cold, bold front, but something had torn the strings that held his spirit together. At a time when he should have retired on his laurels and let the younger generation carry on, he had to tighten a knapsack to his back, take the old gun off the wall and start marching to the front once more.

All the wealthy financiers who had helped him liberally in his earlier productions were now pinched for cash themselves. Behind the scenes of the last Follies Zieggy produced lurked the elements of stark tragedy. Employees contributed money toward the production. Billie Burke did her share to relieve the financial pressure on Flo. Even the additional piece of property that Zieggy had bought, to extend Billie Burke's estate in Hastings, was also mortgaged. It was ironic that when Zieggy finally passed away, his wife had nothing left to her but Burkely Crest, the home she owned before she met him.

Had Zieggy gone into the picture business much earlier, as he once planned, he would undoubtedly have been one of its ablest exponents, but at the time he was too great in his own field to be interested. When he was anxious to join Hollywood, things had already taken a turn for the worse.

Radio might have saved Zieggy, but it came too late. It was only economic pressure that made him agree to present the Ziegfeld Follies on the air. With the able assistance of Eddie Dowling, who arranged his programs and acted as a splendid master of ceremonies, Ziegfeld offered a half-hour's program

(Continued on page 40)

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ATWATER KENT RADIO

The eleven-tube all-wave chassis

HAVE YOU HEARD LONDON LATELY—OR BERLIN OR PARIS?

NEW, powerful stations are broadcasting overseas. More announcements are being made in English. With a radio that will not only "bring them in"—but will capture their full flavor and color—these foreign programs add an exciting luxury to your accustomed radio pleasure.

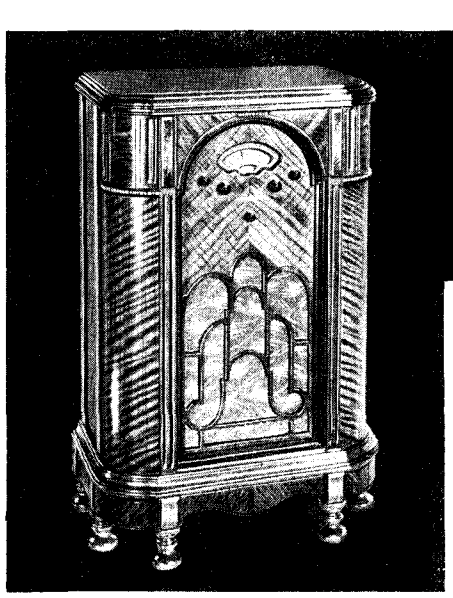
Then too, there is nothing like a *good* short-wave receiver for listening to distant American stations, especially during daylight hours.

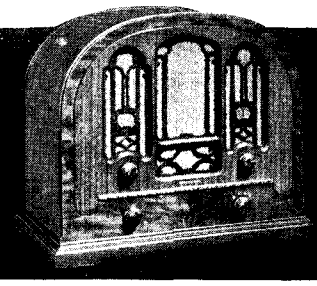
All-wave receivers are not new at Atwater Kent. The 1934 models pictured on this page contain the refinements of years of experience with similar sets.

And remember: slight imperfections, not noticeable if you were tuned on a local station, might easily ruin a broadcast from Italy or the Argentine. Atwater Kent precision workmanship reaps its full reward in the TRUTHFUL reproduction of a broadcast from half-way around the globe.

Look for the Atwater Kent nameplate. Be sure the radio you buy gives the complete satisfaction, the years of trouble-free service that *every* Atwater Kent is built to give.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President Philadelphia, Pa.





At left MODEL 711-J (11 tubes) tuning range from 540 to 23,000 kilocycles, 4-point switch for wave lengths, visual shadow tuning, 4-gang condenser, 10 tuned circuits. For truthful reproduction of broadcast through entire range of sound, it is, we believe, the finest radio ever sold commercially! **$135**

Above Model 708 (8 tubes). Contains same set as model 808 with 8½-inch electro-dynamic speaker. Cabinet is 15¾ inches wide, allowing space for full acoustical area and *full*-sized performance in convenient-sized cabinet. An exceptional value in a fine all-wave radio receiver at: **$68.50**

At right MODEL 808 (8 tubes) range from 540 to 20,000 kilocycles, 4-point switch for wave lengths, 11-inch speaker, 3 watts output, 4-gang condenser, 8 tuned circuits on broadcasting band, 9 tuned circuits on short wave band. All 8 tubes function at full power throughout the entire tuning range. **$88**

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HAPPY LETTER FROM A PIPE SMOKER'S WIFE

1917 Magnolia Ave.
Flint, Mich.
Feb. 9, 1933

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

It is truly remarkable what a difference a good smoke can make in a man.

Upon receipt of your sample package of Edgeworth Tobacco, I immediately had "friend husband" give it a trial. He has been an inveterate cigarette smoker. Personally, I detest the smell of cigarette smoke; also, I dislike to be constantly brushing up cigarette ashes.

After smoking the sample package, my husband bought a large package and a good briar pipe. By his satisfied expression after the first pipeful, I judged it was the first "real smoke" he'd had in years.

With his throat always irritated, he was constantly coughing. Now he can not only smoke without physical discomfort but save money as well. Whereas, he never smoked a full cigarette at a time, he can *enjoy a pipeful of Edgeworth down to the* last little flake—a vast saving on throat and pocketbook.

If you could see my husband among his friends with their various kinds of tobacco, praising Edgeworth, you would not wonder that I call him "a loyal Edgeworth fan."

Truly I cannot find words to express my appreciation to your company for the sample of tobacco which changed my husband from a "*chronic tobacco grouch*" to a satisfied pipe smoker.

Thanking you sincerely for the sample and wishing you all the success in the world in making other satisfied pipe smokers, I am

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Herbert A. Sutton

The makers of Edgeworth tender their thanks in this public way to Mrs. Sutton for her sincere letter telling what Edgeworth has meant in her home.

"Friend husband" gives it a trial

One need not abandon other forms of tobacco to enjoy pipe smoking. But because you are a cigarette smoker and enjoy it, do not assume that you would not also enjoy the comfort and satisfaction of a pipe. Try it. Get a pocket package of Edgeworth. Your tobacconist has it, and it will cost you but a few cents. Give pipe-smoking with Edgeworth a trial.

Besides the 15¢ pocket package of Edgeworth, there are other sizes up to the pound humidor tin. Also, Edgeworth is put up in vacuum tins which hold the flavor and aroma of the tobacco indefinitely, in any climate.

Enjoy pipe smoking with Edgeworth

Every Wednesday evening a company of Virginia country people put on a radio show at the Old Cross Roads Hall near Richmond. Tune in and join them in their wholesome fun. You will find them at ten o'clock, Eastern time, on WEAF Coast to Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

Ziegfeld and his Follies

Continued from page 38

each Sunday night that in my opinion was one of the most entertaining features broadcast. He got most of his stars to appear with him at various times. On one occasion, while listening in at my home in Hollywood, I heard Flo speaking over the radio. He had a soft, soothing voice and what he said was so simple and unadorned that it touched the hearts of his listeners. I never suspected for a moment that that would be the very last time I would hear his voice.

After Zieggy's grave illness, he started for Hollywood to rest and recover. When I heard that he was staying at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, in Los Angeles, I lost no time in going down to visit him. When I arrived, I learned that no one was permitted to see him. I returned the next day to find out whether he was better, and his faithful valet, Sidney, told me that the "boss" was asleep.

Sidney was not only Flo's valet, but his confidential secretary and often handled important money matters for him. Sidney, perhaps more than any other man, was most intimately acquainted with Flo's problems and affairs during his last few years. I sat an hour with Sidney, hoping that Zieggy might wake up and I would be allowed to greet him for a moment. Even if he did wake up, Sidney told me, it was doubtful that Zieggy would recognize me. The day before, he had been in a state of delirium.

Sidney told me what had happened. Zieggy lay in his bed, gaunt and worn, a shadow of his former self. A sickly pallor covered his face, his lips were parched, his eyes glowed with fever, but he sat up in bed and began to put on a show. It was the last Ziegfeld production, in the white room of a hospital, with nobody in the place but his valet.

"Let the curtain go up," cried Flo, "and I want some fast music."

Sidney trembled. At first he didn't realize what his master was saying, but suddenly he grasped the situation and did everything he could to make the illusion real.

"Fast music," cried Flo. "You can't start a show with a ballet."

Sidney turned on the radio and got a program of dance music, which Zieggy O. K.'d.

He continued to give orders. "That scene is no good," he said. "Where is Urban? . . . I don't care how long it will take. . . . What is that tall girl doing on the end? She doesn't belong here at all."

Sidney whispered that she had to have the work; she was supporting her family.

"All right," said Flo, "let her stay. We'll find some place for her."

The Last Finale

Then he called for his comedians. "You boys better do that scene now. I haven't had a look at it yet," observed Flo, and while the invisible comedians went through their unseen comedy antics, Flo kept turning to Sidney and saying: "Run over to the bank and find out if that money will be O. K. Tell them not to send any checks back. Tell them to call me first. . . . All right, boys, you'll have to stop the scene. I want to look at the girls."

Then, out of thin air, danced the Ziegfeld Follies beauties. They gathered in perfect formation in front of the white hospital bed.

"Bright white lights," cried Flo. "I want them to see the girls."

Sidney stared blankly at the emptiness in the room. "Yes," he murmured, with a lump in his throat, "the electrician is looking after the lights."

"Ready for the finale!" exclaimed Zieggy, getting up in his bed, hardly able to move, but when Sidney rushed to his assistance, he waved him aside.

"The seats in this theater ought to be fixed," he muttered. "Who's in the back there, making that noise? Throw him out. This is a dress rehearsal. We're opening tomorrow night. Hurry up. The finale!"

"Yes, Mr. Ziegfeld," said Sidney, the tears blinding him as he turned to another radio station for a stronger volume of music.

"That's fine," said Flo. "Go to the bank, Sidney. See if that check came in . . . the show looks great!" said Flo, and, getting up out of bed with all the vigor and energy he could muster, he threw on his bathrobe and walked across the room as if he were leaving the theater.

This was the day before he died.

I wanted to have one glimpse of Zieggy, but as I went toward his room, I met the nurse. She caught my arm and whispered, "He's sleeping. I wouldn't disturb him if I were you."

I walked out of the hospital, dazed and overcome. Still I had hope. I felt that a man with such strength would have to survive.

Early next morning my phone rang, announcing that Ziegfeld had passed away. It was such a shock that I sat stupefied at the telephone and cried as bitterly as if I had lost my own father.

"He Made All of Us"

Later in the day, Mrs. Rogers called me up and asked me to help Will make the funeral arrangements. Rogers and I went to a local minister and I'll never forget how Will tried to explain to the minister what he should say at the services. He said: "You see, you don't know Zieggy like we do. He was great, he was wonderful, he wasn't just a producer. You see, he made all of us—we would be nothing without him."

Later on I arranged for John Boles, my neighbor, to sing at the services. All of Zieggy's stars who were in Hollywood packed the little chapel in Los Angeles—many of his most beautiful girls, too. It was a new kind of setting for Ziegfeld beauties. There in black sat Marion Davies, Lilyan Tashman, Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Lina Basquette—and when Boles sang Going Home, they all bowed their heads and wept.

Many celebrities who never worked for Flo came to pay him a last tribute—Winfield Sheehan, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer, George M. Cohan, William Randolph Hearst, and all the picture stars and executives who knew him. The entire ceremony was extremely simple. Will Rogers saw to that. He allowed no announcement of the event in the papers. He wanted no public demonstration and no curiosity seekers. This was not the funeral of a theatrical potentate, but the passing of a man who in spite of all his foibles was loved and admired by his friends.

Ziegfeld's Bequest

Ziegfeld was unique. The touch of beauty and artistry that he bequeathed to the American theater and American womanhood has become the common heritage of the land.

The sadly ironic part of the last services rendered this internationally famous genius was the fact that the local minister, who eulogized Ziegfeld, repeatedly mispronounced his name. He kept saying "Ziegfield." But it didn't matter—he could tell us nothing that we did not know about Zieggy.

Aside from Billie Burke and Patricia, I know of nobody who was more affected by Zieggy's passing than Will Rogers. Will was as inconsolable as a child. He had lost someone whom he loved, a man whom he worshiped, and for weeks he could not overcome the tragedy of the blow.

After the services, a dozen of Zieggy's stars walked out of the funeral chapel. Their eyes were red and their faces had a lost, bewildered look—they had just bidden farewell to a man and an epoch.

In the long marathon that men have run to turn ugly realities into visions of beauty and entertainment, Ziegfeld had carried the torch to the highest point in that race. The development of radio and television may mean that the grandeur of Ziegfeld, which was intrinsically that of the theater, will never come again.

"I'm sorry, but we have to close the store now. Come around tomorrow and decide on the other two cents' worth"

Walter Schmidt

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What it Takes

Continued from page 16

honorable dollar bill in payment for gas, and see it ruined immediately by chance contact with hands wet with gas or oil or alcohol.

The men who make our paper money also wonder what effect repeal will have on it. They suspect that handling of paper currency in speakeasies was more calm, careful and tender than it will be in open and legalized drinking places.

It was hoped that reduction of the size would increase paper money's life by making it rest more snugly in wallets, thereby doing away with friction and fraying. The change had an unexpected effect. The smaller size was an easier and more compact pocket bundle for those who like to "flash a roll," and this did not make for longevity. Gamblers and bootleggers and gangsters, classes which grew in number and wealth during the last decade, were no respecters of the dollar's well-being. Whether due to hoarding or some other superstition, more than $300,000,000 worth of the old, clumsy, pre-1929 series of paper currency still escapes official efforts to corral it.

Although few realize it, the portraits on paper currency are works of art by twenty-five of the world's best engravers. Compare their depth and their dimensional illusion with the counterfeit article sometime—the best way to tell the false from the real—and see for yourself.

Only one woman has been honored by having her portrait on a piece of paper money, according to Mr. Hall. Martha Washington's picture was used on a silver certificate issued in 1886. Symbolic feminine figures have been used, and some of them were rather revealing in their display of physical charm. So much so that when the bureau resorted to an old design for the bonds of the Home Loan Bank Board some months ago, certain family men on the board complained that it was a bit too dashing for a security supposed to preserve the home and home life.

Look at Your Money

For many years the designs were a hodgepodge, but they were standardized in 1929 so as to beautify the bills and make counterfeiting easier of detection. The money-makers, however, and especially Secret Service Chief W. H. Moran, doubt whether many people ever look at their money. As our two best known and most easily recognizable faces, Washington and Lincoln appear, respectively, on all $1 and $5 bills.

The Democrats grumbled, without avail, when the Hoover Administration selected Thomas Jefferson for the unlucky and virtually useless $2 bill, and Alexander Hamilton, Jefferson's bitter foe, for the $10 note. As the denominations increase in amount, the portraits are those of less known figures, until, if it means anything to you, Salmon P. Chase stares out from the $10,000 note, the largest made.

With the exception of the $1, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000 denominations, which have ornate denominational pattern, the backs have a historical relationship to faces on the front. His Monticello home is reproduced on the back of the Jefferson note, Lincoln Memorial on the back of the $5 bill, and so on. "Tell people to study their money," urges Chief Moran, who says that public ignorance of what's what in currency accounts for almost all the success in circulating counterfeits.

Besides keeping an inventory of currency, the bureau can turn it out as fast as it can be spent—maybe faster. From white paper to neatly packed $1 silver certificates manufactured at the rate of $3,600,000 a day, is, in an emergency, only a five-day trick. The output speeds up rapidly after the first few million, and in ten days, without any overtime work, the bureau can produce $4,800,000,000 of these certificates, as plates for this class are plentiful. Last March, when the new issue of federal reserve bank notes was authorized for use in the banking crisis, the bureau hung up a record. The emergency bill was signed by the President at dinner time on March 9th, and on the morning of March 11th, more than $1,000,000 worth was delivered to the Federal Reserve Bank in New York City.

Doomed Dollars

"Yes, I handle a lot of money," agreed a woman sitting at her table in the inspection room, where defective bills are caught and thrown out. She explained that an expert can examine 7,500 sheets of new currency a day, and as each sheet has twelve notes on it, she can finger 90,000 notes in about seven hours.

The bureau is not a monetary agency; it is only a factory. It turns its various classes of notes over to the Treasury, the Federal Reserve Board or the Comptroller of the Currency, and they distribute them to banks which ask for a new supply and qualify by depositing collateral in the form of gold, silver, federal bonds or commercial paper, depending upon the kind of note wanted. Replacement money, which constitutes the chief operation, can be obtained by sending in stuff unfit for circulation, and there is a constant exchange of old and new money between Washington and the nation's banks.

Old money's destruction is a formal ritual. Under the auspices and observation of a destruction committee at the Treasury all returned bills are split in two so as to insure that none escapes its end. Each morning at 9 o'clock, talking and laughing as cold-bloodedly as if they were not escorting to its doom money which had paid for births and marriages and deaths, financed wars and vast industries, caused gangster killings and bank robberies, produced heartaches and happiness, the committee drives from the Treasury to the bureau, the money following in a bus or truck.

If it is a small amount up for destruction, only $500,000,000 or so, they toss it into a sausage-shaped macerator eighteen feet tall, and there it churns in a bath of corrosive chemicals. If it is a really large shipment, it meets a more ritzy death in the flames of an incinerator.

After twenty-four hours, the committee returns to the scene of the crime, still joking and laughing, holds an autopsy over the remains, makes sure that no fragment larger than a postage stamp has survived and sends it to a dump-heap fertilized with the ashes and pulp of more millions than Midas ever dreamed about.

Even then you can still get your money back after a fashion. Although it is not a bureau enterprise, some employees make plaques and statues from the macerated pulp and sell them to tourists. And many persistent pilgrimagers visit the dump to kick their way through yesterday's money, always carrying some away so that they may roll their own replicas of historic figures and buildings.

Dear Marjory,

I could love you if you'd stop eating...or start using Colgate's

You are almost a very beautiful girl, Marjory.

Your hair—ah, your hair is gorgeous. Your eyes, your lips—divine. Your figure—umpty-um-tum!

But darling, your teeth are dingy. And I dislike, I hate, I abhor, I positively loathe dingy teeth in women. Most men do.

You're old enough to know that everything you eat and drink stains your teeth. Not just one kind of stain, either—but SEVEN KINDS.

And don't be silly. I'm not seriously suggesting that you stop eating. But you might try Colgate's Dental Cream.

Why Colgate's?

Because, the stains on your teeth are not only hard to get off, but they differ in kind. No *one* cleansing action will remove them all. And most toothpastes have only one cleansing action.

But Colgate's, my love, has *two* actions. An emulsive action that washes away the less tenacious stains. And a polishing action that *safely* removes the others. Together, these two actions will make your teeth as dazzlingly beautiful as the rest of you.

And now, "Au Revoir." You will never get this letter, Marjory, I am going to make an advertisement of it instead. But I hope you will see the ad. And I hope you buy a tube of Colgate's.

If you do....we'll be going places together.

P. S. Colgate's only costs 20¢ for a large tube.

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This ACCURATE TAYLOR FEVER THERMOMETER

Only $1

EASY TO READ

WHAT folly it is to let colds and other winter ills steal up and get you or some member of your family in their grip! Make sure about your temperature when you begin to feel bad. That is the sensible way to head off trouble with your doctor's help before it is too late.

The Taylor Instanta Fever Thermometer is the instrument for you. It is unusually easy to read. Below normal temperatures are shown in black on one side; above normal in red on the other side. Normal is indicated when the mercury touches both black and red lines.

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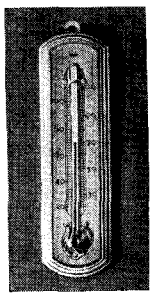

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Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of Mississippi.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

His Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 11

I stopped still in the street, I was so surprised. Loney never talked like that about any of my fights before. He was always saying, "Don't worry about how tough this mug looks, just go in and knock him apart," or something like that.

I said, "You mean—?"

He took hold of my arm to start me walking again. "Maybe I overmatched you this time, Kid. This sailor's pretty good. He can box and he hits a lot harder than anybody you been up against so far."

"Oh, I'll be all right," I said.

"Maybe," he said, scowling straight ahead. "Listen, what do you think about what Pete said about you needing more boxing?"

"I don't know. I don't ever pay any attention much to what anybody says but you."

"Well, what do you think about it now?" he asked.

"Sure, I'd like to learn to box better, I guess."

HE GRINNED at me without moving his lips much. "You're liable to get some fine lessons from this Sailor whether you want 'em or not. But no kidding, suppose I told you to box him instead of tearing in, would you do it? I mean for the experience, even if you didn't make much of a showing that way."

I said, "Don't I always fight the way you tell me?"

"Sure you do. But suppose it meant maybe losing this once but learning something?"

"I want to win, of course," I said, "but I'll do anything you tell me. Do you want me to fight him that way?"

"I don't know," he said. "We'll see."

Friday and Saturday I just loafed around. Friday I tried to find somebody to go out and shoot pheasants with but all I could find was Bob Kirby and I was tired of listening to him make the same jokes over and over, so I changed my mind and stayed home.

Loney came home for supper and I asked him what the odds were on our fight.

He said, "Even money. You got a lot of friends."

"Are we betting?" I asked.

"Not yet. Maybe if the price gets better. I don't know."

I wished he had not been so afraid I was going to lose but I thought it might sound kind of conceited if I said anything about it, so I just went on eating.

We had a swell house that Saturday night. The armory was packed and we got a pretty good hand when we went in the ring. I felt fine and I guess Dick Cohen, who was going to be in my corner with Loney, felt fine too, because he looked like he was trying to keep from grinning. Only Loney looked kind of worried, not enough that you would notice it unless you knew him as well as I did, but I could notice it.

"I'm all right," I told him. A lot of fighters say they feel uncomfortable waiting for their fight to start but I always feel fine.

Loney said, "Sure you are," and slapped me on my back. "Listen, Kid," he said, and cleared his throat. He put his mouth over close to my ear so nobody else would hear him. "Listen, Kid, maybe—maybe you better box him like we said. O. K.?"

I said, "O. K."

"And don't let those mugs out front yell you into anything. You're doing the fighting up there."

I said, "O. K."

The first couple of rounds were kind of fun in a way because this was new stuff to me, this moving around him on my toes and going in and out with my hands high. Of course I had done some of that with fellows in the gym but not in the ring before and not with anybody that was as good at it as he was. He was pretty good and had it all over me both of those rounds but nobody hurt anybody else.

But in the first minute of the third he got to my jaw with a honey of a right cross and then whammed me in the body twice fast with his left. Pete and Loney had not been kidding when they said he could hit. I forgot about boxing and went in pumping with both hands, driving him all the way across the ring before he tied me up in a clinch. Everybody yelled so I guess it looked pretty good but I only really hit him once; he took the rest of them on his arms. He was the smartest fighter I had ever been up against.

By the time Pop Agnew broke us I remembered I was supposed to be boxing so I went back to that, but Perelman was going faster and I spent most of the rest of the round trying to keep his left out of my face.

"Hurt you?" Loney asked when I was back in my corner.

"Not yet," I said, "but he can hit."

In the fourth I stopped another right cross with my eye and a lot of lefts with other parts of my face and the fifth round was still tougher. For one thing, the eye he had hit me in was almost shut by that time and for another thing I guess he had me pretty well figured out. He went around and around me, not letting me get set.

"How do you feel?" Loney asked when he and Dick were working on me after that round. His voice was funny, like he had a cold.

I said, "All right." It was hard to talk much because my lips were puffed out.

"Cover up more," Loney said.

I shook my head up and down to say I would.

"And don't pay any attention to those mugs out front."

I HAD been too busy with Sailor Perelman to pay much attention to anybody else but when we came out for the sixth round I could hear people hollering things like, "Go in and fight him, Kid," and, "Come on, Kid, go to work on this guy," and, "What are you waiting for, Kid?" so I guessed they had been hollering like that all along. Maybe that had something to do with it or maybe I just wanted to show Loney that I was still all right so he would not worry about me. Anyway, along toward the last part of the round, when Perelman jarred me with another one of those right crosses that I was having so much trouble with, I got down low and went in after him. He hit me some but not enough to keep me away and, even if he did take care of most of my punches, I got in a couple of good ones and I could tell that he felt them. And when he tied me up in a clinch I knew he could do it because he was smarter than me and not because he was stronger.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled in my ear. "Are you gone nuts?" I never liked to talk in the ring so I just grinned to myself without saying anything and kept trying to get a hand loose.

Loney scowled at me when I sat down after that round. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "Didn't I tell you to box him?" He was awful pale and his voice was hoarse.

I said, "All right, I will."

Dick Cohen began to curse over on the side I could not see out of. He did not seem to be cursing anybody or anything, just cursing in a low voice until Loney told him to shut up.

I wanted to ask Loney what I ought to do about that right cross but, with my mouth the way it was, talking was a lot of work and, besides, my nose was stopped up and I had to use my mouth for breathing, so I kept quiet. Loney and Dick worked harder on me than they had between any of the other rounds. When Loney crawled out of the ring just before the gong he slapped me on the shoulder and said in a sharp voice, "Now box."

I WENT out and boxed. Perelman must have got to my face thirty times that round; anyway it felt like he did, but I kept on trying to box him. It seemed like a long round.

I went back to my corner not feeling exactly sick but like I might be going to get sick, and that was funny because I could not remember being hit in the stomach to amount to anything. Mostly Perelman had been working on my head. Loney looked a lot sicker than I felt. He looked so sick I tried not to look at him and I felt kind of ashamed of making a bum out of him by letting this Perelman make a monkey out of me like he was doing.

"Can you last it out?" Loney asked.

When I tried to answer him I found that I could not move my lower lip because the inside of it was stuck on a broken tooth. I put a thumb up to it and Loney pushed my glove away and pulled the lip loose from the tooth.

Then I said, "Sure. I'll get the hang of it pretty soon."

Loney made a queer gurgling kind of noise down in his throat and all of a sudden put his face up close in front of mine so that I had to stop looking at the floor and look at him. His eyes were like you think a hophead's are. "Listen, Kid," he says, his voice sounding cruel and hard, almost like he hated me. "To hell with this stuff. Go in and get that mug. What the hell are you boxing for? You're a fighter. Get in there and fight."

I started to say something and then stopped, and I had a goofy idea that I would like to kiss him or something and then he was climbing through the ropes and the gong rang.

I did like Loney said and I guess I took that round by a pretty good edge. It was swell, fighting my own way again, going in banging away with both hands, not swinging or anything silly like that, just shooting them in short and hard, leaning from side to side to get everything from the ankles up into them. He hit me of course but I figured he was not likely to be able to hit me any harder than he had in the other rounds and I had stood up under that, so I was not worrying about it now. Just before the gong rang I threw him out of a clinch and when it rang I had him covering up in a corner.

It was swell back in my corner. Everybody was yelling all around except Loney and Dick and neither of them said a single word to me. They hardly looked at me, just at the parts they were working on and they were rougher with me than they ever were before. You would have thought I was a machine they were fixing up. Loney was not looking sick any more. I could tell he was excited because his face was set hard and still. I like to remember him that way, he was awful good-looking.

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Dick was whistling between his teeth very low while he doused my head with a sponge.

I got Perelman sooner than I expected, in the ninth. The first part of the round was his because he came out moving fast and left-handing me and making me look pretty silly, I guess, but he could not keep it up and I got in under one of his lefts and cracked him on the chin with a left hook, the first time I had been able to lay one on his head the way I wanted to. I knew it was a good one even before his head went back and I threw six punches at him as fast as I could get them out—left, right, left, right, left, right. He took care of four of them but I got him on the chin again with a right and just above his trunks with another, and when his knees bent a little and he tried to clinch I pushed him away and smacked him on the cheek bone with everything I had.

Then Dick Cohen was putting my bathrobe over my shoulders and hugging me and sniffling and cursing and laughing all at the same time, and across the ring they were propping Perelman up on his stool.

"Where's Loney?" I asked.

Dick looked around. "I don't know. He was here. Boy, was that a mill!"

Loney caught up to us just as we were going in the dressing-room. "I had to see a fellow," he said. His eyes were bright like he was laughing at something, but he was white as a ghost and he held his lips tight against his teeth even when he grinned kind of lopsided at me and said, "It's going to be a long time before anybody beats you, Kid."

I said I hoped it was. I was awful tired now that it was all over. Usually I get awful hungry after a fight but this time I was just awful tired.

Loney went across to where he had hung his coat and put it on over his sweater, and when he put it on the tail of it caught and I saw he had a gun in his hip pocket. That was funny because I never knew him to carry a gun before and if he had had it in the ring everybody would have been sure to see it when he bent over working on me. I could not ask him about it because there were a lot of people in there talking and arguing.

Pretty soon Perelman came in with his manager and two other men who were strangers to me, so I guessed they had come down from Providence with him too. He was looking straight ahead but the others looked kind of hard at Loney and me and went up to the other end of the room without saying anything. We all dressed in one long room there.

Loney said to Dick, who was helping me, "Take your time. I don't want the Kid to go out till he's cooled off."

PERELMAN got dressed pretty quick and went out still looking straight ahead. His manager and the two men with him stopped in front of us. The manager was a big man with green eyes like a fish and a dark kind of flat face. He had an accent too, maybe he was a Polack. He said, "Smart boys, huh?"

Loney was standing up with one hand behind him. Dick Cohen put his hands on the back of a chair and kind of leaned over it. Loney said, "I'm smart. The Kid fights the way I tell him to fight."

The manager looked at me and looked at Dick and looked at Loney again and said, "M-m-m, so that's the way it is." He thought a minute and said, "That's something to know." Then he pulled his hat down tighter on his head and turned around and went out with the other two men following.

I asked Loney, "What's the matter?"

He laughed but not like it was anything funny. "Bad losers."

"But you've got a gun in—"

He cut me off. "Uh-huh, a fellow asked me to hold it for him. I got to go give it back to him now. You and Dick go on home and I'll see you there in a little while. But don't hurry, because I want you to cool off before you go out. You two take the car, you know where we parked it. Come here, Dick."

He took Dick over in a corner and whispered to him. Dick kept nodding his head up and down and looking more and more scared, even if he did try to hide it when he turned around to me. Loney said, "Be seeing you," and went out.

"What's the matter?" I asked Dick.

He shook his head and said, "It's nothing to worry about," and that was every word I could get out of him.

FIVE minutes later Bob Kirby's brother Pudge ran in and yelled, "Jees, they shot Loney!"

I shot Loney. If I was not so dumb he would still be alive any way you figure it. For a long time I blamed it on Mrs. Schiff, but I guess that was just to keep from admitting that it was my own fault. I mean I never thought she actually did the shooting, like the people who said that when he missed the train that they were supposed to go away on together she came back and waited outside the armory and when he came out he told her he had changed his mind and she shot him. I mean I blamed her for lying to him, because it came out that nobody had tipped Big Jake off about her and Loney. Loney had put the idea in her head, telling her about what Pete had said, and she had made up the lie so Loney would go away with her. But if I was not so dumb Loney would have caught that train.

Then a lot of people said Big Jake killed Loney. They said that was why the police never got very far, on account of Big Jake's pull down at the City Hall. It was a fact that he had come home earlier than Mrs. Schiff had expected and she had left a note for him saying that she was running away with Loney, and he could have made it down to the street near the armory where Loney was shot in time to do it, but he could not have got to the railroad station in time to catch their train, and if I was not so dumb Loney would have caught that train.

And the same way if that Sailor Perelman crowd did it, which is what most people including the police thought even if they did have to let them go because they could not find enough evidence against them. If I was not so dumb Loney could have said to me right out, "Listen, Kid, I've got to go away and I've got to have all the money I can scrape up and the best way to do it is to make a deal with Perelman for you to go in the tank and then bet all we got against you." Why, I would have thrown a million fights for Loney, but how could he know he could trust me, with me this dumb?

Or I could have guessed what he wanted and I could have gone down when Perelman copped me with that uppercut in the fifth. That would have been easy. Or if I was not so dumb I would have learned to box better and, even losing to Perelman like I would have anyway, I could have kept him from chopping me to pieces so bad that Loney could not stand it any more and had to throw away everything by telling me to stop boxing and go in and fight.

Or even if everything had happened like it did up to then he could still have ducked out at the last minute if I was not so dumb that he had to stick around to look out for me by telling those Providence guys that I had nothing to do with double-crossing them.

I wish I was dead instead of Loney.

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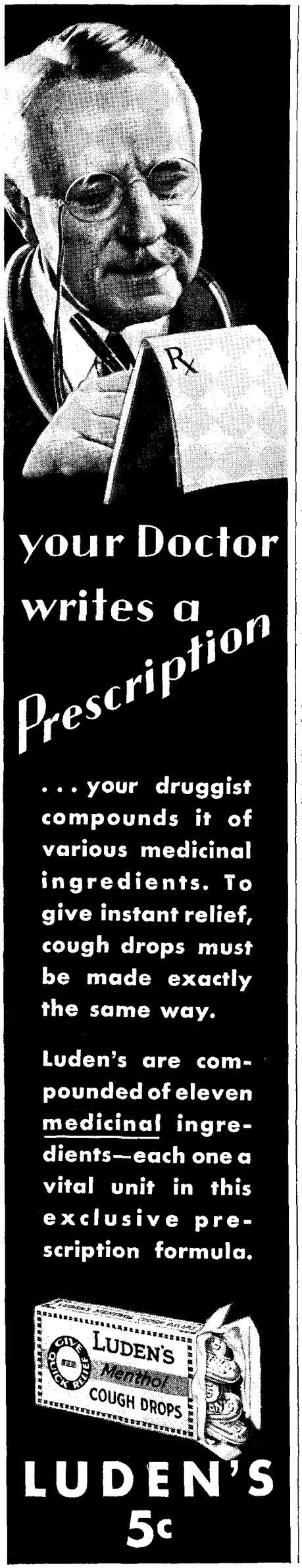
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Rough Air

Continued from page 9

but Anne Carson put a small pressure on his arm and drew him across the yard so that he might see the prairie sweep eastward into blackness. Here and there in that swimming dark a light winked like a beacon through what was otherwise isolation.

"Like this?" he said.

"I was born in one of those homestead houses away out there, Jim. This is my country."

He lighted a cigarette and offered her one as an afterthought. There was a keen relish in the smoke, a thin and effervescent flavor to the night.

"Sometimes, flying at night, I pass over lights like those out there. I always wonder."

"They seem very dreary and lonely, Jim?"

"No. Permanent. Somebody's got roots down. That's rare. Rarer than you think."

"Don't be too sure about me."

He looked down. The glow of her cigarette ran back and betrayed the upward tilt of her features; they were palely shining. "You'll be going out in the morning?"

He stared into the sky, breathed the brisk air. "Yes."

"Nothing keeps you long."

"That's the second time today I've heard it said."

"And a woman each time said it."

"How would you know?"

She turned and her face was farther away; moonlight swelled along the earth and the yonder dark began to heave as this odd radiance struck the stubborn shadows. An earring flashed; below the thin wrap she wore, her shoulders stirred faintly and went still, like a gesture of resignation. "It's the sort of thing a woman would say. You're not a pretty man, Jim. I think you must be made out of rocks; and you look at the world as though you defied it. Yet sometimes you're brutally attractive. Mystery? Maybe. Women love mystery. It is only when you smile there's any sparkle in you. If only women were silly about you, I'd rate you away down. But I happen to know you are loyal to men—and men are very loyal to you. Like Will Keeler, who'd stay by that plane all night if you asked him. A faker can't create that sort of thing in other people."

He said, more insistently: "You've got something on me."

SHE let the silence drag, then said in quietness: "I know you."

"Headlines," he guessed.

"No, not headlines and rotogravure sections, though I have seen enough of them. Captain Jim Breed leaves his test ship at ten thousand feet when a wing buckles. Captain Breed takes off for Hawaii. Captain Breed snapped with Carol Castaine on the Malibu Beach. No, that's only the surface."

Breed said gently: "Let it go like that."

But she turned back and put her hand lightly on his arm, and looked up. "You have a public and you have a reputation and all the excitement and glitter of the world has been yours ever since you brought your first German plane down in France. That's a long time to be in the spotlight. In a way you're a showman. But your face in repose is not happy. I think you have seen too much and done too much. You wonder—what is there left for Jim Breed?"

"Well, what is there left for Jim Breed?"

He observed then how swift she could change; how easily her complex, rare personality slipped elusively away. Her tone went light, faintly provocative. "Another crash for the movies, another party at Carol Castaine's palace, or another brunette walking with you on the Malibu Beach. I have observed your partiality for brunettes. Let's go in."

The radio was on, and couples were dancing.

The phone rang. Young Stewart answered it and wigwagged to Breed. Keeler was on the wire.

"All fixed up," he said.

"I've imposed on you, Keeler."

"Me?" said Keeler. "I'll never get any closer to paradise. This is a sweet ship, Captain."

"Warm it up for me, will you? I'll be there in twenty minutes."

HE HUNG up and turned to the silent crowd. Anne Carson still sat on the stairs, watching him out of eyes he wished he might read. "You've been mighty kind," he told them. "But Monday morning always comes."

Stewart said: "We'll drive you over."

They all went out. Stewart backed his car from the garage and Anne Carson got in with Breed and another couple, while the rest went to find another machine. Stewart slid down the hill and dropped Breed at the hotel and said, "I'll wait." Breed walked up to his room. He got into his flying suit and closed his kit, and returned to the lobby; he paid his bill, put twenty dollars in an envelope and sealed it. "To the doctor at the hospital, whoever he is," he directed the clerk, and then returned to the car.

Keeler was waiting at the flying field. "Swell night."

The headlights of both cars were pointed on the ship and it lay along the runway with the illusion of being weightless and ready to rise. Fluid beauty dripped from wing and body in silver fragments, the prop cut a shining disk from the night and the motor turned over with an unfaltering rhythm. Breed stood a moment listening and then tossed in his kit and faced the crowd. He merely raised his hand at them, smiling. But he looked steadily at Anne Carson until she came forward.

"So long," he said.

"So that's that."

He pulled on his gloves, looking down at her. "Never get mixed up with a flier, Anne. He'd break your heart."

"So long."

He whirled and stepped up and settled himself in the cockpit. The engine blast slashed dust backward, the crowd retreated. There was a full-out roar as the ship rolled on and came to even keel; and then like a pale missile it shot low and fast into the sky, wings faintly rocking, and faded to one luminous spot against the dark horizon. In a little while only the reverberation of the motor remained.

Anne Carson said: "Let me off here a moment, Jack," and got out and went into the telegraph office. She wrote this wire:

BILL GAYNOR CITY EDITOR EXPRESS LOS ANGELES:

SAW THE OLD HOME PLACE AND WEPT FOR ITS MEMORIES SO YOUR STAR HOLLYWOOD REPORTER WILL BE BACK ON THE JOB TUESDAY DONT RUN ANY MORE STORIES ABOUT CAROL CASTAINE MARRYING HER COUNT THEYRE PHONY SHE WONT DO IT THIS SUMMER HOW DO I KNOW BECAUSE I KNOW AND IT REALLY ISNT SO FUNNY ANNE

ANNE CARSON typed three dashes at the end of a sheet, and lifted it out to the pile of copy on her desk. She went through her copy with a soft pen-

"Just follow me, Ed—an' I'll show you where to get back out!"

Frank Owen

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cil, clipped it together and, walking briskly the length of the local room, dropped it in the city editor's basket. Bill Gaynor grinned at her.

Bill was thirty-five and losing his hair along with his eyesight; and his face was rather taut and preoccupied. There were a lot of main lines through Bill Gaynor's head, all of them busy all of the time. He had no chivalry and no illusions and everything to him was a racket, but any moocher could ring him for a dollar.

"All washed up?"

"Yes."

"You might look in at Rex tomorrow. Apparently they got something on the lot. A super-super to end all super-supers. Anyhow, flying stuff is in again, so give it a ride. You got a stepping-out look."

"La Castaine is throwing one tonight."

"That dame," said Bill Gaynor. "Are you white folks or do you stand around with the potted palms?"

"I rate, Bill."

"Yeah, you and Castaine—like that. By any chance she wouldn't want a favor, would she?"

"It's people like you, Bill, that make it tough on Santa Claus."

"What you wearin'?"

"Something red, Bill."

"The demimondaine type tonight, I see."

SHE went down the elevator, into a broiling heat, caught a street car and stood up with a weary, wilted crowd for thirty-five blocks, dropping off at last at a tall court apartment. She bought a loaf of rye bread and a bottle of milk at the delicatessen, and some salami; then went up to her room. The air here was too dead. She got out of her dress and into a silk wrap without delay and stood a moment by the mirror to study her hair. The wave, she saw, was inadequate. She dialed the beauty shop in the building.

"Can you take me at seven-thirty? No, just a reset."

She rummaged up a cold meal and ate it, sitting up to the kitchen drainboard on a stool. The Three Brocks were home again, for the piano in the apartment above drummed faintly and the ceiling transmitted the sharp clack of a tap routine. This was Hollywood, this was the show business. Carol Castaine lived in a Beverly Hills castle as extravagant as a studio setting; and here were three kids on the ragged edge, practicing endless steps and waiting for a call from the central casting bureau that never would come. Hope flowed into this crazy town and bitterness flowed out of it. Nothing was certain but a kind of cannibalistic ambition that drove the unknown and scourged the great. . . .

It was past seven. Anne filled the percolator and placed two slices of bread in the toaster for breakfast. She laid out her clothes, slipped from her underthings and wound her yellow hair into a knot beneath a rubber cap; and took her shower. The phone rang just as she started out for the hairdresser's. It was one of the Brock boys.

"Say, Miss Carson, we don't bother you with this hoofin'?"

"It's my evening hushaby, Steve."

"Well, look. Monarch's doing a pitcher. Like 42d Street. I think we're in."

"Swell, Steve."

They still had hope. Anne said "Damn" gently, as she went out the door. Some assistant director had been building them up—making a big guy out of himself. It was eight when she got back and started dressing; and after she had quite finished, after she had done with the last transitory aid to beauty, she stood straight and still in front of the mirror and wondered. It was better than she thought. The cherry-red gown really had a touch to it; it really modeled a body of which she never had been ashamed, and the brightness of the color heightened the amber glints of her hair. But she looked longer and more thoughtfully at her face, at the definite contours of her cheeks and the straight, dark line of her eyes which never could be less questioning or less candid.

She could not compete, she understood, with the women of Castaine's particular world. That sleekness and softness and daring, that constant undertone of fire was not for her. She could not abandon her natural reserves to practice what was with them an art. The daughters of Jubal made music; but the daughters of the artificer Tubal-cain worked for a living. The distinction was quite clear and she wondered why she had been at such pains to appear well. Snapping out the light, she knew she was fooling herself. The question had its own answer.

She went down to the lobby, a slim and vivid shape proudly carried, and out to the waiting cab. It was beyond nine when she reached Carol Castaine's Norman château.

She had not been sure of the nature of the party, and so her quick eyes sought the crowd and instantly guessed its character. Wings Over Hell was at the half stage when tempers had begun to get a little frayed, and Castaine, who was a studio politician of infinite finesse, had most of the cast gathered here to soothe vanity and tie up stray ends so that it might be a better picture—for Castaine. It was, Anne Carson gathered, just another alfresco evening quite in vogue during these trying years of bad box-office and salary cuts. Big affairs were in bad taste; even the most flamboyant were a little afraid.

Carol Castaine came up with one of her famous quick smiles. She was in silver and black, the color combination she loved to use against a pale skin and incredibly black hair pulled tightly down behind her ears. Sometimes Anne Carson thought this tiger lily of the screen dressed her head thus severely that all attention might focus on the large eyes and the long, restless mouth; for this was a face that could express any emotion within human range. Her voice had the intimate huskiness of a torch singer, sudden inflections lifting and lowering the tone; and though she was a small woman, the effect of her personality was like an irresistible undertow.

She said, "That's a nice dress, Anne."

"Twenty-nine-fifty."

"Darling, it's the way you wear it. You know everybody here."

BARRY TRENT came up, a very tall man with splendid shoulders and the sort of features all camera men like to work with; but they had, for Anne, faintly too much flexibility. Lydia Lane, a beautiful 1933 movie edition of the old siren of the silent days, came up and fraternally put a hand on Anne. Others slowly drifted in and made a circle till Castaine, who hated a diffused spotlight, broke it by moving away. Ferd Gottschalk, the Rex director, sat deep in a chair, every muscle of his unwieldy body slack underneath crumpled tweeds. Anne Carson strolled past him and said, "Hello, Ferd," and moved on. Gottschalk looked up. He said, "Hello, Anne." And then presently he repeated himself—"Hello, Anne," and followed her with his big-lidded eyes. Anne went on to a little redhead standing alone and not quite at ease. She was, Anne knew, not long out of the extra ranks.

"So you struck oil, finally. I'm glad, Wyn."

(Continued on page 46)

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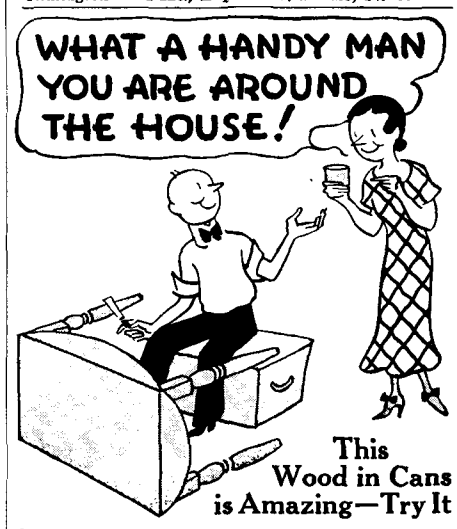

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AMERICA'S Quality TOOTH BRUSH

(Continued from page 45)

"The canteen girl who weeps when the columns march by. I haven't a line to say; I just weep."

"A bit," said Anne. "A face in one corner of the picture. But it can make you."

The redhead stared at Anne and her expression tightened. "Tell me, how agreeable have I got to be to get along? You know what I mean."

"The first question in the primer of stardom. You're in a tooth-and-claw world now. If you slip you're torn apart. Fight for what you want, play politics if you must, to make them see you. But don't let anybody fool you, and don't ever let go of yourself."

"Men run Hollywood," observed the redhead somberly. "It's men you've got to do business with. On their own terms."

ANNE CARSON studied this girl with an unsmiling silence. Here was the beginning of a story so old—so very old. The redhead had taken the first short step out of the extra ranks and the ambition in her was like a fanned fire. She was, Anne Carson guessed, looking with a sort of remorseless detachment at the blind future, steeling herself to the jumps. If ambition drove her too relentlessly she would stop at nothing. It was youth driving a hard bargain with a cruel fame.

Ferd Gottschalk came over at a lumbering gait and handed Anne Carson a cocktail. He was a glum, indifferent sort of man, too heavy and too homely. But his eyes had power; he was Ferd Gottschalk. He looked slyly at Anne Carson. "We are having a conversation," he grumbled. "I know." He pointed his hand at the redhead and waggled it up and down with his words. "Some women, yes. Some, no. You—no."

"From Gottschalk," said Anne, faintly ironical. The party had split into small clusters; there was no effort at sustained conversation.

"From me," said Gottschalk, and steadily stared at the redhead. "You'll get along. You got a little of the devil in you, which the camera gets. You got something else. A touch of sweetness. The combination which is man's dream of what his wife should be—maternal and pure, but a courtesan in the moments he wants her to be so for him. Wildness and gentleness. Something sweet with a dash of acid. You get it? Well, suppose you go to Hollywood. You lose it and it shows in your face and the camera gets just another hell-cat type like the studios are full of already."

"Thank you," said the red-headed girl, very cool.

Motion stirred the crowd. Carol Castaine came from the door with one arm through the agreeably crooked elbow of a man. Her face was all laughter and light; she looked up at him with a pleased and demanding expression.

Anne set her glass on the table slowly and turned toward the redhead, thus putting her back to the scene. But that was only a momentary gesture, for she wheeled again and looked at the man, her eyes and lips sober. He was in evening dress, the black cloth swelling across those rugged shoulders; and above the gleaming whiteness of collar and shirt his burned skin and crisp hair turned even darker. His smile was a sudden flash; a streak of light across somberness. He looked carelessly around the room and carelessly back to Carol Castaine; and it seemed to the watching Anne that he was like substance arriving amongst shadow. He was that solid, that vital. Carol Castaine said:

"You know everybody, Jim. No, wait." She drew him on, still holding his arm, and stopped. Anne stood still, feeling the sudden strike of his eyes. "You don't know Anne Carson, Jim. You should. She can do you a lot of good in publicity. Anne, this is Captain Jim Breed."

Jim Breed said, without the least trace of humor: "So that's what you had on me."

"Never turn back on your trail, Jim," she heard herself saying.

"There's nothing in the book about going on from here."

Carol Castaine withdrew her arm from Breed's elbow. She looked at him, at Anne Carson, and at Breed again. A slurred softness came into her words. "How foolish of me. You *would* know her."

Ferd Gottschalk's heavy eyes encompassed them all. He grinned, his first display of amusement that evening. He said "So," and turned away.

"That," said Anne, speaking to Breed, "might be anti-climax. I can't play the mystery part any more."

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe not."

"The dialogue is good, don't you think, Ferd?" said Carol Castaine. "But obscure. Never speak over the heads of your audience, Jim."

"It is maybe not a moving picture," grunted Gottschalk. But his intent eyes remained a while on Anne Carson. He saw something that interested him.

Castaine's shoulders rose impatiently. She had dropped the effect of lightness. She put her arm on Breed's elbow and pulled him. She said, "I've got to talk to you about a scene we do tomorrow," and they went along the room, to a far divan and sat down.

Barry Trent strolled over.

"Look, Anne, when do you give a man a break?"

"A proposition?"

Trent said: "Dinner at the Coconut Grove—tomorrow."

Her eyes touched him reflectively. "The beginning of a proposition. Sometime, Barry. That's my word on it." She walked away, and went to Carol Castaine. "This was nice, Carol. Now I'm going to run."

Carol Castaine lifted her jet head and said, "Must you?" coolly. Then she got up and walked toward the door with Anne. Her normal vivacity seemed out of her and Anne, turning to say good night, saw small lines at the lips. "See you again," said Anne; and then found Jim Breed there with them, coat and hat in his hands. Carol Castaine saw it as soon. The moment's silence was cold.

"RUN along," murmured Carol Castaine, and shut the door immediately they had got outside. Jim Breed's chuckle ran softly with the night air. He clapped on his hat and took Anne's arm and stowed her into the machine standing by the steps. He went around and slid beneath the wheel. He was still grinning.

"You make it difficult for me, Jim. With Carol. Don't you know that?"

He shot out of the driveway, gravel rattling behind. "What do you do?" he asked.

"Cover Hollywood for the Express. I'm not the girl in Bend now, Jim."

They went past long rows of dark houses; they entered a business section, passed into the smooth invitation of another arterial thoroughfare. The motor began to thrum. The air felt cooler.

"But we start now just where we left off before," he said.

Her answer was delayed; it was soft. "A mistake, I think."

"Don't you suppose I've thought of that?"

"Jim—have you really?"

He said: "There's nothing solid in a flier's life. Nothing sure. We make money and we live it up. One job goes and another job comes. Plenty of music and song while it lasts, but it never lasts. Some day we're all washed up. So I guess it is in the blood—take what you can get, leave it that way, and don't hurt anybody. Fliers' wives take too much punishment. Most of them hate to hear the telephone ring."

"But nevertheless we go on from where we left off?"

"I'm giving you fair warning, Anne. You had better stop me in my tracks, now."

She said: "If you can find a coffee shop open—"

They were far down toward Long Beach when he pulled into the curb. A lone lighted window broke a solid bank of black shop walls; inside a man in a cook's cap looked hopefully out. They went in and sat up to a counter, and ordered coffee and doughnuts. The man said, "Nice night for a drive," but neither heard him. Breed's jaw line tightened beneath the bronzed skin.

"Stop me now—or never."

She said: "Is the water that deep?"

THE restaurant man set out the coffee and doughnuts and retreated to the back end of the shop. He looked intently at these two people who never saw him.

"Well," said Breed, "I can look back. I can look back seventeen years. All the breaks were clean breaks. A lot of flying and a lot of landings. Swell fellows, most of them dead now. Women. That's part of flying. I don't know what's next."

He turned on the stool and looked at her; he was grimly bringing his thoughts to her. "I'd hate to hurt you!"

She said, "I suppose I'd have to take my chances," and got down. They both went out to the car, leaving an astonished restaurant man behind. The coffee was untouched, the doughnuts were untouched; a dollar lay on the table.

"I'm at the Normandy," said Anne. Restlessness had got hold of Jim Breed. He raced the car down the long boulevard, big shoulders and big head lumped forward, his eyes staring into the distance. He said:

"I think the war left my whole generation a little crazy. There seems to be no such thing as solid ground anywhere. It isn't only that. I'm a relic, Anne. The relic of a barnstorming era quite gone. Flying used to be a game. The men that played it were all great. They were never made for anything else, they didn't want to do anything else. And they liked to laugh." He stopped, busy a moment easing through a tricky jam of after-theater traffic in a mid-section district. He got beyond it, and the pulse of the motor deepened again. "That's washed up. It was a sacrifice generation. Most of those boys had to die to make flying what it is now—a business. But I can't forget that it used to be fun. It leaves a man rather lonely—it leaves him high and dry beyond his time. Everything's behind. Nothing's ahead."

"This is it," she said; and he drew into the curb. They got out, walking slowly into the lobby. He paused a moment to light a cigarette and she went on up the stairs. But he had not followed. She turned and looked down at him, there in the middle of the lobby; an angular, motionless shape under the light. She knew then, with an odd, sure wisdom that he would come no farther unless she asked; that if he turned from the lobby then he would never come back. She put one hand on the banister. A clock somewhere struck a single chime; the quietness was very deep. She dropped her hand from the banister and drew a short breath, and put her back to him. But on the next landing she looked down, and smiled.

He came up, stairs gently squealing with his weight; and they trudged sol-

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emnly along the second story hall as far as her room. She got a key from her purse and slid it into the door lock. But she didn't open the door. She put her back to it and when she lifted up her head his eyes were looking at her with a sultry, unsteady temper. It was suddenly hard to breathe and her voice was a slow murmur.

"Some things I know about you. I can't do any missionary work, I know that. You'll never change."

She had guessed, even in Bend, that below the calm of this man there was a capacity for feeling as wild as the wind; that the slowness of his talk and the casualness of his manners were only a barrier. She knew it now. He had come to the end of waiting. He reached down and caught her at the shoulders and kissed her without restraint or grace, and let her go. She felt winded, and suddenly lost.

"Jim, the world is full of pretty girls. You're just taking me in your stride."

He said gently: "When I left Bend I kept remembering the way you spoke, and the way you turned your head."

"I believe you. I've got to."

"Look," he said, "whatever happens to us, you're real. You're the only real thing on land. I've got to have some claim on you. So, Anne, we're engaged."

"What a funny sound it has. In Hollywood."

He grinned, appearing at once boyish. "It's a bet?"

"It's a bet."

"Then this is legitimate," he said, and kissed her again. He stepped away and put on his hat. He went to the stairs and turned to make a gesture with his hand, a careless, entirely gay gesture. But Anne Carson, silent and sober in the gloom of the hall, called after him:

"Have you the remotest idea, Jim, what an engagement is all about?"

"No, but we can find out, can't we?"

His shoulders sank below sight. He was softly whistling as he left the lobby.

WHEN Breed let himself into his own apartment, half across the town, the phone was ringing. He stood looking at it a moment, debating, then lifted the handpiece.

"I want you to come over," said Carol Castaine.

He scowled at his wrist watch. "At two o'clock in the morning?"

"I've got to see you."

"In the morning," he said firmly.

"Jim!" Then her tone fell all the way down from stormy demand to softness: "Jim."

"All right."

He hung up, and scrubbed his head with an irritated hand. He slid into his coat again, picked up a fresh pack of cigarettes from the table, and tramped cheerlessly back to his car. Carol Castaine met him at her doorway twenty minutes later.

He said: "This is Hollywood, you know, Carol."

"When did two o'clock in a woman's house worry you?"

"Sounds rough."

"No," she said impatiently, "not that. Well—sit down."

He took one corner of a divan, without removing his topcoat. Castaine's eyes narrowed and widened and she went quickly to the table and brought him a drink. She settled beside him and tucked her long, famous legs carelessly behind her, ruining the sleek perfection of the silver and black gown. She did it in such brusque indifference that he shook his head.

"You're all wired up. The picture's on your nerves and you can't sleep."

"Don't talk like Gottschalk."

"A shrewd egg."

"I don't want a shrewd egg," she said. "I want a man."

He sipped at his drink. He looked at her soberly. "I've got something to tell you—"

"I know it. You and Carson."

"Yes," he said.

She put one small, indescribably perfect hand on his arm. She bent forward, the supple curves of her body stirring. "Don't walk out on me again, as you did this evening. Don't ever do it again."

"Anne and I are engaged."

"Oh, that," she said, indifferently.

It touched his deep-lying sense of humor. He grinned, and Carol Castaine swayed nearer, closely watching the highlights slide across his cheeks. She said, then: "Just how completely have I got to hang myself around your neck?"

"That would be complicating."

"Can't you see—" and she spread her arms swiftly, and dropped them—"can't you see I'm going for you?"

HE LOOKED down at his glass. "Yes," he said.

"Well, then," she murmured. She sat still, and the emotion of being there for him hit him powerfully. She wasn't smiling, but her long, plastic lips were faintly parted. The Castaine arrogance was quite gone from those big, impulsive eyes. They were shining on him, they were begging him.

"You're a beautiful kid," he said. "You know every trick in the bag. You can scratch the hide off a man or you can melt him with tears. But you never forget what you're after."

"An act?" she murmured, and her mouth turned bitter. She drew a curt breath and said "Damn" wickedly. "Can't you forget Hollywood a minute? Forget that I'm Castaine. Look at me and forget that."

But he stared at his glass. "Cut," he said.

She stood up abruptly, her lips angered, her features shifted by gusts of inner storm. "It won't last—you and Carson."

"Not if Hollywood has its way," said Jim Breed.

"Me," said Castaine, "me, waiting for somebody another woman's got. Second choice. Can you tie that?"

Then she changed completely; he saw her change. She turned impersonal.

"Gottschalk is a crazy man for realism. You know he's saving the final crash of your plane until everything else is shot. Then he's going to insist on something impossible. I know Gottschalk. He isn't human. Jim—when that crash comes, you get another flier to do it."

He answered so curtly that her watching eyes widened. "Stop that."

"But I'm—"

"Never mind. Stay off flying. It's all I've got left." He stood up and went toward the door. Carol Castaine followed him, waiting till he had turned. "Sometimes," she said, "I don't understand you at all. Men are supposed to be simple animals. Certain things always work with them. I've had no luck with you. But I'll find something yet that *will* work."

"You may," he agreed. "But when the time comes, Carol, I'll be all washed up. I've got something now. If I lose it you won't be getting much."

She said irritably, "I'm doing this badly," and reached suddenly up and pulled his head down. She drew herself into him and kissed him, slowly, violently; and when she stepped back, letting him go, her own eyes had caught fire and her own voice was a little ragged.

"Maybe *that* will work."

He put on his hat and walked away without speaking. The tires of his car slashed up the gravel wickedly as he shot out of the driveway.

(To be continued next week)

Dentists Use This Way To Avoid Bad Breath

Unique Mouth-Purging Gargle Actually Removes Tainted Tongue Coating That is the Real Cause of Most Breath Odors

THERE is one product to use for bad breath protection that is found in more dental offices today than all other gargles put together.

When it comes to correcting breath odors, your dentist is the one man who really knows what works, and what doesn't. Because he's working over people's mouths all day long, and every day.

And that's why you will find Lavoris used at the chair by practically 85% of all dentists today. (It's that red liquid your dentist gives you to rinse out your mouth.)

In purifying the breath, Lavoris works in an entirely different way than other gargles. Dentists have found from scientific sources that most bad breath comes from "*epithelial taint*." In other words, tainted tongue coating.

Removes Cause

Lavoris has a unique mouth-purging property. It's a more thorough method. For it acts to remove this tongue coating, as well as the clinging mucus on other mouth surfaces. It coagulates and breaks up mucus. Converts it into tiny curds that quickly flush away. Thus, Lavoris doesn't merely "sweeten" your breath for the moment, but actually *removes* odor causes. That's why dentists prefer it.

You see the purging evidence with your own eyes. Hundreds of tiny shreds that are gently detached and swept away, leaving the tongue and mouth tissues clean and odor-free—the one form of protection that *really lasts*.

See For Yourself

See for yourself how different Lavoris is. Send for the generous trial bottle offered below, and make the interesting "mouth-purge test." Note how fresh it leaves your mouth, and how swiftly it removes gray coating from the tongue.

This simple test will convince you that "there's nothing like Lavoris!"

THE LAVORIS COMPANY, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lavoris Chemical Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

LAVORIS

Tested and Approved 223 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

FREE! LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE FREE!

THE LAVORIS COMPANY, Dept. C
923 North Third Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Please send me your large generous *FREE* sample of Lavoris—for making the famous Lavoris mouth-purge test.
THIS OFFER NOT GOOD AFTER MARCH 17, 1934

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....*95*

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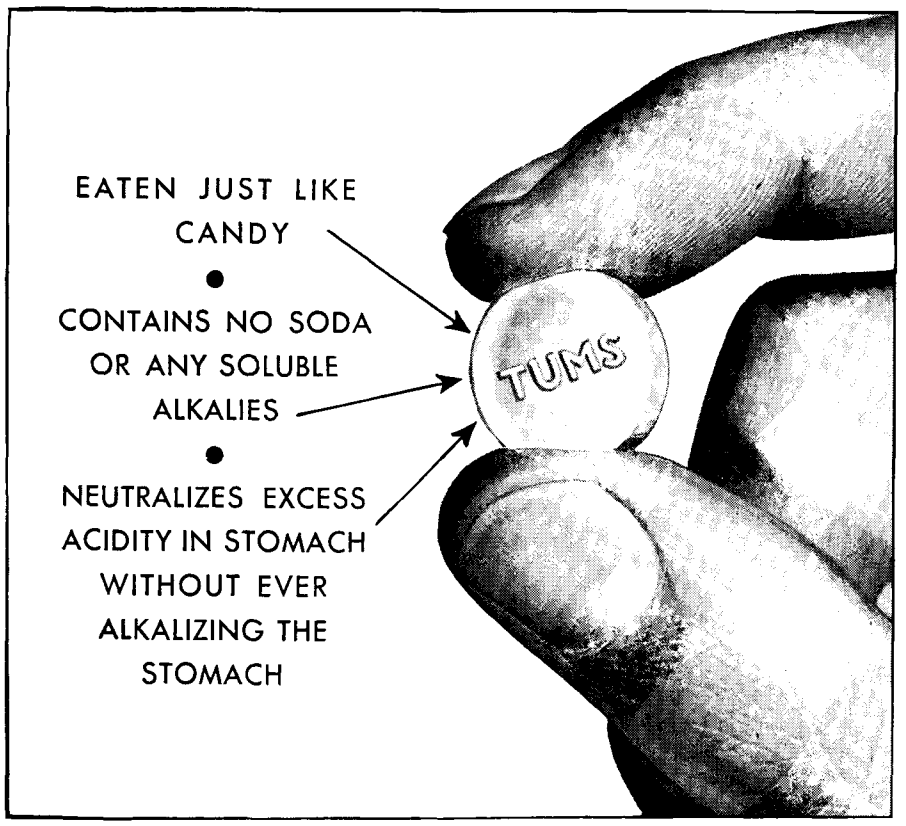
EATEN JUST LIKE CANDY
•
CONTAINS NO SODA OR ANY SOLUBLE ALKALIES
•
NEUTRALIZES EXCESS ACIDITY IN STOMACH WITHOUT EVER ALKALIZING THE STOMACH
TUMS

EXPLANATION OF NEW "BUFFER" TREATMENT *for Acid Indigestion!*

Ends dangers of taking strong caustic alkalies. Brings quick relief for heartburn, sour stomach, gas, belching.

MILLIONS of people have changed their habits in treating Hyperacidity. People who formerly mixed up and drank strong water solutions containing caustic alkalies, now eat a pleasant mint which contains no soda or other water soluble alkali. This new mint is called TUMS. It contains an antacid which works in a unique way. Scientists describe this antacid as a "buffer," because it corrects acidity in the stomach but never over-alkalizes the stomach. Being insoluble except in the presence of acid, any excess passes out of the system inert and undissolved.

Physicians have warned of the dangers of taking soluble alkalies in strong concentration. Alkalosis might be caused. Kidney trouble might develop. No wonder then that millions of people have turned to this new scientific, safe way to correct the symptoms of "Fussy Stomach."

The litmus paper test shows that TUMS neutralize the acid of lemon juice in a water solution. Yet no matter how many TUMS are added, the solution remains neutral, never becomes alkaline. TUMS act the same way in the stomach, neutralizing excess acidity but never causing the stomach to become alkaline.

Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever distressed. You'll be surprised at how you can eat favorite foods that formerly caused trouble. Eat a few of them any time you are not feeling just right. They are delightful, just like candy. Only 10c a roll. (TUMS do not contain soda or any water soluble alkali.)

Free *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of* TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. BFF-6, St. Louis, Mo.

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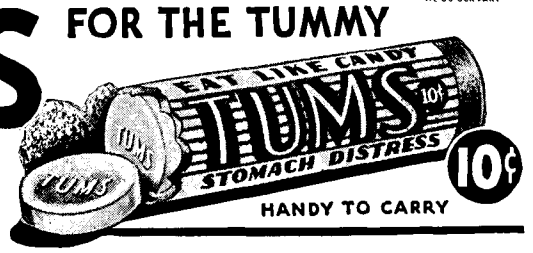
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



TUMS ARE ANTACID NOT A LAXATIVE

Wings of the New Deal

Continued from page 13

learned that cheering sections don't make touchdowns for you. Husky and talented interferers do. Vidal knew intimately Elliott, the flyingest Roosevelt; and Amelia Earhart, the flying heroine friend of Mrs. Roosevelt. Elliott and Amelia played his ends and converted his verbal passes into scores.

On September 20th Eugene L. Vidal was appointed Director of the Aeronatics Branch, to the surprise of everybody but Eugene L. Vidal and two or more Roosevelts.

Perhaps a few eyes held sour glints for the upstart who had been unorthodox enough to make an airline pay without mail; most, however, betrayed relief because here at last was a practical man who knew the dihedral from the propeller and that a stabilizer is not a person who has charge of the overnight storage of airplanes. The aviation industry found itself staring into the vivid face of the New Deal; and with a cold jitter recognized the forgotten man.

The forgotten man of aviation is the private flyer, and his brothers are legion. They work at manual training benches in high schools and at engineering tables in colleges, and each dreams of the day when his inspired design will revolutionize aeronautics. They build model planes by the millions and trudge out to local airports each week-end to worship their idols from the ground and long for the day when they will have saved enough wherewith to buy a hop. They are the young business women and men who travel by air and would like to fly for recreation or sport or pleasure but cannot afford to. They are the older folks, who would like to include air travel in their daily social and business lives but have not yet met it within the ken of their experiences. They are the multitudes who admire Lindbergh and his wife and all others to whom the air is as commonplace as Sunday roads, and stand on the edge longingly—physically and mentally worthy of the kingdom of flight, but financially unprepared. Now the gates of this paradise are to be unlocked in welcome to all who would enter.

The President's interest in the picture of what aviation is going to mean to you and to me tomorrow is not academic. There are no intermediaries' voices to dilute Vidal's enthusiasms. He has direct access to the presidential ear.

Vidal's Vitality

This does not mean that Eugene Vidal is teacher's pet. It means we've got a new kind of President—a doctor who does his own pulse-feeling. Vidal is merely one of the bright young men on whom he is forced to rely for active translation of the many shining facets of his New Deal. After all, you can't expect a President to spin a prop. Besides, I think you will like this lad Vidal, whose days are consecrated to getting you and your neighbor into the air, at a price you can afford.

He is a liberal in spite of his West Point training, and no sacred cows graze on his mental pastures. He took office like a wholesome breeze. Instantly confusion went and took a nice big jump out of the windows of the preposterous Department of Commerce building—which is known in Washington as "Hoover's Monument," in case you haven't heard tell. Each day's work marched on again, in precise files.

Yet Vidal is not a drill-master; he is, in fact, extraordinarily informal and easy-going. But certitude springs from his astonishing capacity for absorption of diffused subjects; from a talent for listening at one and the same time to all comers, however excited they may be. Topics pour into him and are cooled, as steam is condensed in a laboratory coil; and the facts come out from him clear and distilled. He has the power of transfusing this calmness into the bloodstreams of all who are near him.

Director Vidal, having one-third less money than his immediate predecessor with which to run through the current year, needed all his sense of orderliness to keep out of the red. It may give you a nubbin of comfort, in this day of stratospheric budgets, to know that at this writing Vidal and his assistants are carrying on the Aeronautics Branch and the Federal Airways and related activities at the old standard of service but within the dollar of the new allotment.

Three Shots in the Arm

They might have been content to rest on that achievement for the coming three years. Such a policy would have neither distressed the aeronautical industry nor aided it. But it would not have been the sort of potion that grows wings; and it would not have been following the prescription of Doctor Roosevelt. So Vidal fixed up three major hypodermics and unexpectedly shot them into the veins of aeronautics.

The first set blood throbbing in the most sluggish part of aviation. It was an official plan for the stimulation and encouragement of private flying through quantity production of a low-priced airplane. It would be a real honest-to-the-Wright-Brothers airplane, too; not a powered glider or box kite, which you daren't take out when the wind blows above a whisper. It would be churned off a mass production line, just as automobiles are; and it would compare with light cars in first cost, and better them in the economics of upkeep. Seven hundred dollars was the figure suggested by the Aeronautics Branch, with delivery possible this summer.

This was more than a hypodermic. It was a bombshell that exploded in a stagnant pool and held up for all to behold the factors that had built the dam. There was the handful of successful builders of airplanes, satisfied with a limited market and large profits. There were the great carriers, whose visions of service had a blind spot for the possibilities of public education by a host of well-trained private flyers in safe, light planes. There were the high costs of everything pertaining to airplane ownership. And there were the parasites left by the overfinancing of pre-depression days, when promoters thought that aviation could be debentured and mortgaged and gold-scrolled into greatness.

Today the United States, thirty years after the Wright adventure, has less than ten thousand airplanes in use; a number, by the way, that may well be trebled or quadrupled in a single year of this New Deal. Thirty years after Daimler patented his revolutionary internal combustion engine and applied it to "road wagons" there were millions of automobiles in use. Half a million of our fellow citizens patronized the scheduled airways last year; a large and encouraging number, when you consider the two or three hundred of 1926. But the American who travels by air is still uncommon, about one in every 250, whereas there may be tucked away somewhere a citizen who has never ridden in a motor car or in a train, but you

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have never met him! In a good year every man, woman and child in the country travels several hundred miles by train; at least, that's the way it averages.

One famous airport has a flying school in connection. The manager of the school admits that he can operate his planes, including instructors' wages and fuel and all maintenance overhead, for three dollars an hour: yet he is compelled to charge students $20 an hour in order to support a lot of useless executive débris left by the promoters. This rate for plane hire is typical. Private pilots are compelled to have at least fifteen hours of flying each year in order to maintain their licenses; in money, that's $300. Fifteen hours represent the absolute legal minimum; but to keep in *safe* practice, a private flyer should have fifty hours—or $1,000 worth of flying at the current rate.

Obviously, aeronautical science has ignored or passed the average man by; for a time he chased it valiantly, but the depression hobbled his ankles and the 20,000 pilots of a couple of years ago have dwindled to less than 15,000. That is why Vidal's first gesture is of the utmost importance. Ten thousand private owners of airplanes—and any business-builder statistician will tell you how quickly they would breed one hundred thousand—by enlarging the circle of everyday aviation experience would have remarkable direct and indirect effects upon every phase of the whole aeronautical industry; particularly upon scheduled air travel.

All were not orchids that fell upon Vidal's head after his announcement; the makers of the present average types of airplanes intended for private ownership—and costing from $3,000 upwards—misread into his words a plan for the government to become a competitor. He was accused of trying to wreck their business; he was asked whether he was a "director" or a "dictator." Well, he's young but he had to learn sometime the penalty of having new ideas.

Can It Be Done?

"If any man wants to pay $3,000 or $5,000 for an airplane," Vidal says, "that's his business. There will always be enough people able and willing to pay that much for private planes, just as there are many who can pay for the more expensive motor cars. But the automobile industry would still be one of limited scope and profits if it made only $4,000 cars. For the great majority pay less than $1,000 for their cars; and it is to this class aviation must look for quantity sales. Naturally, these average people cannot afford to pay more for their airplanes than for their light cars. Aviation is not going to be a large industry until it makes airplanes that a great many people can afford to buy and to use with safety and economy."

You may be sure there were plenty to scoff at Vidal's plan and to tell him it was impossible to build a $700 airplane. You may be just as sure that years ago, when the forerunners of the present low-priced cars cost $2,500 and upwards, the manufacturers said that it was impossible to make them for less.

It is one thing to tell the aviation industry it could sell 10,000 airplanes at $700—and a better thing to prove it. So the Aeronautics Branch asked the pilots, and flying students, and mechanics—34,000 of them—if they would buy such a plane. Bear in mind, now, the questionnaire did not go to laymen, no matter how much interested in flying: it went only to 14,000 licensed pilots and to others actually involved in some form of flying activity. The final returns are not available, but in less than a month more than half the questionnaires were returned. Approximately 75 per cent said, "You bet." The one quarter who said "No" were either professional pilots uninterested in the delights of a busman's holiday, or pessimists to whom even $700 seemed unattainable.

The astonishing feature was the voluntary offering of data with regard to friends who do not now fly, but who have indicated they will buy and fly a plane of this character and cost. The most conservative and stringent winnowing of these lists gave a total of more than 55,000 who promised to buy the flivver airplanes; indicating final, definite assurances from 100,000, where only 10,000 were sought! The new deal in wings had made an inspiring take-off.

Automobile Men Study Plan

The say-no-can-do boys in the industry hurried to Washington in meek flight before this avalanche of prospective customers. They sang a different tune now, and began to wave blueprints. For word had gone around that five very famous manufacturers of automobiles—men whose quantity-production experience and idle factory space might well be turned to the building of the flivver plane—had sent emissaries to study Vidal's plan.

These men know that the high-priced aviation engine—the item chiefly blamed for high plane cost—is something less than necessary; that there are in this country scores of home-made unlicensed planes, knocked together by farm boys on Saturday afternoons off, flying and flying well with old motors lifted from a certain famous make of cheap automobile. Shortly after Vidal's plan was made public, aviation circles in this country learned, significantly, of a 120-pound sterling (about $600) airplane being considered for widespread development in Great Britain by the Air Ministry.

The development of aviation as a part of our everyday personal lives has been in the minds of men since Darius Green, and since Tennyson's "vision" of great days to come. Now it is here. I can't name the hour for you nor the price to a penny; I can only promise you that before this year's lilacs have faded you will be able to send a snapshot to your Cousins Ann and Lucy in Rochester with the legend: "This is me and my girl friend Marcia in my new air runabout; taken last Sunday." For the Public Works Administration has just given Vidal a half million dollars toward the flivver plane; and the Secretary of Commerce has invited a committee of experts to sit in with his young Aeronautics Director to consider steps that will start the mills grinding with the least possible delay.

The exact manner in which the PWA help will be applied has yet to be determined. The first plane he turns out will represent the greatest cost to each builder; for back of it will stand the retooling of his plant. One considered plan is for the government to buy the first plane of each manufacturer who has met its specifications; paying, say, $150,000 for it. That will reimburse the maker for his initial outlay, and enable him to sell the second and following planes for a set low price.

"It may be a low-wing monoplane," says Vidal. That means you will sit in an open cockpit on top of the wings, with nothing to spoil your cosmic view. "It will be for two passengers—pilot and one—and will be constructed of a new steel alloy, fitted with a small-bore engine and equipped with a geared propeller to increase flying efficiency. The outstanding feature will be the low landing speed of about twenty-five miles an hour, gained by the use of 'air brakes,'

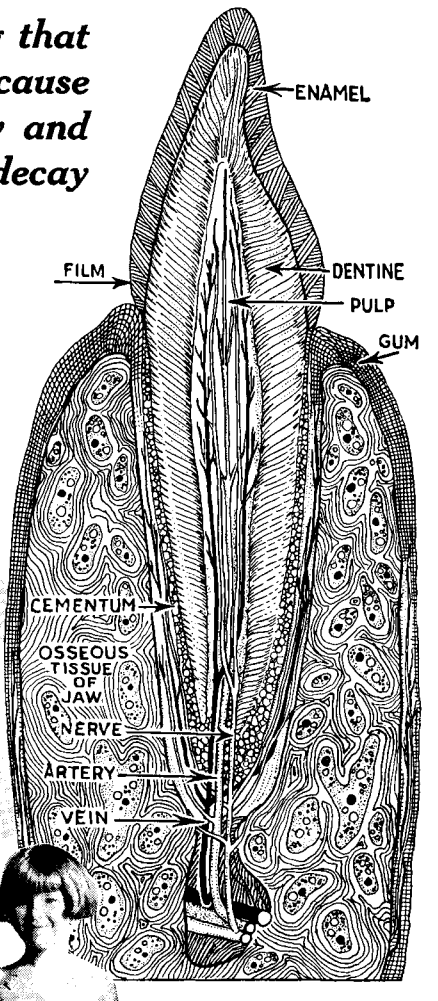
(Continued on page 50)

Science Now Knows Why Our Teeth Ache

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque."

Contrast the attitude of the savage below who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.

Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.



Cross-section of a tooth showing structure beneath the enamel.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve it.

When enough of the tooth material has rotted away and there is left only a thin covering for the nerve, the blood vessels around the tooth nerve swell up and press on the nerve—causing the pain of toothache.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them, and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

One of the most certain ways to fight the invasion of dental decay is to prevent the accumulation of film on the teeth.

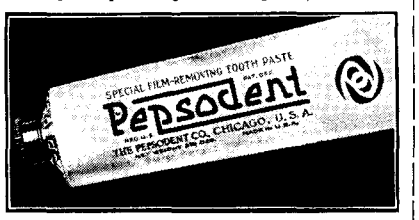
Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands.

Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years, during which time the ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth.

FREE—10-Day Tube

This coupon is not good after August 17, 1934



THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 162-17,
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Only one tube to a family

4240A

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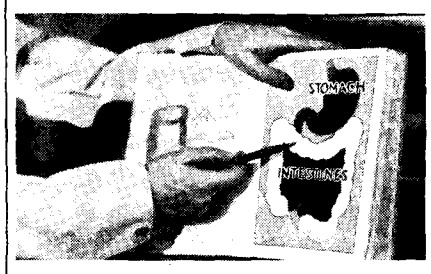
"Her face was covered with *Pimples*"

The noted Paris authority,
DR. EDOUARD ANTOINE,
describes this case:—

"THE PATIENT—a young woman—had had pimples for years. Had tried ointments, lotions, etc., without result . . .

"EXAMINATION SHOWED constipation was the cause of her bad skin. She had been taking various purgatives . . .



"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It quickly brought the desired result." (Chart shows the intestines, where yeast works.)

● "MY SKIN WAS ALL BROKEN OUT," *writes* Ruth Mack, *of Los Angeles*. "I thought my complexion was ruined. One of the boys at the office told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared up my sluggishness, and in two months my skin was all right again."

● Dr. Antoine is connected with the Hôpital de la Glacière, noted Paris hospital. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

SKIN ERUPTIONS . . . pimples, blotches, boils. Nobody likes to see these telltale signs of ill health!

As one of Europe's best known medical experts—Dr. Antoine, who numbers a king and other royalty among his patients—says, "Skin troubles—like bad breath, coated tongue, loss of energy—are danger signals"—symptoms of sluggish intestines. "The most effective corrective," he adds, "is yeast."

If *your* skin is bad—or if you feel "run-down" in any way—try Fleischmann's Yeast by all means—3 cakes a day. It is a *food*, with certain amazing properties:—

It "tones"—stimulates—literally *strengthens* the intestines. It also softens the body's wastes so you can expel them easily. Then, as regular, normal *evacuations are restored, you feel so* much more energetic. Digestion improves—you suffer fewer colds, headaches. And—best of all—there's such an improvement in your skin!

It clears. Freshens. Takes on color. Becomes smoother. Is there any medicine, any cosmetic you know that will do this?

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know (rich in the three health-giving vitamins B, G and D), at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Won't you start to eat it—today?

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

(Continued from page 49)

or flaps on the trailing edges of the wings. This plane will not require supermen to fly it; the average man or woman who can pass the private pilot's physical test can quickly learn to operate it with safety.

"The low landing speed, as every airman knows, is a great safety factor. It not only makes the plane safer to fly and to maneuver, but it reduces the seriousness of mistakes in landings. If you hit a rut, or a stone, or a tree at a speed as low as twenty-five miles an hour the consequences will be no more alarming than in a similar mishap in a motor car. Bad for the plane, maybe, but not necessarily serious for the occupants. Moreover, the speed of a landing airplane falls away swiftly once the wheels are on the ground. The top speed of your new airplane, by the way, should be about one hundred miles an hour."

In Case You Want to Land

Disregarding the merits of automobiles, the average man did not and could not go in for pleasure driving with wholesale abandon until the era of improved highways began. The dirt-road drivers were hardy and rare. Airport development is still in the dirt-road age, so far as private flyers are concerned. Vidal realizes that the expansion of private flying, for business or recreation, and the development of landing fields must go hand in hand; just as pleasure driving and the modern inexpensive and splendid cars and the good-roads movement all came rollicking up the turnpike together. Two thousand new landing fields comprised the vaccine of the second hypodermic which Vidal administered to the dormant aviation industry.

With thousands upon thousands of private planes in the air, the vast stretches of the United States where the best available landing place is a treetop will have to have a little facial surgery. The Civil Works Administration is the good angel here.

"This is not a subsidy," says Vidal, "but an investment by the government in an industry which is important to the recovery program." The greater part of the money will be used to establish brand-new fields—not A-1 airports up to the high standard of the beacon-light and radio-equipped airways fields, but zones of safety that will be very useful and stimulating both to commercial and to private flying. The communities must set aside the required ground; machinery will be borrowed, whenever possible, from city and state road departments; the CWA money will be used, therefore, almost wholly for wages.

Out of the Civil Works hat will come also, no doubt, ambitious plans for new airport development in places where the present fields are remote from business centers. In Cleveland, for instance, you have to make a safari to the field and go prepared to fight Indians. New York has to depend upon Newark, thirty minutes away even with pop-eyed driving; and Chicago has wasted millions on a field which is regarded as one of the world's unhandiest. Such terminals have definitely retarded the growth of commercial air travel. Waterfront landing platforms are being considered for some places; while in New York there is a possibility that the last stand of the golfing generals on the ideal airport site in the harbor, Governors Island, is now being fought. There is only a handful of soldiers there; the present buildings would be left undisturbed; only the clear spaces of the island, which serve as a kind of private country club, are sought by an aroused public which foots the bills.

As early as the third week in January 55,000 men were actually at work on 600 of the new fields—and Plan Number Two of the New Deal in aviation was swinging along.

Vidal's third injection of life into the arteries of the aviation industry—and not far behind the first and second in the importance of its significance to you and to me; to all who do business or travel—was his plan for construction by the government of a transatlantic airway.

This is another elusive old dream lassoed by the New Deal and dragged into immediate prospect.

It calls for a string of artificial islands, 550 miles apart, along the 39th parallel of latitude, to be owned by the United States Government and to be operated by the Department of Commerce. The entire project will cost $25,000,000: unlike other handouts, this one should pay dividends to the government. The ocean airway would be available to any and all companies, of any and all nationalities, upon payment of the regular fees. This is, of course, the rub: taking money from the government is painless, but giving hurts. There are private companies who think the ocean belongs to them; who would rather carry two passengers and 20,000 pounds of gasoline in a costly and unwieldy seaplane because exclusive air mail contracts dangle at the end—and passengers are so unappreciative, anyway.

The present notion is to build, at a cost of $1,500,000, a one-fourth section of one island and tow it out where the hurricanes roar and the dolphins play to find out whether it will hang together—and can the pilots resist the mermaids? Meantime, the State Department is studying the international law aspects of the islands; and you have no idea what a self-effacing nation we'd be if it were left to the State Department. The strongest protests against this rational and inevitable step in the progress of aeronautical science came from the Navy and the Army. Ever since they heard of the sea-airdromes the generals have been haunted by visions of Bulgarian infantry charging toward our fair shores; and the admirals haven't been able to sleep a wink because of hobgoblins, dressed as British tars, seizing our nice islands.

Will Have No Military Value

None of them has paused to remember that the islands will be 550 miles apart; are large enough only for their intended use; could not possibly enter into military schemes because they could not possibly be defended, are of no military value to us or to prospective enemies, because they could be put out of business by five cents' worth of Chinese firecrackers in time of peril.

There are minor items in Director Vidal's plans for the new deal in aviation. Five new lighted airways will be added to the federal network; the airways in general will be refurnished, and the blind-landing equipment will be installed at important airports; changes in regulations have been made to ease life for the private flyers; town marking, motor design, large transport design, and other phases of going forward will receive attention. Take it as you will, the present administration is going to paint new and bolder strokes into the aviation picture, and give it a distinct and useful part in your everyday affairs.

For President Roosevelt, with the competent assistance of Director Vidal and his associates, has pointed the wings of United States flying toward a wider and more glorious sky, wherein you and I and Cousin Libby can all be Lindberghs or Al Williamses or pick your own hero.

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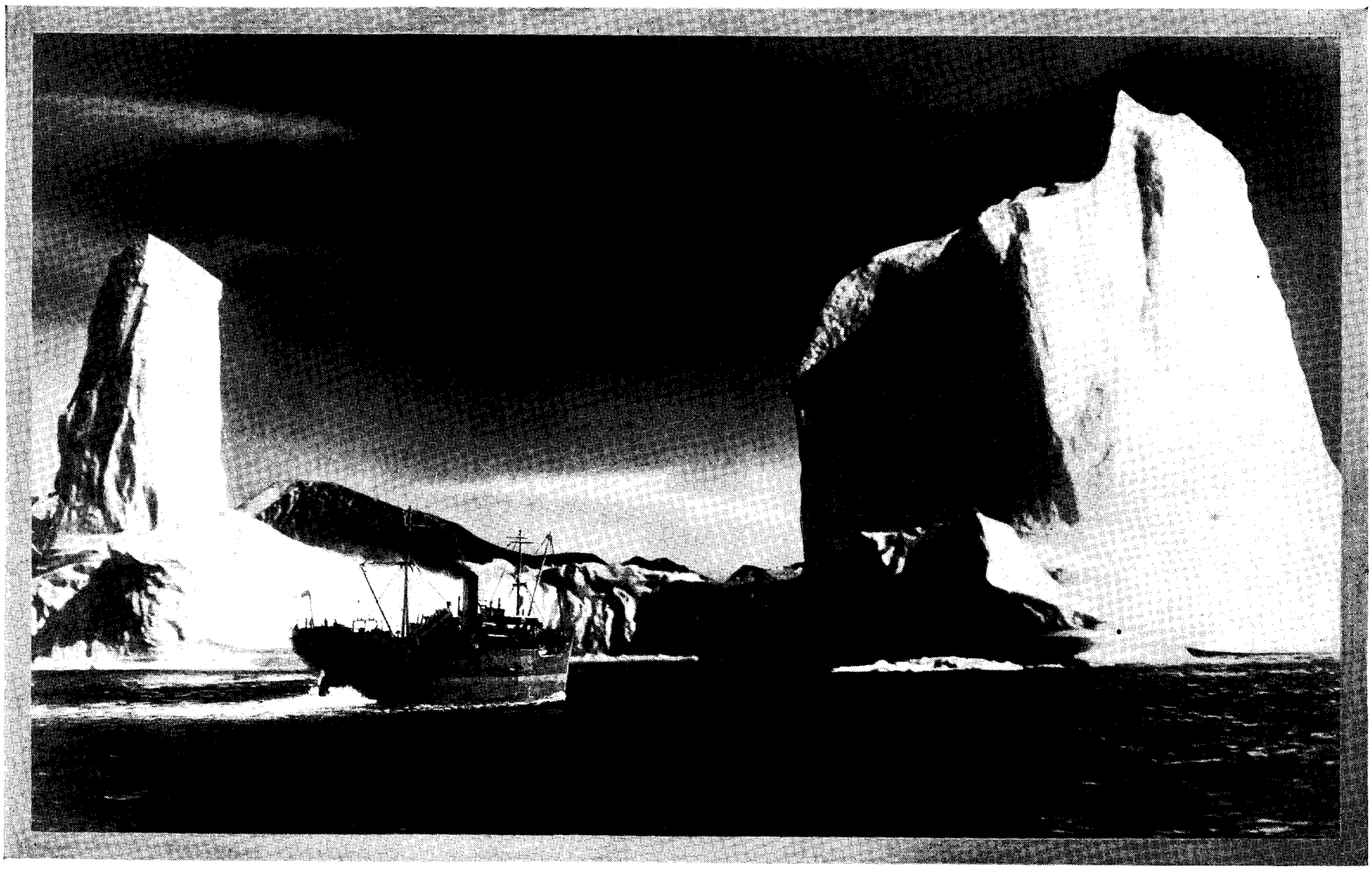
Flash...Admiral Byrd to Schenectady:



"My G-E All-wave set links me up with home"

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And yet Admiral Byrd flashes word he's in touch with the world he's left behind—with a G-E All-wave set in his cabin.

He hears, over it, news, music, messages from loved ones, sent from the General Electric short-wave station at Schenectady . . . and other broadcasts from home.

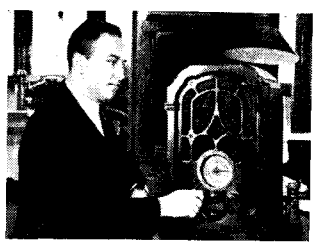
He gets Germany, France, England, South America and Australia, too.

What more eloquent and convincing proof could you ask of the ability of the new G-E All-wave set to conquer distance . . . to reach out around the world for radio entertainment—and get it?

RIGHT in your own home—when conditions are favorable for short-wave reception—you, too, can listen to London, Paris, Rome, Madrid—scores of foreign stations—with the new G-E All-wave set.

Also, you can tap the short-wave bands for exciting amateur and aviation calls, grim orders to police cars.

And with this thrilling set, you'll hear all your favorite American programs as you've never heard them before . . . with a brilliancy of tone that belongs to G-E alone—the sets that "won the tone-tests".



From the historic short-wave station of General Electric at Schenectady, news from home, the voices of loved ones are transmitted to Admiral Byrd in his cabin on his flagship.

Born of G-E experience and achievement, these world-spanning sets are dependable . . . dramatic—leaders of a distinguished line of G-E receivers.

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- ★ All-wave, dual-wave, and standard sets.
- ★ Table models, consoles, and radio-phonograph combinations.
- ★ Priced from $24.95 to $179... Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-west and South... Subject to change without notice.

"Now is the time to buy"

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Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 21

"Of her?" repeated Bertran languidly. "You mean of them."

Raglan frowned; here was more of an answer than he had expected. But he did not press his inquiry further, restrained by a sort of finality in Bertran's manner that seemed to imply the words spoken should suffice to any man of intelligence. Instead, his thoughts veered sharply to his companion, dragging his head with them, making him stare as if he were beholding him for the first time. The lights of the boulevards invaded the interior of the closed cab. He studied Bertran from head to foot, perceiving the veiled suggestion of opulence behind a mask of supercorrect attire. There was something immaculate about him, something that vaguely surpassed a gentleman's goal of excellence.

Raglan struggled against a sudden impulse. Time and again during his stay in Paris the thought of Bertran had knocked at the outside door of his brain and been refused admittance from within. Why? Why should he have combed all other acquaintanceship and the lists of arriving visitors, yet steadfastly refused admittance to the one opportunity in sight? Had prejudice stood in the way or was it that sense of decency which makes a man hesitate to demand payment for a kindness in the past? If it was prejudice, he was a fool; if it was the other, never before had he stood more in need of a helping hand.

"Bertran," he said impulsively, "I'm going to ask you a favor, a big one."

"Name it," said Bertran slowly.

"I want to meet your uncle."

Again Bertran spoke slowly. "I suppose you mean the Baron. He's an easy man to meet—provided you tell me what for."

"That's the point," said Raglan promptly. "That's the favor. I can't and I won't tell you what for."

This time Bertran did pause, unmistakably. "You can't and you won't," he murmured.

"No," declared Raglan. "It's an outright favor, take it or leave it."

"You know what you're asking—what it might cost me?"

"I know what I'm asking, but it won't cost you a thing. If the matter were less important, I wouldn't dare ask. It's its importance that makes it safe."

"That's what they all say," murmured Bertran, "what they all truly believe."

"It's so this time," declared Raglan stubbornly.

"I'll do it," said Bertran finally, "for you. When?"

"The sooner the better. Tomorrow."

"You're impulsive," said Bertran with a faint smile. "I'll arrange it as soon as possible. I'll let you know."

THREE days, more anxious than any since his leaving the Amador King, elapsed before word came to Raglan that the coveted interview had been arranged for the following evening at nine. He invited Bertran to an early dinner but was refused. Bertran called for him at half past eight. At exactly nine the huge lodge gates of the Baron's estate were swung open for them and a moment later the shabby taxi drew up before an imposing portal.

"Wait," ordered Bertran to the driver over his shoulder.

They were admitted. A footman preceded them through the mighty hall, up a branching marble staircase, along a long corridor, through a dimly lighted picture gallery and finally into the Baron's private study. During all that trajectory Raglan had appeared to be blind to the glories about him—to the immemorial tapestries, the priceless rugs, the inimitable statuary, the framed fortunes in the picture gallery—but in reality his indifference was merely the tactics of defense.

"Uncle," said Bertran, "this is Larry Raglan—my friend."

With no subterfuge and no excuses he withdrew on the heels of the footman. The door closed behind them. Raglan found himself face to face with a man, seated, who seemed more permanent than his monumental setting. There was a suggestion of agelessness about him which revivified the legend of the eternal wanderer.

"Sit down, young man," said the Baron sonorously. "Bertran tells me you befriended him at a time when he had many companions and no friends."

Raglan waved the credit aside. "I can't sit down, Baron," he said soberly, "until I make it clear I'm not here on false pretenses. I have come on a matter of business."

FOR a moment the gleam in the old man's eyes hardened. "That is impossible," he murmured coldly. "I haven't talked business for years. That division of my brain has been relegated to a secretary." His eyes softened. "You should have gone to him," he concluded sorrowfully.

"I couldn't," said Raglan, his shoulders squared, his head upthrown. "I take it that our interview is concluded. Only one thing remains to be said and that is to tell you I forced Bertran to take the risk of bringing me here. I trust to your sense of justice not to hold it against him."

"No fear," said the Baron. "I won't."

Raglan's face lit abruptly to his flashing smile. "So it's goodby with apologies, Baron; I can only look forward with anticipation to meeting you socially." He started to go.

"Tchut, tchut, young man. Sit down, sit down. You have reminded me of a favor."

"I didn't mean to," said Raglan; "not in that way."

"Nevertheless you did," persisted the Baron, "and a favor done to one of us is done to all. Therefore," he concluded wearily, glancing at Raglan's pockets as if he dreaded the production of a sheaf of documents, "you may sit down and state your affair."

Raglan carried no dossier except in his head, nor would he accept immediately the proffered seat. He would have liked to pace up and down before the massive flat desk, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his eyes on the floor, but he knew how annoying movement can be to the old. He embarked on an exposition of the railway set-up of the United States. From any other mouth and to any other hearer his rapid-fire alignment of facts and figures might have proved dry fodder. But the conjunction between speaker and audience was ideal.

The Baron's mind became a silver screen upon which Raglan's words projected a map of the greatest railroad network on earth, beginning with its four great trunk systems and descending through all their affiliates until he concluded with the last and least—the grandiosely named Savannah, Eastern and Western. Long before he arrived at that irreducible minimum the Baron was leaning forward, strewing the spotless blotter on his desk with dashing pencil marks. He looked up only when the *tour de force* had reached its appointed end.

"My congratulations," he murmured encouragingly. "I have followed you."

Raglan abandoned his upright pose, came around the desk and sat down. For a moment he remained still, staring at the floor, then he looked up with a return of his winning smile. "This is the hard part, Baron."

"Only if you make it hard. It's a joy to watch an axe swing high and cut straight to an unmarked line. Continue to be sincere."

"That's my only weapon," said Raglan. "Sincerity. Without it I've never got anywhere."

"The safest of all passports," said the Baron.

"Thank you, sir," said Raglan fervently, with quick comprehension. "You give me the hope I won't be misjudged when I start judging you."

The Baron's eyes twinkled. "You are about to sit in judgment?"

"No, no," said Raglan with a half-laugh, "call it estimation. For a long time—a period of years—you've been indifferent to the making of money. Yet I've had the nerve to come here with a proposal that you make a lot more. Even that isn't the whole story. If the scheme is a go, circumstances will force me, entirely on your funds, to make slightly more than yourself."

"You have succeeded in bewildering me."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Raglan with an open laugh. "But I haven't finished my estimate, I haven't named the lever upon which I count to move the immovable. You are free to accept or refuse the chance to put up a very large sum of money. If you accept, my price is that you carry me for fifty-one per cent of the resulting purchases and profits."

"The lever, young man. I'm consumed with curiosity."

"It's hard to name," said Raglan. He frowned, then threw up his head. "Let's call it the return of the gladiator. Money may mean nothing to you, but you cannot have forgotten the company of giants."

The Baron laughed deep in his throat. "Proceed. You have rocked the rock."

RAGLAN produced a small leather notebook, opened it at a creased page and laid it on the desk directly beneath his host's eyes. The Baron did not pick it up; he stared, frowning, at the firm, fine handwriting. His heavy brows lifted high and slowly descended. Finally he reached for an oblong reading glass on onyx legs and laid it over the creased page. He began to read, moving the glass twice; then, placing it again at the top, he repeated the performance more slowly. After that he leaned back, placed his fingers tip to tip and buried his chin deep in his beard. A prolonged silence ensued. Raglan coughed, clearing his throat. The Baron, releasing one hand, held it up prohibitively.

"No, no," he muttered, "not a word. If you tell me, I'll never forgive you—I'll have you thrown out." The knot of his brows tightened and stayed tied for a long while. Suddenly it loosened, relaxed, vanished; a smile was born deep in his eyes. "I have it," he murmured, his blunt forefinger planted on a footnote in minute writing. "How much will you need to make a start?"

"A million," said Raglan.

"Francs?" asked the Baron.

"Have your joke, Baron," replied Raglan. "Dollars, and it's lucky it isn't pounds."

"Yes," said the Baron, his smile

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broadening, "lucky for you. I will arrange the credit. Do I have to tell you where?"

"No, sir. Hardly."

"You will find it there by noon tomorrow."

"You're a man after my own heart," murmured Raglan, starting to rise.

"One moment," said the Baron, detaining him. "It is customary in a matter of this kind to have an agreement covering every eventuality, stipulating how and when the money is to be spent, setting forth how much of it is to go for this or for that, determining the amount to be lavished on legitimate display in addition to actual expenses. I insist upon such an agreement." He extended his hand. "Here it is."

Raglan's hand went forth to seal the compact and the virile pressure of the Baron's bony fingers sent such a thrill up and down his spine as he had never before experienced. He sprang to his feet.

"I was prepared to thank you for the money, sir," he said, moisture glistening in his eyes, "but I can't for this. I—I've got to get out of here."

THE Baron rose and laid a hand on his shoulder, but he did not speak. Guiding him, he strolled out of his study and into the picture gallery where he paused to press a button which lit the reflectors over a chosen few of the masterpieces on view. He walked on, still in silence. Larry, unconscious of any compelling pressure, found himself brought to a halt before each illumined canvas as if he were being invited to take part in a ceremony of respect even though he might not share in adoration. Calm returned to him, descended upon him like a mantle. At the head of the main staircase, still wordless, the Baron turned back.

Raglan issued into the night to find a private conveyance at his disposal. He refused it, declaring he preferred to walk, and strolled along the curving driveway overshadowed by the towering trees of the famous park. The gatekeeper, startled that he should come afoot, hesitated for a moment to make sure of his identity, then opened only the wicket. He stepped through it and turned toward the city. At first he walked slowly, his head hanging, his cane dangling from his arm. But gradually his pace increased; before he knew it, his head was high, his shoulders braced and he was twirling his stick as though it were a baton.

The way was long but he wished it were longer. His brain was seething with the intricacies of varied approaches toward a single objective. Many things there were to be done and he knew them all, but which should come first? Arrived in his rooms, he paced up and down as if to prolong his pilgrimage, but finally he drew himself up short, undressed and cast himself on the bed. He picked up a book, hoping it would soothe him, but his mind spurned the printed page. In desperation he turned off the light. Almost immediately, out of the darkness, a vision came to him as clearly as it had come while he sat in daylight on the deck of the Amador King. He saw Regis, present and breathing, cloaked in serenity. He stared, breathless before the answer to an unspoken prayer; then rolled over and went to sleep.

The next morning found him cool, his thoughts in order; with his starting point established, all future steps must fall into line. He went through the maneuvers of preparing himself for the day with a peculiar calm and efficiency. He had done his best before leaving New York to extract Regis' address from Kit. With tears in her eyes she had refused it. He had not held it against her then, nor did he now.

There were dozens of ways of finding an American girl in Paris. He enumerated them while he was shaving: the Consulate, the Herald and the Daily News, the American Women's Club, various student organizations, and finally the banks. No English bank would dare disclose the address of a client, but he was not so sure about the American branches, especially to a man with his connections. He decided to start with the banks; he would enter, go to the mail desk and ask, "Any letters for Miss Regis Mulholland?" But at his first attempt the girl replied with a request for a card.

"Is that necessary?" he asked.

"It's customary."

"I haven't a written order, but at least you can tell me if there are any letters so I can let her know."

The girl returned with a statement that there was nothing. Only after he had left did it occur to him he could not be sure whether Regis got her mail there or not. He determined to be more astute, but at the next bank he used the same formula, striving to make his request sound indifferent. "Any letters for Miss Regis Mulholland this morning?" No answer. He started to repeat the question, thinking it had not been heard, but an odd quality in the silence arrested him. He looked up, to find himself face to face with Regis. In her eyes a quizzical look of surprise was already giving way to scorn. Color rushed into his cheeks, but it became immediately apparent he was not blushing with shame. His face lighted with sheer joy; by no means the callow joy of calf-love, but rather the monumental emotion of a Columbus at the sight of land.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Working," said Regis, startled out of her intention to snub him once and for all.

"Give them notice," said Raglan. "You're doing dozens of nincompoops out of this job. You and I have work to do—real work."

SHE stared at him, dumfounded, but her confusion passed as the conviction came to her that she looked upon a Raglan she had not seen for many months. This was not the man who had committed an outrage upon her empty body, nor even the man who had preceded that momentary maniac. She perceived Raglan himself, the Raglan of before her knowledge of Eleanor or the intrusion of Dora, the Raglan of her bygone dreams. In a moment she was afraid, not of him, but of herself. Something deep within her trembled with a terrifying violence; then ceased to tremble as she realized with a sort of pang that from this resurrected Raglan she could have nothing whatever to fear. Nevertheless her instinct was to deny him.

"I can't," she murmured. "It's impossible. I would have to—" She floundered to a stop, unable to go on.

"Work, I said," repeated Raglan as if he were driving a nail. A strange light glowed in his eyes, transforming him from an individual into a force. "You don't understand," he continued. "I need you. Something you did—the life line you tossed me—has given me the chance to be a man again. Forget this playhouse. Get your hat and tell them you've gone. You'll find me at the Daunou."

"You must give me time," murmured Regis uncertainly, her eyes wide.

"Sure," he replied instantly, his lips hardening to a well-remembered line. Then he followed his familiar formula: "I'll give you all the time there is—thirty seconds. Will you come or won't you—yes or no?"

"I'll come," said Regis.

(To be continued next week)

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose children are benefiting by her experience of years ago

MRS. WALTER RUEHL

WHEN Mrs. Walter Ruehl was fourteen years old, she was a sick girl. "My mother," she writes, "had taken me out of school and was desperately turning from one type of treatment to another. *Everything* seemed to be wrong with me—extreme nervousness, severe headaches, a terribly tired worn-out feeling, and frequent dizzy spells which would bring on prolonged attacks of nausea. I know my family despaired of ever seeing me recover.

"Imagine our encouragement and joy, a short time after my doctor put me on the Nujol treatment, when my health began to improve. In a few short weeks I looked and felt like a new person.

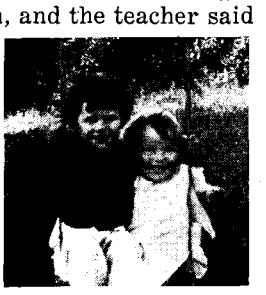
"I returned to school and when I graduated, had the honor of being the 'best all-round athlete' in my class! This of course I could never have done without radiant health, and to Nujol I owe a never-to-be-forgotten debt for the happy, healthful days in the springtime of my life.

"Six years ago I was married, and in 1928 my first little girl came along. As soon as she began to eat solid food, trouble began. I took her to a baby specialist who immediately diagnosed her trouble as improper elimination. He told me that more babies and little children suffer with this trouble than with any other. He warned me it was a very serious matter that might lead to appendicitis.

"So I began giving Robin Nujol. She was then just a year old. I'm afraid it may seem incredible, but I am sincerely glad to say that from almost the day after we began the treatment, my little girl has been in perfect health. It seemed like a miracle—but apparently all her system needed was a gentle lubricant. When her little system became—as it did very quickly — perfectly regulated, she was like a different child. Every one of the alarming symptoms of stomach trouble disappeared and she immediately began to gain weight—sleep soundly all night and develop a splendid appetite. She never suffered from indigestion again! Now Robin is five years old, and is one of the huskiest, peppiest youngsters you could wish for.

"Little Donald, her three-year-old brother, has his regular spoonful of Nujol without fail every evening. To see his red cheeks and sparkling eyes and observe the boundless energy he has all the time—no one would doubt his health program is good.

"Robin and Donald both go to a little kindergarten where there are sixteen children, and the teacher said they were the best natured and happiest children in the school. She asked me *what* I did to make them always sweet tempered, and so seldom irritable or out of sorts.



ROBIN & DONALD RUEHL

"It seems so obvious to me that children—or adults, either—can only act as well as they feel, and that the most precious thing in the world is real glad-to-be-alive, bubbling-over-with-the-joy-of-living *health*. I found the magic 'sesame' to that door years ago in Nujol, and now my children are reaping the benefit of my experience."

Most sincerely, MRS. WALTER RUEHL,
Nov. 28, 1933. *Glenbrook, Conn.*

Nothing we could add to Mrs. Ruehl's letter would make it any more convincing. Follow her example. See what Nujol will do for you—for your children. Get it at any drug store, now in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

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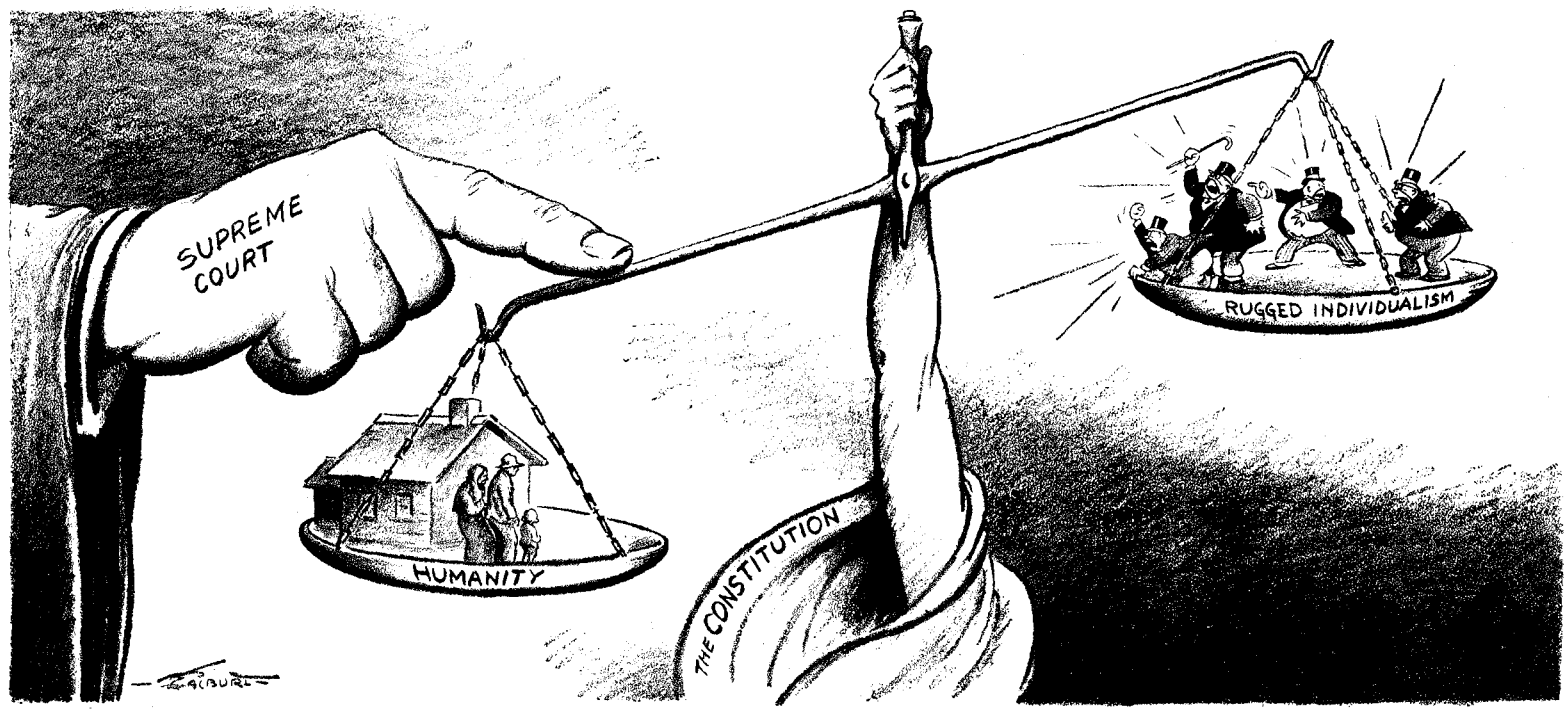

Battle Lines of '36

THE battle lines along which the next presidential election will be fought were clearly indicated in the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the Minnesota mortgage moratorium law.

As has happened so often in critical times in our history, the Supreme Court was divided. Five judges said that the emergency justified the Minnesota moratorium. Four judges said "No." One man's vote in the high court decided the issue at hand and determined the future course of our history.

The Minnesota case was simple enough. A building and loan association foreclosed a mortgage on the home of John and Rosala Blaisdell in Minneapolis. The state legislature had established a two years' moratorium during which home owners might redeem their property. The question which the Supreme Court had to answer was whether a legislature had the power to impair a contract by establishing a moratorium.

On the answer rendered depended not only the right of the Blaisdells to get back their home but also the validity of the whole structure of recovery legislation which comprises the "New Deal." If one vote had been changed the Supreme Court would have compelled Congress and the Administration to rewrite most of the important new laws enacted since March 4, 1933.

The Constitution says plainly that no state shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. Obviously the Minnesota law did impair the obligation of mortgage contracts. The justification was the emergency.

Chief Justice Hughes pointed out that the enforcement of contracts may be temporarily restrained by great public calamities, such as fire, flood or earthquake. Equally, he decided, urgent public need produced by economic causes justifies the use of emergency authority.

The decision is fortunate both for the country and the Supreme Court. Since last March, what the Supreme Court would say about the New Deal laws has been a serious question. Obviously public opinion has approved the policies adopted by the Administration. If the high court ruled against the emergency laws, certainly the Supreme Court itself would have become an object of bitter political controversy.

This has happened before. Thomas Jefferson bitterly denounced rulings of John Marshall. Andrew Jackson hated everything for which Marshall stood. Abraham Lincoln vigorously opposed the decisions of Chief Justice Taney and in the midst of the Civil War actually refused to be governed by them.

Since John Marshall rendered his famous decision in the Marbury vs. Madison case in 1803 the Supreme Court has had the unchallenged right to declare any act of Congress null and void if in the court's opinion it violates the Constitution. Since 1819 the right of the court to abrogate acts of state legislatures has been unquestioned. In normal times certainly the Supreme Court has the last word.

But Congress, backed by public opinion, has always in reserve the power to override the Supreme Court. The method is simple. More judges can be created.

Of course the creation of new judges chosen to change the ruling opinions of the court would be a desperate remedy. The prestige of the court would suffer. Still the power exists and if the provocation were great enough it could be used. Similar measures were taken during the angry years of Civil War reconstruction.

Chief Justice Hughes quoted some wise words from long-headed old John Marshall, who said:

"We must never forget that it is a constitution we are expounding, a constitution intended to endure for ages to come, and, consequently, to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs."

So the majority adapted the contract clause to meet the mortgage crisis of Minnesota and implicitly to sanction other New Deal legislation. Against this view that the Constitution must be adapted to the requirements of living men, four judges held out. They, the conservative section of the court, stood for a strict application of the letter of the fundamental law.

Their argument was that business crises have occurred before and that the Constitution provided standards to cling to and to uphold whatever the wind and weather. It is the conservative position, as old as mankind and precious still to many.

We shall hear much more of it as recovery proceeds and the anxieties created by the emergency are quieted. The New Deal laws do in fact rest on new ideas in American life and there is bound to be a long conflict.

The Roosevelt laws rest on the ideal of social control through governmental agencies. Individualism was the dominant notion up to a year ago. When it was successful and glamorous we called it rugged individualism and praised it.

Large-scale industry and continuous scientific invention made necessary social changes and the acceptance of public responsibilities which previously had been opposed and rejected. The dam broke in the last presidential election and far-reaching experiments in government were ordered.

A wise Supreme Court, sensitive to the times, by a majority of one has permitted this vast undertaking to be attempted under the sanction of the Constitution. A minority protests and, in voicing its opposition, it utters the battle cries which will be heard during the political struggles now taking shape.

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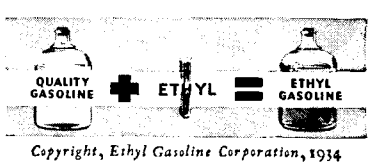
His BETTER JUDGMENT *tells him:*

THIS MAN knows how to judge *value* in clothes. He matches price against style, fit, comfort and wear. He knows that, regardless of claims, "you get no more than you pay for."

That same *Better Judgment* is reminding him now, as he blames his car for failing performance. "Maybe the gasoline is at fault," it whispers; "no car can be better than its gasoline. You can't expect Ethyl performance without paying for it."

Your car represents a real investment, whether it cost $500 or $5,000. Isn't it sound economy to make the most of it, every minute and mile you drive? Particularly now that the price of Ethyl is only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline. Less, on the average, than a dollar a month! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City, N.Y.



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Kenneth B. Logan, Scarsdale, N.Y., *says:*

"The selling game calls for healthy nerves just as much as being a wonderful marksman. Meeting people all day long... trying to turn prospects into customers... the life of a salesman certainly tells on the nerves! I smoke most of the time—but I smoke only Camels, and I'll tell you why I say *only* Camels! Camels *don't upset my nerves*—and no cigarette can match Camels on flavor, either."

Virgil Richard, Champion Sharpshooter, *says:*

"I've been smoking for years and had no trouble in keeping my nerves in shape for making record scores. That's because I have long been a Camel smoker. Camels are much milder, and never interfere with my nerves."

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Does your job sometimes get you down? Do you feel tired? Irritable? Ready to "blow up" any minute... because of raw nerves?

Try to get enough sleep. Eat sensibly. And get a fresh slant on your smoking by turning to Camels. Much has been said on the subject of tobacco quality. But——

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

That statement is conclusive. And it represents *an important benefit that nervous people should not overlook!*

So change to Camels. Taste those finer tobaccos. Notice their mildness. You will be delighted to find that Camels do not upset your nerves... or tire your taste.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES..NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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